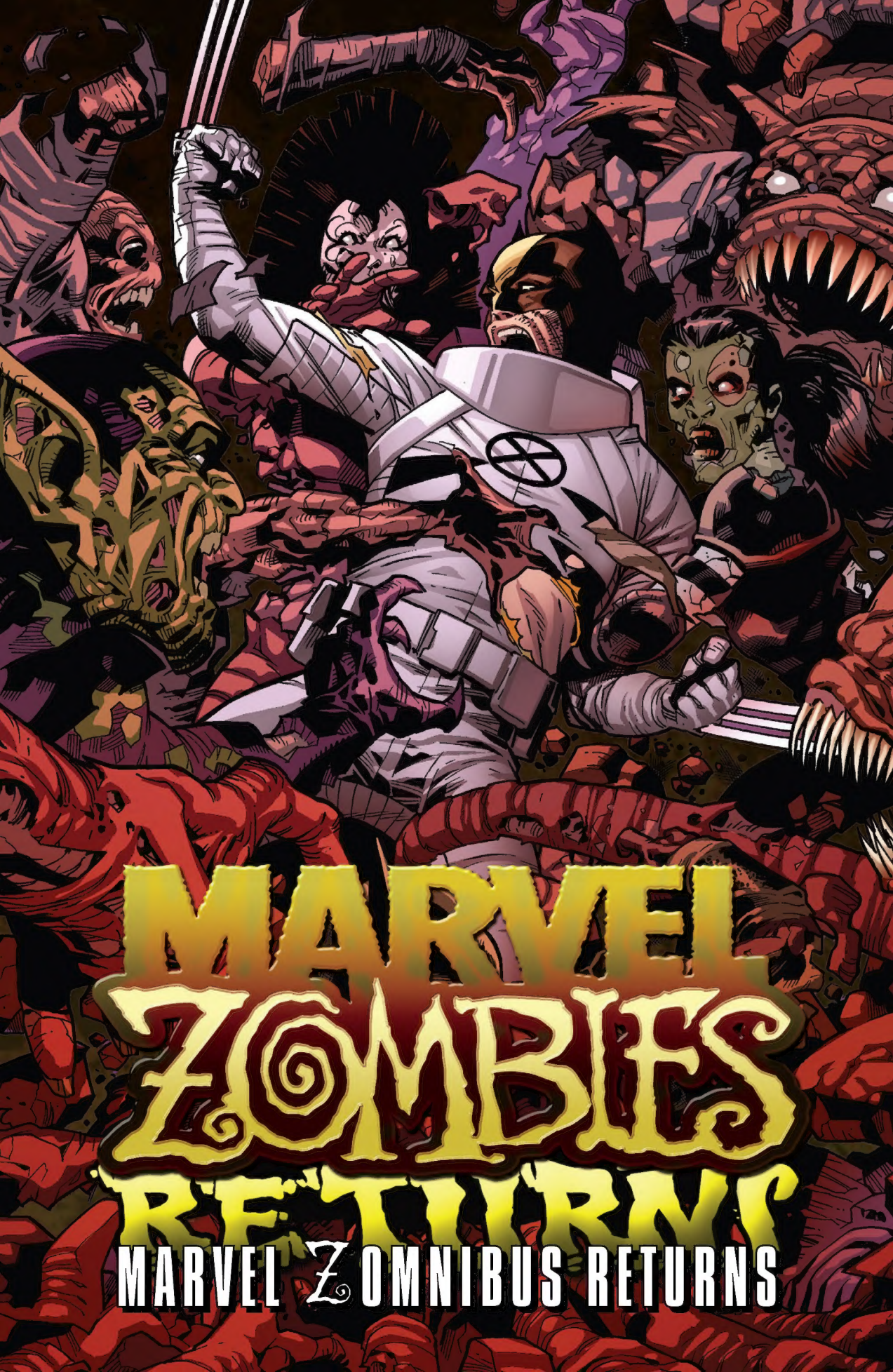
MARVEL ZOMBIES

MARVEL

MARVEL ZOMNIBUS RETURNS


MARVEL
ZOMBIES
RETURNS
MARVEL ZOMBIES RETURNS

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #1-13

WRITER: **VICTOR GISCHLER**
PENCILER: **BONG DAZO**
INKERS: **JOE PIMENTEL** (#1-9 & #12-13) & **LEONARDO ITO** (#10-11)
COLOR ARTIST: **MATT MILLA**

ADDITIONAL ART, #7: **KYLE BAKER** (PAGES 2-16),
ROB LIEFELD (PAGES 17-27) &
DAS PASTORAS (PAGES 28-30)
ADDITIONAL ART, #13: **KYLE BAKER** (CHAPTER 2) AND
MATTEO SCALERA &
MATT MILLA (CHAPTER 3)

LETTERER: **JEFF ECKLEBERRY**
COVER ART: **ARTHUR SUYDAM**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **SEBASTIAN GIRNER**
EDITOR: **AXEL ALONSO**
SPECIAL THANKS TO **JERAMEY KRAATZ** & **JODY LEHEUP**

ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #1-5

ADAPTATION: **JIM McCANN**
BASED ON "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" BY **CHARLES DICKENS**
PENCILER: **DAVID BALDEÓN**
INKER: **JORDI TARRAGONA GARCIA**
COLOR ARTISTS: **FERRAN DANIEL** WITH **JORGE GONZALEZ** (#3 & #5)

CHRISTMAS PAST & FUTURE, #2 & #4:

PENCILER: **JEREMY TREECE**
INKER: **ROGER BONET**
COLORIST: **JORGE GONZALEZ**

LETTERER: **JEFF ECKLEBERRY**
COVER ART: **MICHAEL WM. KALUTA** WITH
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS (#1) & **FRANK MARTIN** (#2-5)
EDITOR: **JOHN DENNING**
SENIOR EDITOR: **MARK PANICCIA**
SPECIAL THANKS TO **DAVID GABRIEL**

MARVEL ZOMBIES DESTROY! #1-5

WRITERS: **FRANK MARRAFFINO** (#1-2) & **PETER DAVID** (#3-5)
ARTISTS: **MIRCO PIERFEDERICI** (#1-2 & #4-5) AND
AL BARRIONUEVO & **RICK MAGYAR** (#3)
COLOR ARTIST: **GARRY HENDERSON**
LETTERERS: VC's **CLAYTON COWLES** WITH **JOE SABINO** (#2)
COVER ART: **MICHAEL DEL MUNDO**
EDITOR: **JAKE THOMAS**
SENIOR EDITOR: **MARK PANICCIA**

MARVEL ZOMBIES HALLOWEEN

WRITER: **FRED VAN LENTE**
ARTIST: **ALESSANDRO VITTI**
COLOR ARTIST: **JEAN-FRANÇOIS BEAULIEU**
LETTERER: VC's **CORY PETIT**
COVER ART: **FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **JON MOISAN**
EDITOR: **BILL ROSEMANN**

MARVEL ZOMBIES (2015) #1-4

WRITER: **SI SPURRIER**
ARTIST: **KEV WALKER**
INKER, #3 PAGES 6-15: **JASON GORDER**
COLOR ARTISTS: **FRANK D'ARMATA** (#1) & **GURU-eFX** (#2-4)
LETTERER: VC's **CLAYTON COWLES**
COVER ART: **KEN LASHLEY** & **PAUL MOUNTS**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **ALANNA SMITH**
EDITORS: **DANIEL KETCHUM** & **KATIE KUBERT**

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #1-4

WRITER: **JAMES ROBINSON**
ARTIST: **STEVE PUGH**
COLOR ARTIST: **JIM CHARALAMPIDIS**

MARVEL ZOMBIES

MARVEL ZOMNIBUS RETURNS

FLASHBACK ARTISTS:
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#2: TOM GRUMMETT, DREW HENNESSY & JESUS ABURTOV
#3: ANNAPAOLA MARTELLO & JASON KEITH
#4: PAUL RIVOCHE & JOHN RAUCH

LETTERER: VC's CLAYTON COWLES
COVER ART: CARLOS PACHECO, RODOLFO TAIBO & DEAN WHITE (#1); STEVE PUGH & JIM CHARALAMPIDIS (#2-3); LEONARD KIRK & JIM CHARALAMPIDIS (#4)
ASSISTANT EDITORS: CHRIS ROBINSON & EMILY SHAW
EDITOR: MARK PANICCIA

MARVEL ZOMBIE

WRITER: W. MAXWELL PRINCE
ARTIST: STEFANO RAFFAELE
COLOR ARTIST: RACHELLE ROSENBERG
LETTERER: VC's TRAVIS LANHAM
COVER ART: JUAN FERREYRA
EDITOR: CHRIS ROBINSON
CONSULTING EDITOR: JORDAN D. WHITE

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2019) #1
MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1-4

WRITER: PHILLIP KENNEDY JOHNSON
ARTIST: LEONARD KIRK
COLOR ARTISTS: GURU-eFX (2019) & RACHELLE ROSENBERG (2020)
LETTERER: VC's TRAVIS LANHAM
COVER ART: INHYUK LEE
ASSISTANT EDITORS: CHRIS ROBINSON & ANNELISE BISSA
EDITOR: JORDAN D. WHITE

COVER ARTIST: INHYUK LEE
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS: GREG LAND & FRANK D'ARMATA

COLLECTION EDITOR: JENNIFER GRÜNWALD
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DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #1
"HEAD TRIP"

WAIT. MAYBE WE SHOULD CONSIDER OTHER OPTIONS.
NO TIME. WE'RE IN POSITION. OUR WINDOW'S CLOSING.
SLAMM
HOLD ON. I FORGOT MY TOOTHBRUSH.
I NEED TO USE THE LITTLE MERCENARIES' ROOM.
HANG ON.
FWOOM!

THIS IS A TERRIBLE IDEA.
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
He always says that.
HEAD TRIP
PART ONE OF SIX

SSSSS
SSSSS
WHY DO WE ALWAYS HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY?
Duh. They only call us if the hard way is the only way left.
OH. YEAH.
FLAME ON!
Hilarious.
THIS ACTUALLY HURTS QUITE A BIT.

BA-BOOMM!

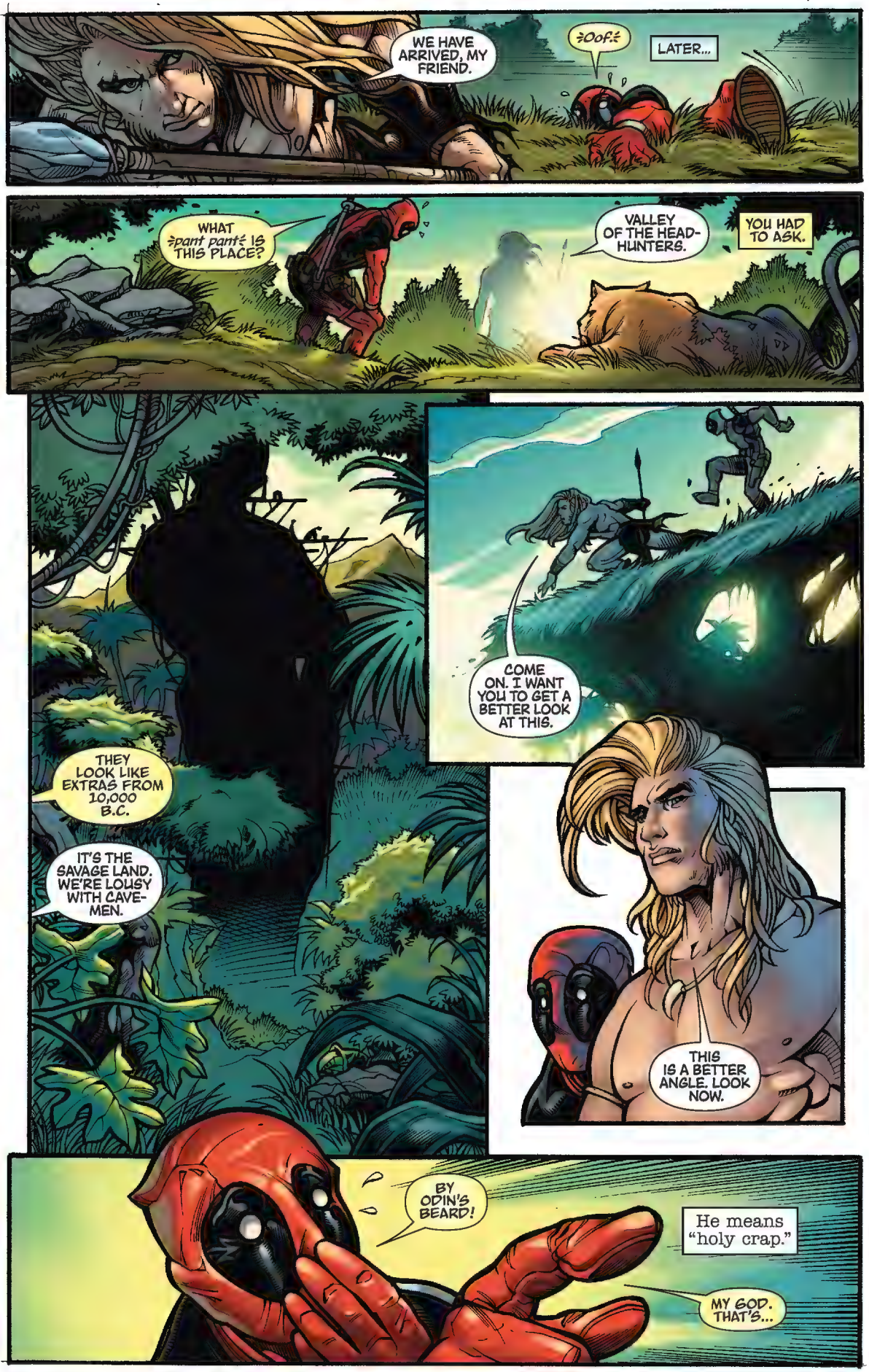
CREEEAAAAAK
GROAN.
YOU LOOK LIKE HELL.
BUT FRANKLY I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE ALIVE AT ALL.
SAY SOMETHING.
HELLO.
NOW WE HAVE THE UPPER HAND.

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER?
DUDE. THEY DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS.
BUSTER CRABBE?
That's worse.
I'M KA-ZAR AND I WATCH OVER THE SAVAGE LAND. I THINK YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE.
THEN PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A TALE OF THRILLS AND INTRIGUE.
And flashbacks.
SHHHHH. IT'S STARTING.
SIX HOURS EARLIER...
NO, I DIDN'T SAY I WOULD DO IT FOR A MILLION. I SAID A MILLION WAS THE MINIMUM FOR ME TO CONSIDER TALKING ABOUT IT.
IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE DETAILS OF THE JOB. I'LL PROBABLY ALSO WANT A JAR OF YOUR FRESHEST, PREMIUM-GRADE HONEY.

HONEY, MR. WILSON? I DON'T FOLLOW. IS THAT SOME SORT OF EUPHEMISM?
IF A "EUPHEMISM" IS EQUALLY AT HOME ON A PANCAKE, WAFFLE OR TERA PATRICK'S STOMACH, THEN YES.
Word.
=AHEM=
YES. AS I WAS SAYING, I'M A.I.M. SUB-COMMANDER BLAKE, AND I'M IN CHARGE OF THIS FACILITY, AND AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M ALSO IN CHARGE OF THIS OPERATION.
THIS IS BASICALLY AN INSERT-AND-GRAB MISSION, BUT SOME UNUSUAL PARAMETERS PUT IT BEYOND THE CAPABILITIES OF OUR OWN PEOPLE.
TRANSLATION: YOUR PEOPLE WOULD DIE. I WOULDN'T.
WELL... I'M NOT SURE IF I'D PUT IT QUITE LIKE...
ACTUALLY, THAT'S IT EXACTLY YES.

THREE WEEKS AGO, HYDRA SENT THEIR CRACK BIO-WEAPONS SCIENCE TEAM INTO THE SAVAGE LAND IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER NEW NATURAL TOXINS THAT COULD BE WEAPONIZED. WE ATTEMPTED THE SAME THING OURSELVES IN THE AMAZON A FEW YEARS BACK, BUT NOTHING EVER CAME OF IT.
I thought these guys were Hydra.
A.I.M. INTERCHANGEABLE.
WE HAVE AN OPERATIVE EMBEDDED WITH THE SCIENCE TEAM WHO RECENTLY SENT WORD THAT THEY'VE MADE A SIGNIFICANT FIND. SO SIGNIFICANT THAT A HEAVILY-ARMED HYDRA RETRIEVAL TEAM -- THE CRÈME DE LA CRÈME -- WAS IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED TO THE SITE.
WHEN WAS THIS?
TWO DAYS AGO. THAT'S WHY WE NEED TO MOVE FAST.
WE CAN'T DEPLOY A PARACHUTE ON THE POD.
YOU'D BE A SITTING DUCK FOR A HYDRA MISSILE.
AND YOU FIGURE I'M SPECIALLY QUALIFIED FOR A HARD LANDING.
PRECISELY. NOTHING COMING IN AT LANDING SPEED WILL MAKE IT PAST HYDRA'S DEFENSIVE PERIMETER.
WHAT WILL I BE RETRIEVING?
OUR OPERATIVE HAD LITTLE TIME TO CONVEY DETAILS. REST ASSURED, IT WILL BE PACKAGED UP AND READY FOR YOU TO SAFELY TAKE POSSESSION OF IT.
AS I SAID, A BASIC INSERT-AND-GRAB.
THERE'S NOTHING BASIC ABOUT BURNING TO A CRISP IN THE ATMOSPHERE AND SMACKING INTO THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH AT A BAGILLION MILES AN HOUR.
A MILLION WON'T CUT IT. WE'RE TALKING TWO MILL --
DONE.
ONE MILLION TO INSERT. ANOTHER MILLION TO GRAB.
DONE.
THAT'S TWO MILLION.
DONE.
SLICK.
I taught him that.

NOW...
SO AS SOON AS I MEET MY CONTACT AND GET MY PACKAGE, I'LL BE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR JUNGLE.
I WON'T EVEN STEP ON ANY RAD-ROACHES OR EAT ANY MOLERATS.
THAT MUST BE WHY I'VE FELT A DISTURBANCE IN THE JUNGLE.
THE ANIMALS HAVE BEEN ACTING ODDLY.
STRANGERS WOULD EXPLAIN IT. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO INVESTIGATE.
LET'S
YEAH, WELL GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE SOME GUYS IN GREEN WITH SNAKES ON THEIR SHIRTS, FEEL FREE TO FEED THEM TO YOUR KITTY.
WHAT? I GOT A BOOGER HANGING OUT?
FOLLOW ME. I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD SEE.
WHAT IS IT?
BETTER IF YOU SEE IT FOR YOURSELF.
ARE WE GONNA, LIKE, SWING ON VINES AND STUFF?
POSSIBLY.

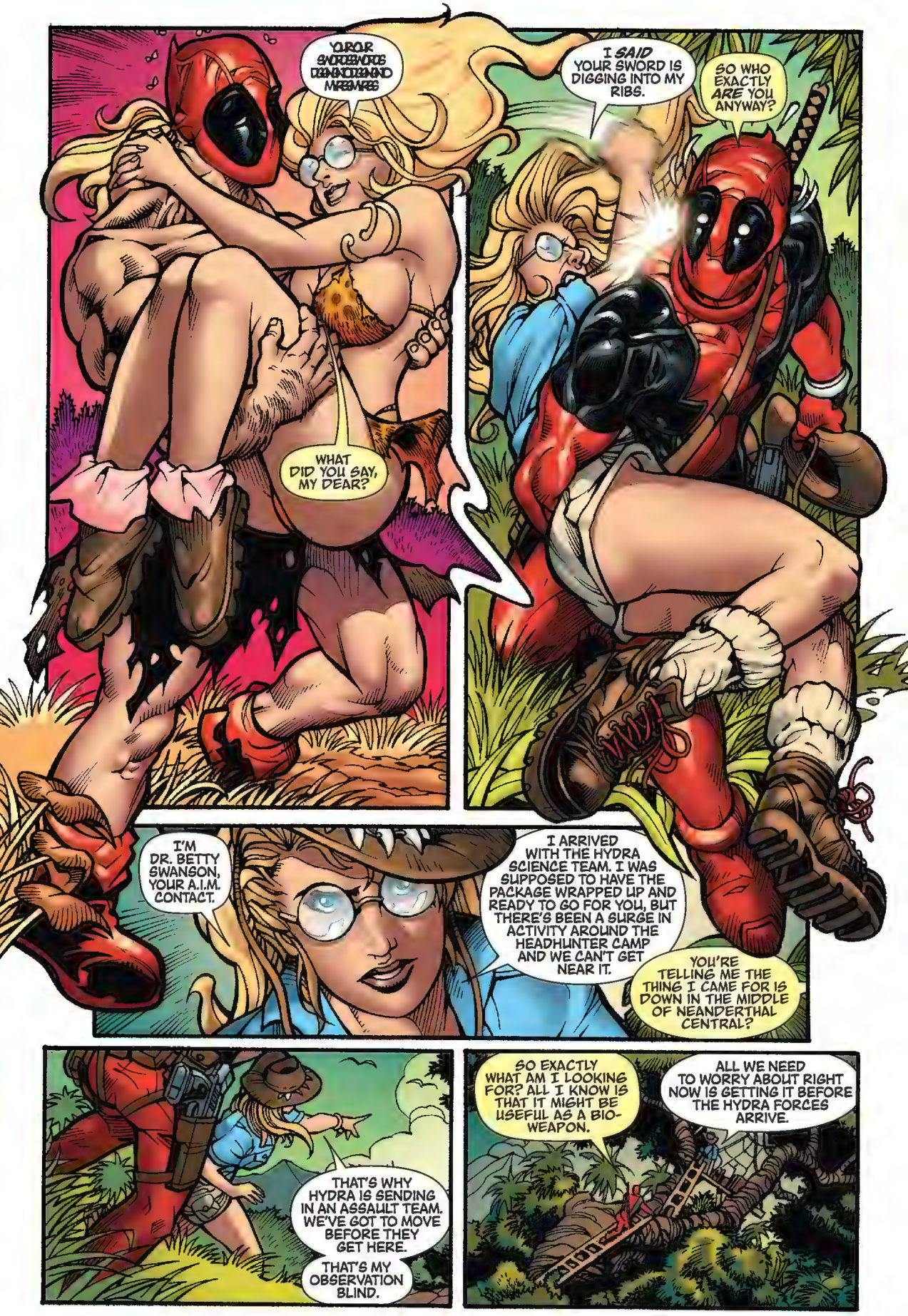

WE HAVE ARRIVED, MY FRIEND.
=Oof.=
LATER...
WHAT =pant pant= IS THIS PLACE?
VALLEY OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS.
YOU HAD TO ASK.
COME ON. I WANT YOU TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THIS.
THEY LOOK LIKE EXTRAS FROM 10,000 B.C.
IT'S THE SAVAGE LAND. WE'RE LOUSY WITH CAVE-MEN.
THIS IS A BETTER ANGLE. LOOK NOW.
BY ODIN'S BEARD!
He means "holy crap."
MY GOD. THAT'S...

...ME!

WHEN YOU PUT ON YOUR OUTFIT, I SAW THE RESEMBLANCE RIGHT AWAY.
WHAAAAAAA...?
WHAAAAAAA...?
Whaaaaaaa...?
I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW. THERE ARE STRANGE DOINGS AFOOT IN THE JUNGLE.
NOW YOU TELL ME THAT HYDRA IS TRESPASSING IN THE SAVAGE LAND.
I'LL NEED TO LOOK INTO THIS.
PROCEED WITH CAUTION. THE SAVAGE LAND IS FRAUGHT WITH EXOTIC DANGERS. AT EVERY TURN --
BLAH BLAH DINOSAURS. BLAH BLAH HEAD-HUNTING CAVEMEN. YEAH, I GET IT.
WHAT?
NOTHING --
I MEAN, GOOD LUCK TO YOU. PERHAPS OUR PATHS WILL CROSS AGAIN.
Fat chance.
FAREWELL, MY FRIEND.

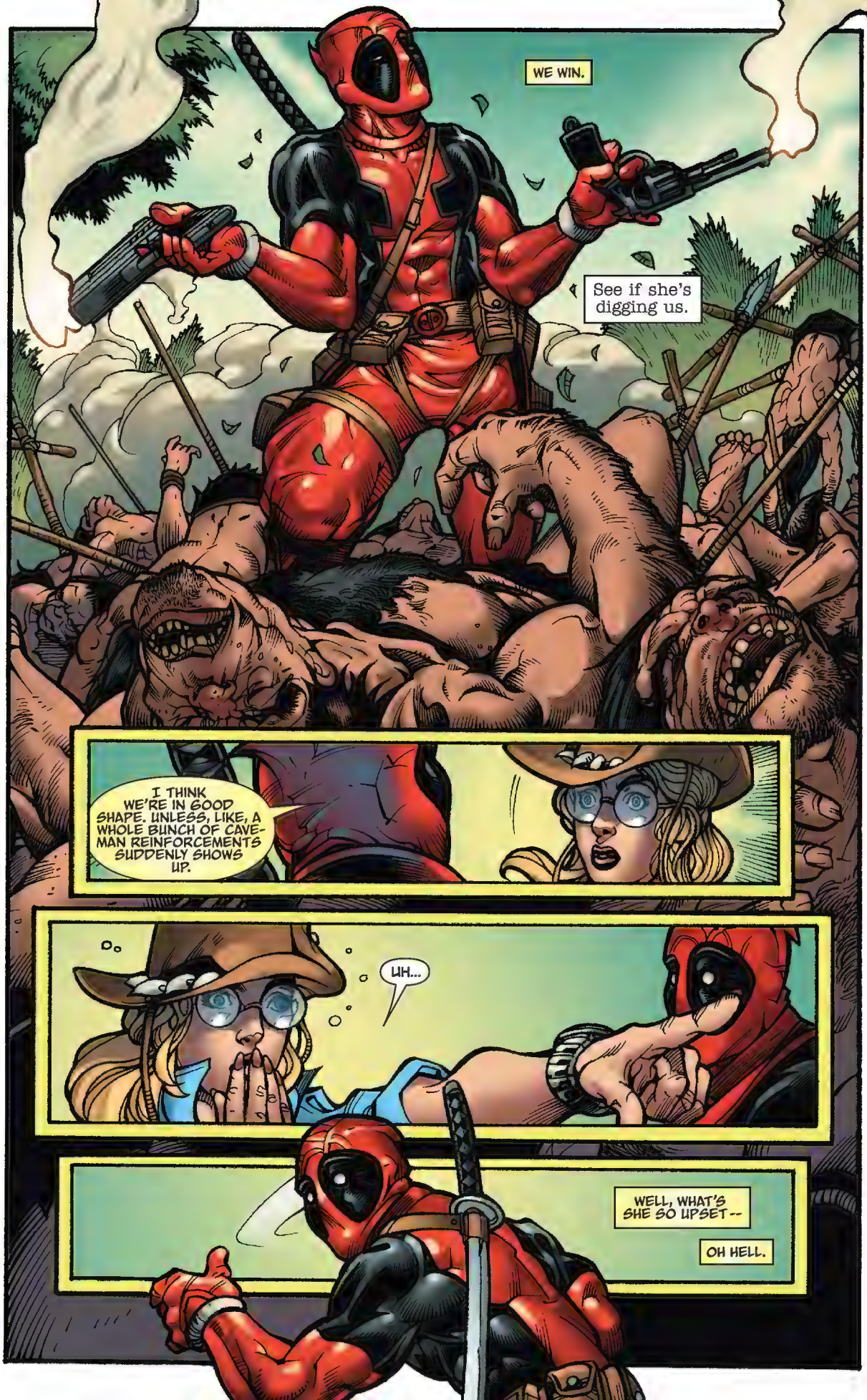
MAYBE THEY THINK WE'RE A GOD.
MAYBE WE ARE.
Cool.
BRING ME MORE POP ROCKS AND DR. PEPPER. PREPARE TO BATHE MY MONKEYS.
WHATEVER YOU WISH, OH GLORIOUS ONE WHO SMELLS LIKE FRESH CINNAMON.
Nice.
HIC BEER
NOW WHAT?
SHHHH. I'M THINKING.
THIS CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE. BUT HOW DOES IT FIT WITH--
Uhm. Somebody's behind you.

SMAK
MOAN
DUDE. I THINK YOU JUST HIT A GIRL.
WHO ARE... SORRY ABOUT... UH...
Yep, definitely a girl.
SMOOTH MOVE, PLAYER.
I'M SO SORRY. YOU CAN'T SNEAK UP ON A GUY WITH MAD NINJA SKILLS.
SORRY. DIDN'T MEAN TO.
I HAVE AN OBSERVATION BLIND BACK UP THE HILL. SAW YOU WITH THE JUNGLE MAN. TRIED TO MAKE CONTACT WHEN I SAW YOU GET CLOSE ENOUGH.
OH... STILL A BIT WOOZY.


YOUR SWORD'S DIGGING AND MAKES
WHAT DID YOU SAY, MY DEAR?
I SAID YOUR SWORD IS DIGGING INTO MY RIBS.
SO WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I'M DR. BETTY SWANSON, YOUR A.I.M. CONTACT.
I ARRIVED WITH THE HYDRA SCIENCE TEAM. I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE PACKAGE WRAPPED UP AND READY TO GO FOR YOU, BUT THERE'S BEEN A SURGE IN ACTIVITY AROUND THE HEADHUNTER CAMP AND WE CAN'T GET NEAR IT.
YOU'RE TELLING ME THE THING I CAME FOR IS DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF NEANDERTHAL CENTRAL?
THAT'S WHY HYDRA IS SENDING IN AN ASSAULT TEAM. WE'VE GOT TO MOVE BEFORE THEY GET HERE.
THAT'S MY OBSERVATION BLIND.
SO EXACTLY WHAT AM I LOOKING FOR? ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT MIGHT BE USEFUL AS A BIO-WEAPON.
ALL WE NEED TO WORRY ABOUT RIGHT NOW IS GETTING IT BEFORE THE HYDRA FORCES ARRIVE.

IT'S HAZARDOUS, SO I NEED TO GO IN AND CONTAIN IT FIRST BEFORE YOU TAKE POSSESSION. SO I'M COMING WITH YOU. OTHER THAN THAT, IT'S YOUR SHOW.
YOU'RE THE HOT-SHOT MERCENARY. WHAT'S THE PLAN?
DUDE, MAYBE YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT IT PROBABLY WON'T HURT YOU NO MATTER HOW HAZARDOUS IT IS.
Shut up. She wants to come with us.
A PLAN. HMMMMM. A PLAN, YOU SAY.
SNAP!
GOT IT! THE PERFECT PLAN!
I'LL NEED THAT REVOLVER. I THINK YOU'LL BE IMPRESSED BY THIS PLAN'S CLEVERNESS AND SUBTLETY.
THIS IS A COMPLEX SCHEME, DR. BETTY. WHEELS TURNING INSIDE WHEELS. I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO PAY ATTENTION TO EVERY NUANCE. CAN YOU DO THAT, DR. BETTY?
Y-YES.

ONE MINUTE LATER...
AAAAEEEEE!!!
MY KUNG FU IS STRONG.
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!


WE WIN.
See if she's digging us.
I THINK WE'RE IN GOOD SHAPE. UNLESS, LIKE, A WHOLE BUNCH OF CAVE-MAN REINFORCEMENTS SUDDENLY SHOWS UP.
UH...
WELL, WHAT'S SHE SO UPSET--
OH HELL.

DON'T SOIL YOURSELF IN FRONT OF THE GIRL.
Okay, *now* soil yourself.

GREAT.
I'VE BEEN IN THAT OBSERVATION BLIND FOR A WEEK AND NEVER EVEN HAD A CLOSE CALL. YOU'RE IN TOWN FOR AN *HOUR* AND I'M CAPTURED BY SAVAGES.
HOW DO YOU THINK *WE* FEEL?
Happens all the damn time.
WHERE DOES THIS TUNNEL LEAD?
HOW THE HELL WOULD *I* KNOW? I'VE NEVER BEEN IN HERE.
OH, GOD. I DON'T WANT TO END UP IN THE STEW POT. I DON'T DESERVE THIS. I WENT TO CAL TECH.
DON'T YOU WORRY, DR. BETTY. I'M GOING TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS.
PLEASE DON'T CALL ME "DR. BETTY."

OHHHHH-AHHHHHHH.
OHHHHH-AHHHHHHH.
WHO'S THE SNAZZY DRESSER?
I'M A BIOLOGIST, NOT AN ANTHROPOLOGIST. PROBABLY A SHAMAN OR SOMETHING.
WE COME IN PEACE.
I MEAN, NOT BEFORE WHEN I WAS SHOOTING EVERYBODY, BUT NOW.
BOOGA OOGA OOGA*
*Translation from caveman: This guy is a tool. Take him to the Holy One.
I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
NO WAY. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

HIYA, HANDSOME! THANKS FOR BRINGING ME THAT FRESH NEW BODY.
YEAH, THAT'S WHY I WAS SUPPOSED TO BOX IT UP BEFORE YOU ARRIVED.
WHOA.
TO BE CONTINUED.
You bet your sweet ass to be continued.
PAZO

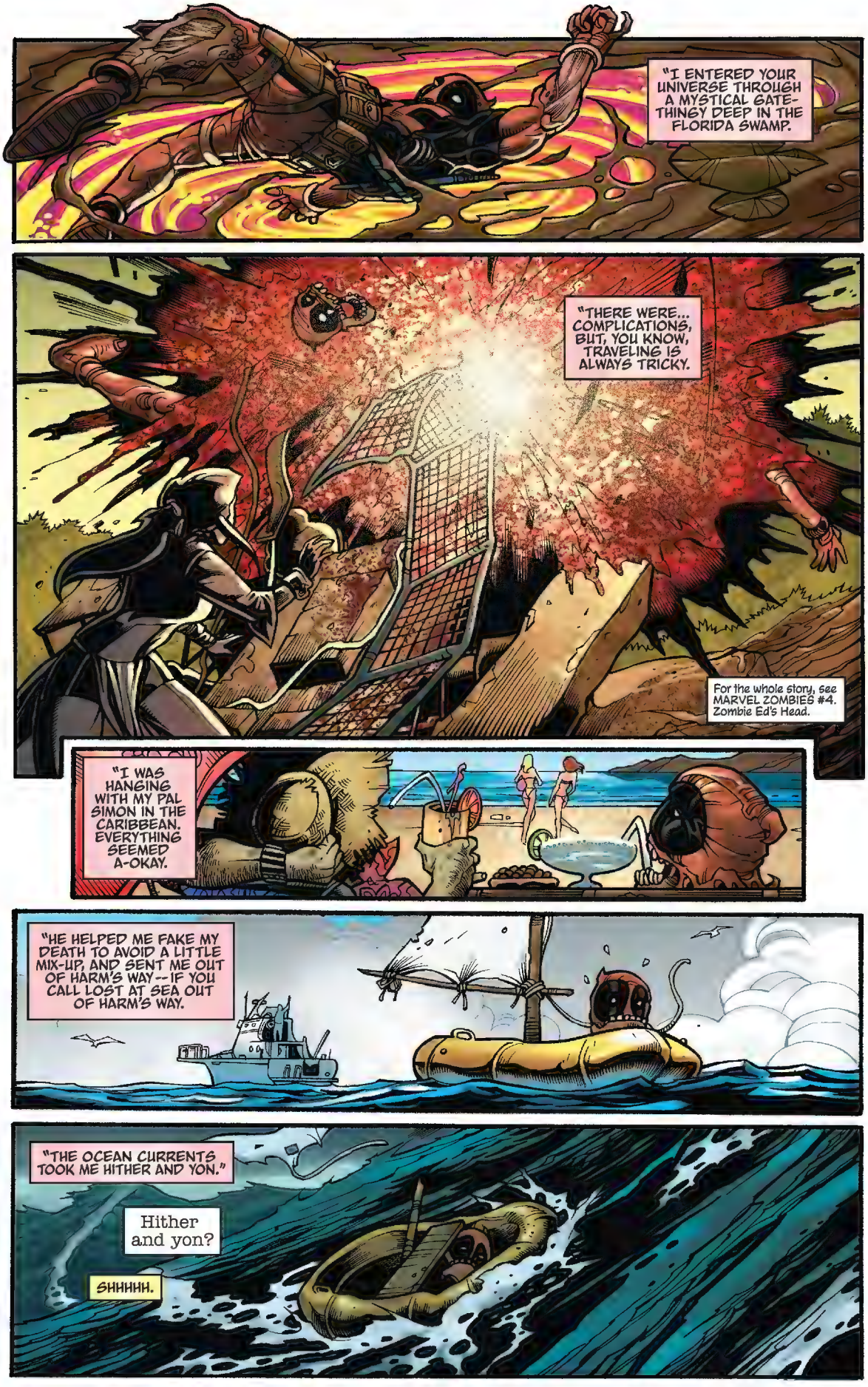
DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #2

WOW. WHO'D A THOUGHT I'D COME ALL THE WAY TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO MEET... MYSELF!
HE THINKS HE'S SURPRISED?
LISTEN, LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE CAVE AND REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THE LAVA JACUZZI, BUT WHAT THE STEAMING CRAP IS GOING ON HERE!?
FOR. GOD'S. SAKE. DO. SOMETHING.
ALL PART OF THE PLAN, MILADY. THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND.
OH, RIGHT.
No, no. It's cool. She's buying it.
WHAT'S HAPPENING, MY FULL-BODIED PAL -- AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN KEEPING IN SHAPE, I APPRECIATE THAT -- IS THAT I WAS CONTENT TO RULE MY MINIONS HERE AS THE HEAD MAN.
BUT NOW I'M THINKING... WELL...

...HOW GREAT MY NOGGIN WOULD LOOK ON YOUR SHOULDERS!
MY BOY GROG HERE WILL PERFORM THE DELICATE SURGERY.

A DOUBLE LAVA DIP IS A BAD START TO A NEW BODY, HEAD.
I JUST WANT TO FOCUS YOUR ATTENTION. BESIDES, I HATE TO HAVE A PERFECTLY GOOD POOL OF LAVA HERE IN THE THRONE ROOM AND NOT EMPLOY IT TO ITS MOST DRAMATIC EFFECT.
That's a fair point.
OH, SHUT UP.
AT LEAST TELL ME WHY MY OWN CORPSE-LIKE HEAD IS IN THE SAVAGE LAND AND ABOUT TO STEAL MY BODY.
HMMMMM. WHAT WOULD A JAMES BOND VILLAIN DO...?
YES, I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY BEFORE GETTING ON WITH IT.
"I COME FROM A PARALLEL UNIVERSE WHERE A ZOMBIE VIRUS HAS RAVAGED OUR WORLD.


"I ENTERED YOUR UNIVERSE THROUGH A MYSTICAL GATE-THINGY DEEP IN THE FLORIDA SWAMP.
"THERE WERE... COMPLICATIONS, BUT, YOU KNOW, TRAVELING IS ALWAYS TRICKY.
For the whole story, see MARVEL ZOMBIES #4. Zombie Ed's Head.
"I WAS HANGING WITH MY PAL SIMON IN THE CARIBBEAN. EVERYTHING SEEMED A-OKAY.
"HE HELPED ME FAKE MY DEATH TO AVOID A LITTLE MIX-UP, AND SENT ME OUT OF HARM'S WAY -- IF YOU CALL LOST AT SEA OUT OF HARM'S WAY.
"THE OCEAN CURRENTS TOOK ME HITHER AND YON."
Hither and yon?
SHHHHH.

"I WAS FINALLY SWEPT ALONG INTO AN UNDERGROUND RIVER THAT FLOWS INTO THIS VERY CAVE."
THIS CAVERN IS A HOLY PLACE TO THE HEADHUNTERS. SO YOU CAN IMAGINE WHEN I WAS DELIVERED UNTO THEM, THEY WERE PRETTY EAGER TO SET ME UP AS GRAND POOBAH.
Worst. Summary. Ever.
I'M FORCED TO AGREE.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH US.
DR. BETTY, PLEASE. I'M A PROFESSIONAL. LET ME HANDLE THIS.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WITH US.
NOW IT'S TIME TO MAKE ROOM FOR ME. GROG, OUR BOY HERE NEEDS A NICE, CLOSE SHAVE. LET'S SAY DOWN TO THE SHOULDERS.
WAIT FOR IT. GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT. AND...

...NOW!
SHRIK
Ow.
OH. DEAR. GOD.
GET HIM, YOU IDIOTS. NO, DON'T LET HIM PICK UP THE ARM. HE'S GOING TO-- DAMN.
SUCK ON THAT, ALLEY-OOP.
WHAP
EVERY-BODY INTO THE POOL!
WHUMP

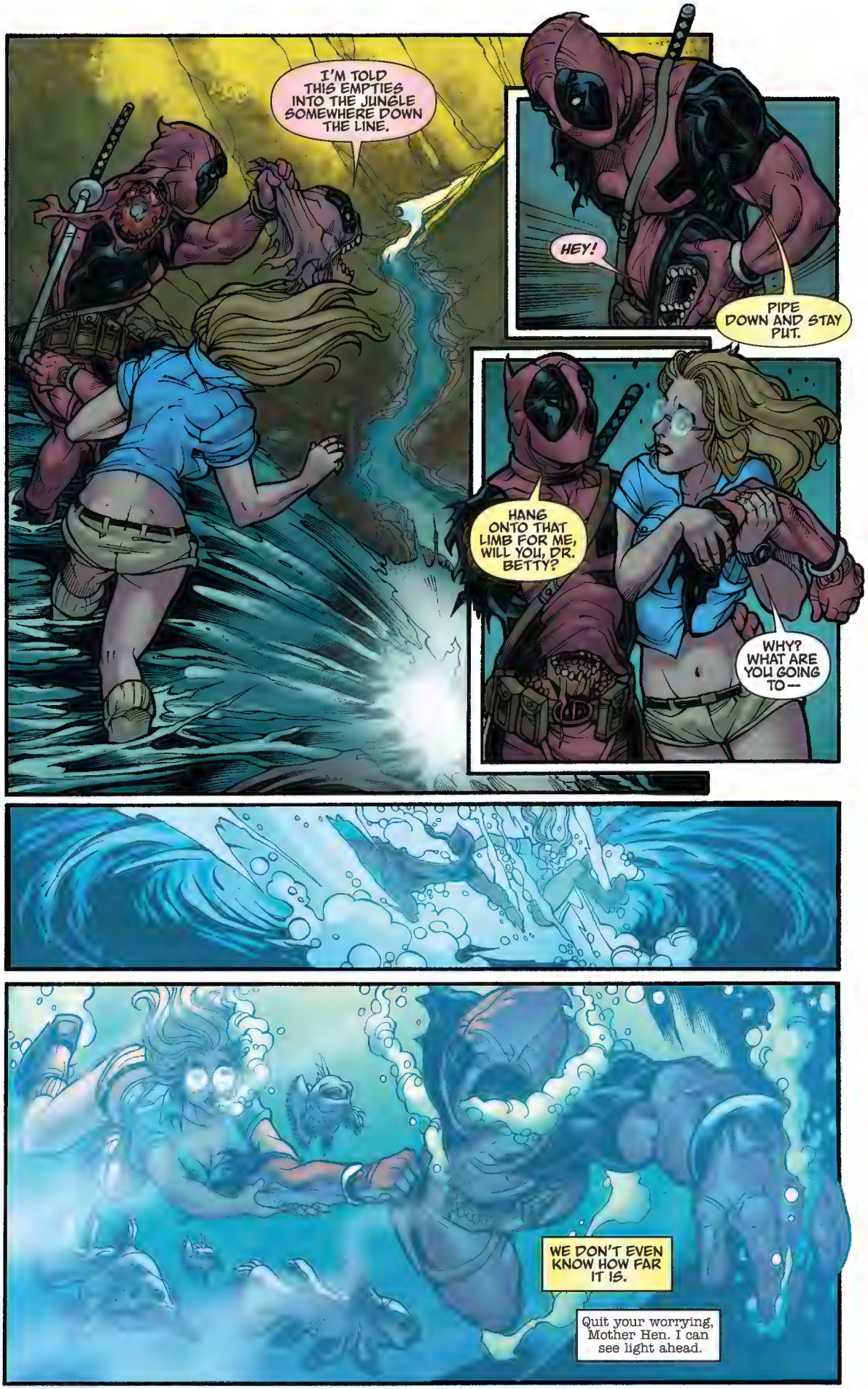
SPLAT
BOOYA! LET'S SEE SPIDER-MAN DO THAT!
COME TO PAPA.
Ah, shooting. Yes, that's easier.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

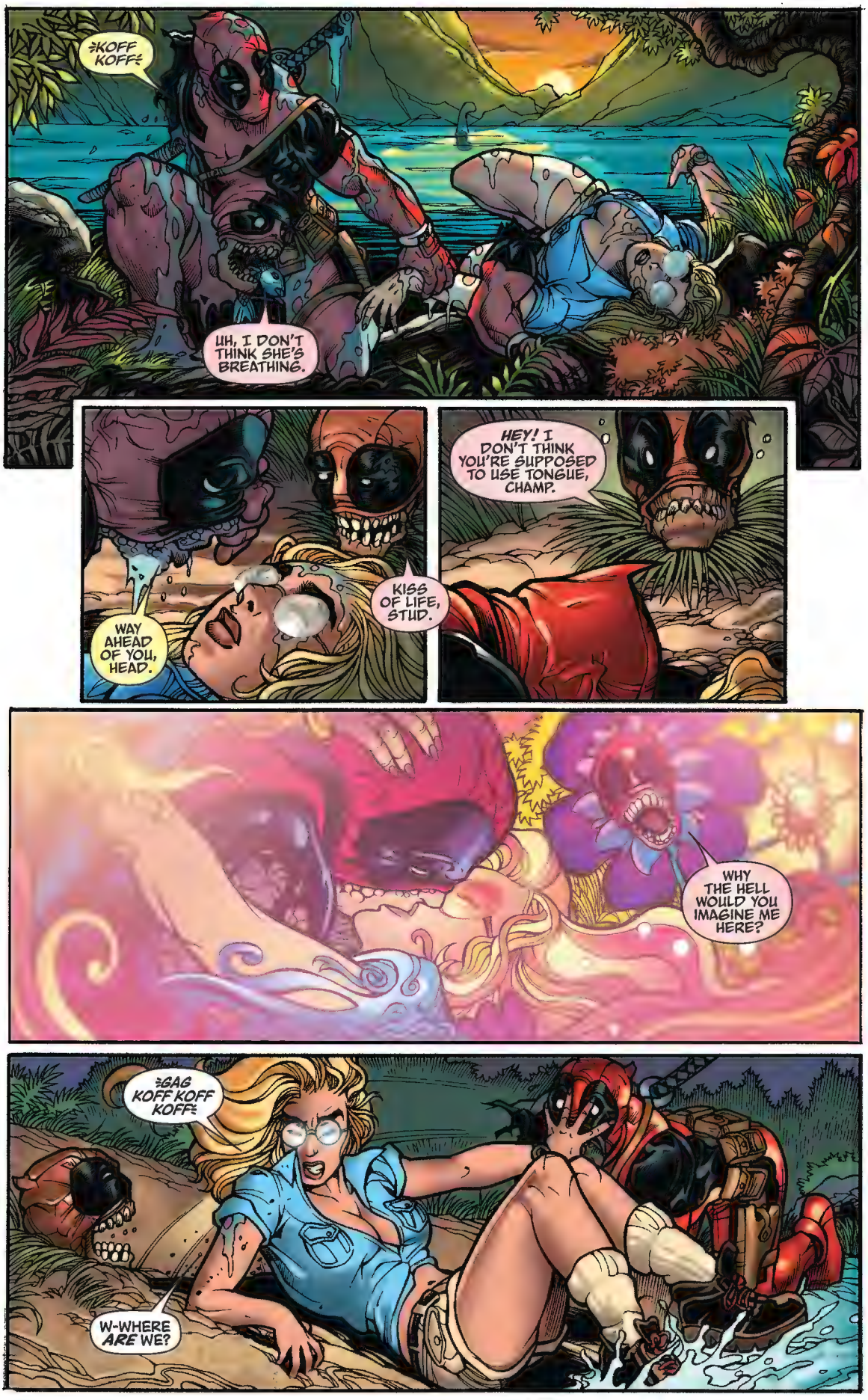
CRUNCH
HEY! I WAS SHOOTING PEOPLE WITH THAT.
Uh-oh.
THUK!

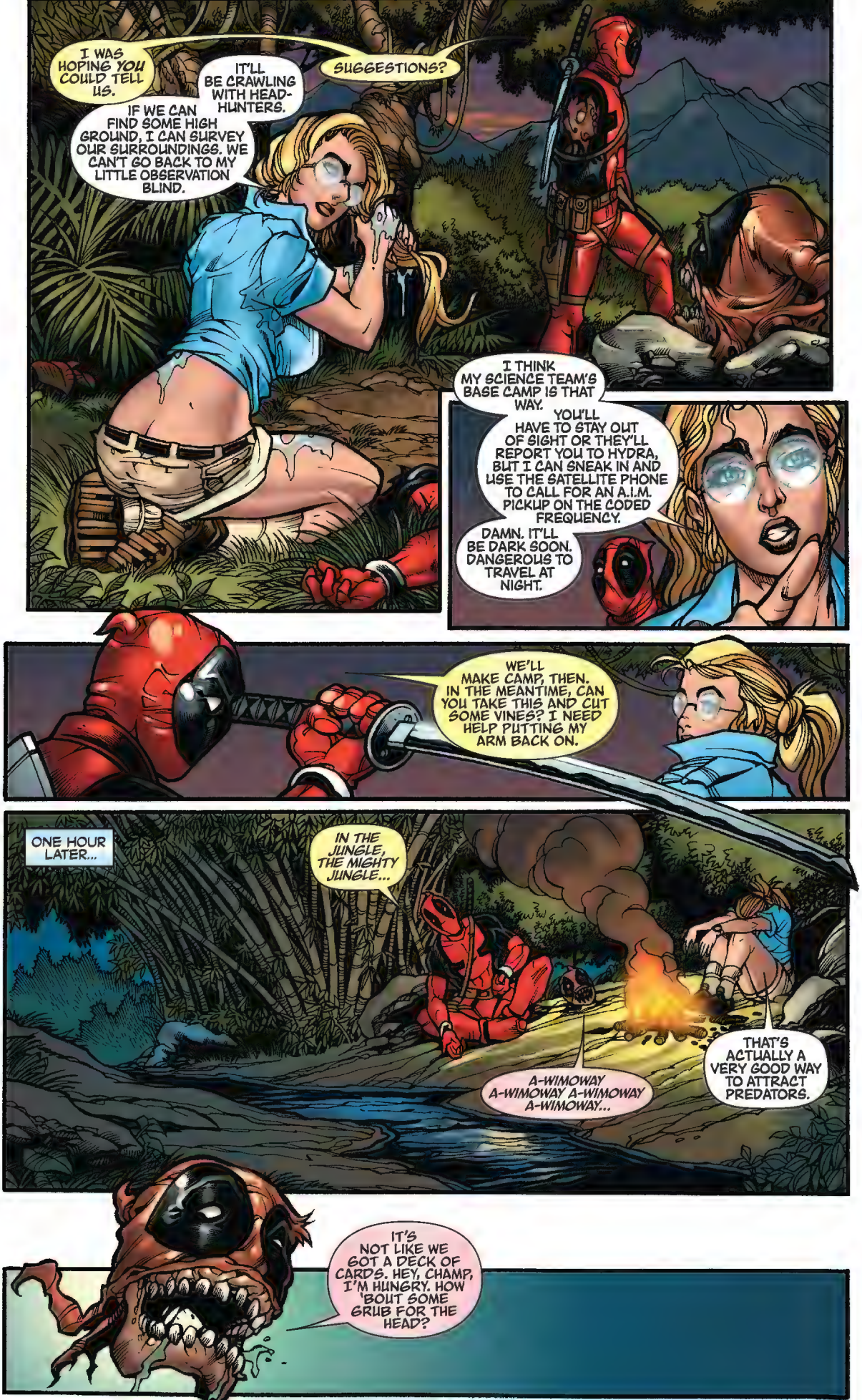
GWAARRRRRR!
SHHHHHKT
3...
2...
1...
SPLORT

I THINK YOU HAVE SOME SPLAINING TO DO, LUCY.
I... UH... WELL... UH...
I SEE THAT MY PLAN HAS WORKED PERFECTLY.
NOW THAT YOU'VE DISPOSED OF THOSE GUYS, YOU CAN TAKE ME OUT OF HERE. GOOD JOB.
BUDDY.
GIVE ME A BREAK.
Oh, he sooooo needs to be tossed into the lava.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH I'VE BEEN AGREEING WITH YOU LATELY.

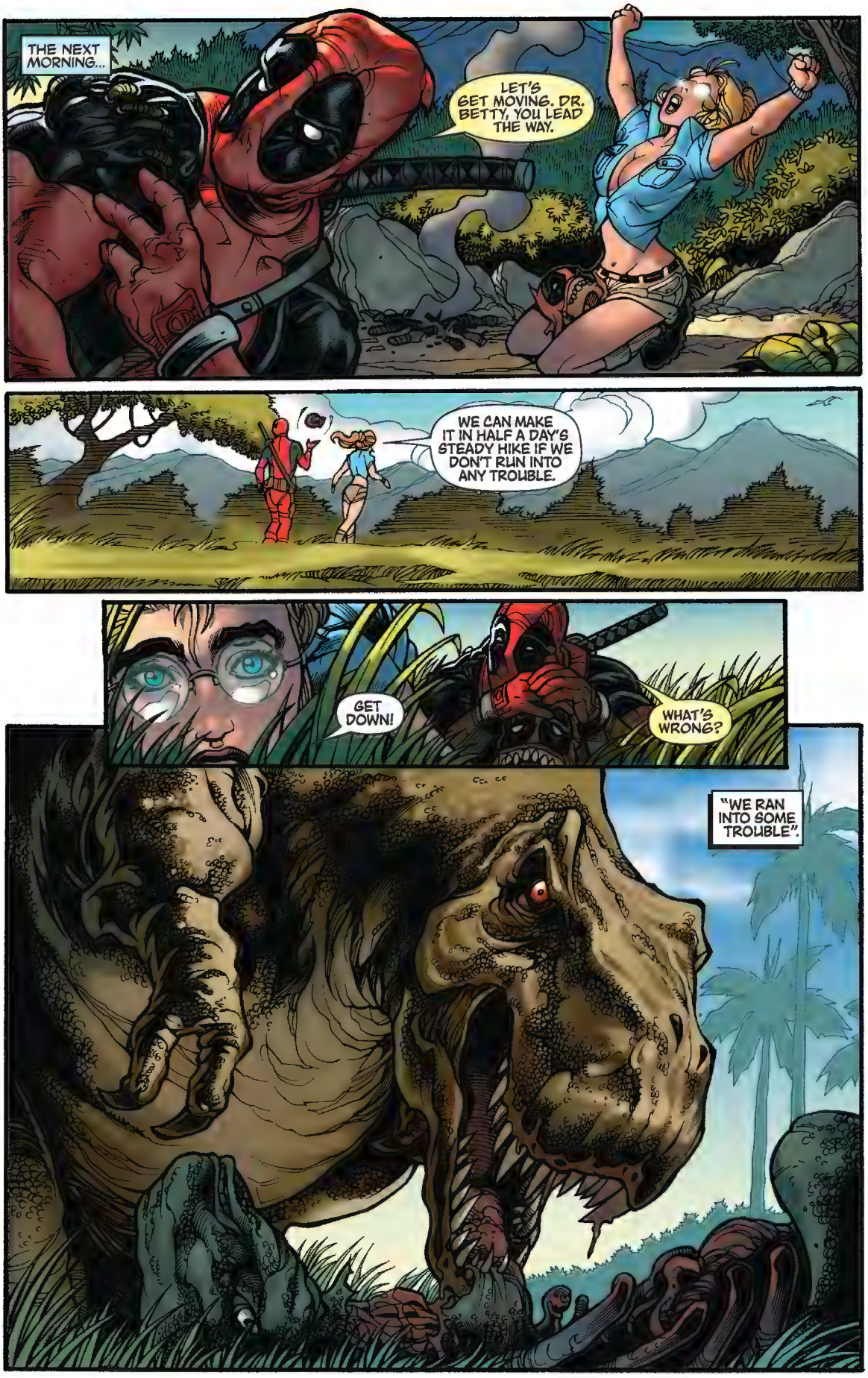
DON'T BE RASH! WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS!
WAIT. DON'T!
IT'S THE SAVAGE LAND, DR. BETTY. I'M SURE WE CAN FIND BETTER SOUVENIRS.
THE HEAD IS THE WHOLE REASON A.I.M. SENT YOU ON THIS MISSION.
MY TEAM CAME TO THE SAVAGE LAND TO SEE IF THERE WERE UNDISCOVERED NATURAL TOXINS THAT MIGHT BE CONVERTED INTO BIO-WEAPONS.
WHEN MY COLLEAGUES DISCOVERED THE HEAD CONTAINING THE ZOMBIE VIRUS, THEY KNEW THEY HAD A WINNER.
SEE? I'M SPECIAL.
OKAY, FINE, WE WON'T THROW HIM IN THE LAVA. BUT JUST BECAUSE HE'S MY ALTERNAVERSE ME-HEAD, DOESN'T MEAN WE'RE GOING TO BE BEST PALS.
WELL, WE DON'T HAVE A GOOD CHANCE GETTING PAST THE WHOLE TRIBE. HEAD, YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT AN UNDERGROUND RIVER?
DEEPER INTO THE CAVE. IT'S NOT FAR.


I'M TOLD THIS EMPTIES INTO THE JUNGLE SOMEWHERE DOWN THE LINE.
HEY!
PIPE DOWN AND STAY PUT.
HANG ONTO THAT LIMB FOR ME, WILL YOU, DR. BETTY?
WHY? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO--
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW FAR IT IS.
Quit your worrying, Mother Hen. I can see light ahead.


=KOFF KOFF=
UH, I DON'T THINK SHE'S BREATHING.
WAY AHEAD OF YOU, HEAD.
KISS OF LIFE, STUD.
HEY! I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE TONGUE, CHAMP.
WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU IMAGINE ME HERE?
=GAG KOFF KOFF KOFF=
W-WHERE ARE WE?

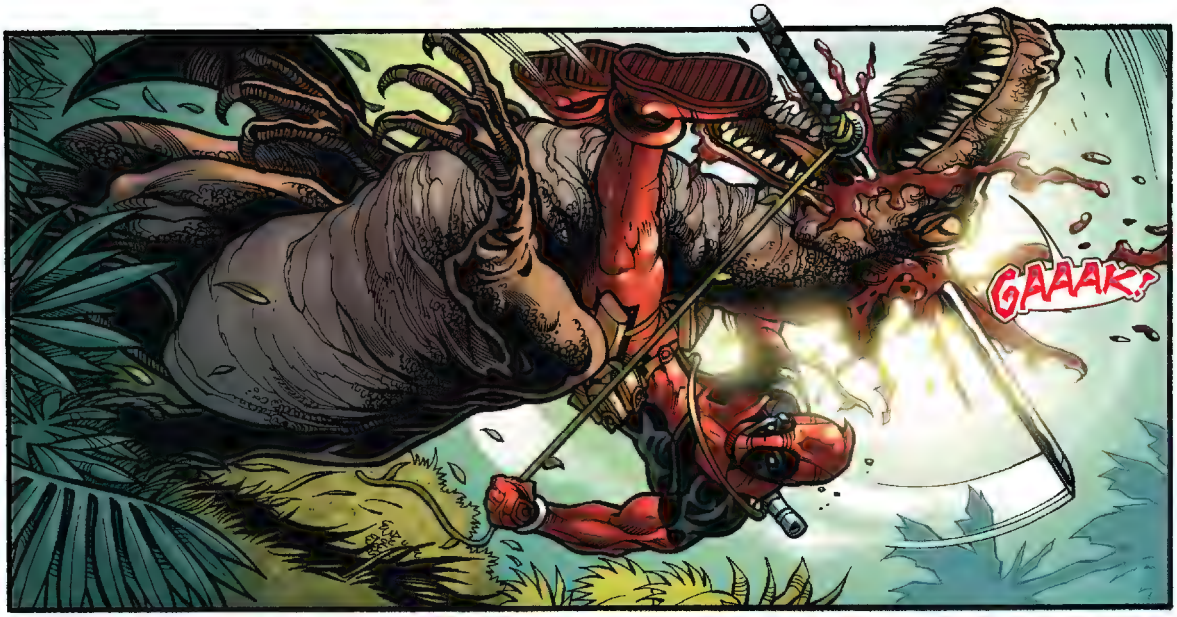

I WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL US.
IT'LL BE CRAWLING WITH HEAD-HUNTERS.
SUGGESTIONS?
IF WE CAN FIND SOME HIGH GROUND, I CAN SURVEY OUR SURROUNDINGS. WE CAN'T GO BACK TO MY LITTLE OBSERVATION BLIND.
I THINK MY SCIENCE TEAM'S BASE CAMP IS THAT WAY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT OR THEY'LL REPORT YOU TO HYDRA, BUT I CAN SNEAK IN AND USE THE SATELLITE PHONE TO CALL FOR AN A.I.M. PICKUP ON THE CODED FREQUENCY.
DAMN. IT'LL BE DARK SOON. DANGEROUS TO TRAVEL AT NIGHT.
WE'LL MAKE CAMP, THEN. IN THE MEANTIME, CAN YOU TAKE THIS AND CUT SOME VINES? I NEED HELP PUTTING MY ARM BACK ON.
ONE HOUR LATER...
IN THE JUNGLE, THE MIGHTY JUNGLE...
A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY A-WIMOWAY...
THAT'S ACTUALLY A VERY GOOD WAY TO ATTRACT PREDATORS.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE GOT A DECK OF CARDS. HEY, CHAMP, I'M HUNGRY. HOW 'BOUT SOME GRUB FOR THE HEAD?

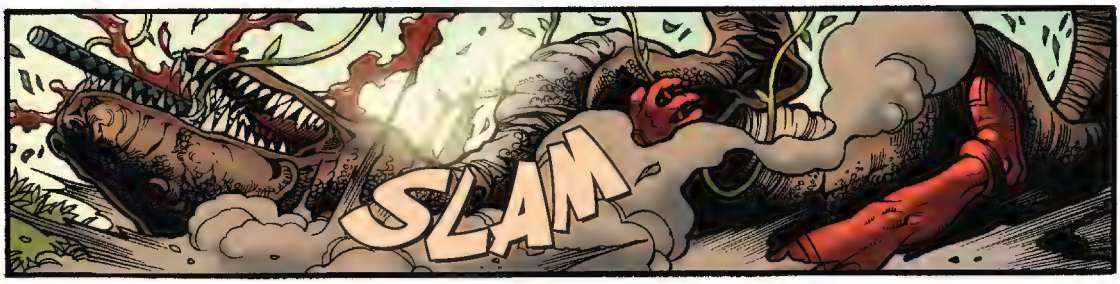
EAT? WHERE WOULD IT GO?
HEY, I'M A ZOMBIE. I LIKE TO CHEW ON THINGS.
I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU COULD SPARE SOME BRAINS. HEH-HEH. NO, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN.
WHAT ABOUT THIS? APPETIZING?
YEAH, I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
CRUNCH CRUNCH
JUICY.
UGH. MY LIFE HAS BEEN NON-STOP GROSS SINCE I'VE MET YOU TWO. CAN WE PLEASE JUST GET SOME SLEEP?
GUYS, I DON'T REALLY SLEEP. GUYS? GUYS?
ZZZ

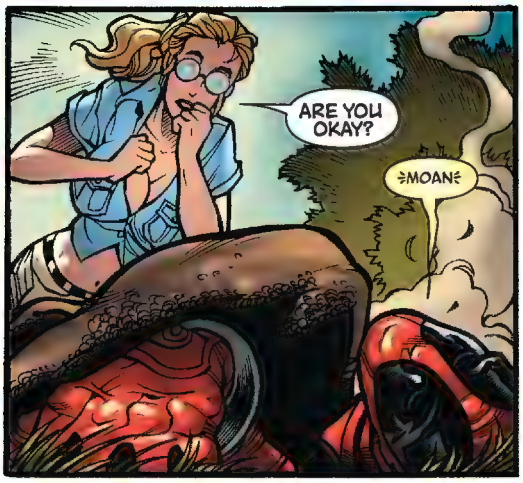

THE NEXT MORNING...
LET'S GET MOVING. DR. BETTY, YOU LEAD THE WAY.
WE CAN MAKE IT IN HALF A DAY'S STEADY HIKE IF WE DON'T RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE.
GET DOWN!
WHAT'S WRONG?
"WE RAN INTO SOME TROUBLE".

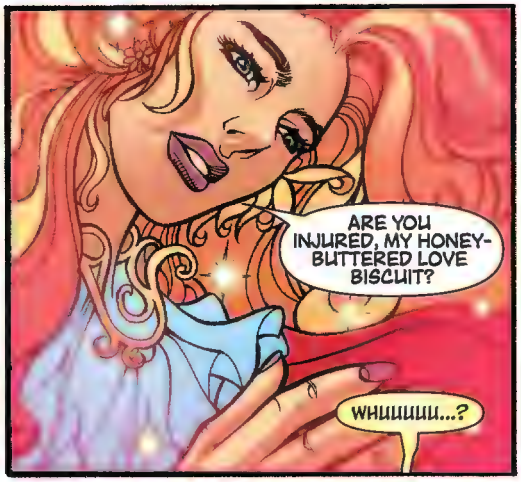
HOW ABOUT NOW?
I DON'T SEE HIM. HE MUST'VE FINISHED LUNCH AND MOVED ON.
LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR.
WE STILL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. WHEN THE BIG PREDATORS FINISH, THERE ARE USUALLY LITTLE ONES AROUND FOR THE LEFTOVERS.
WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY--
YEEOOOWW!
OH, HELL.
I HAVE DECIDED I DO NOT LIKE THE SAVAGE LAND.
It doesn't seem too crazy about us either.

OH, GOD, I'M GOING TO DIE.
I'LL SAVE YOU, DR. BETTY!
WHOOOHHHHHT
WHOA WHOA WHOA!
ACK!
RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!

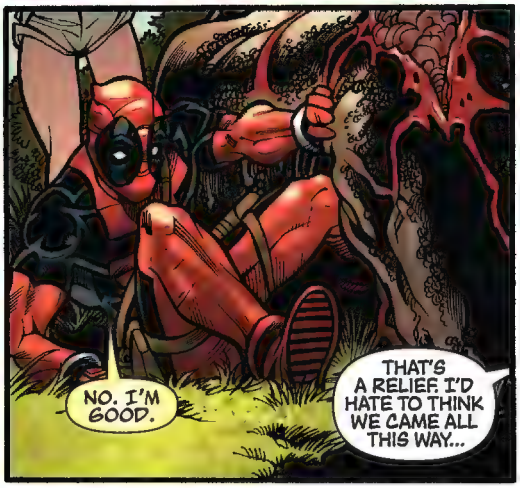

GAAAK!


SLAM


ARE YOU OKAY?
=MOAN=

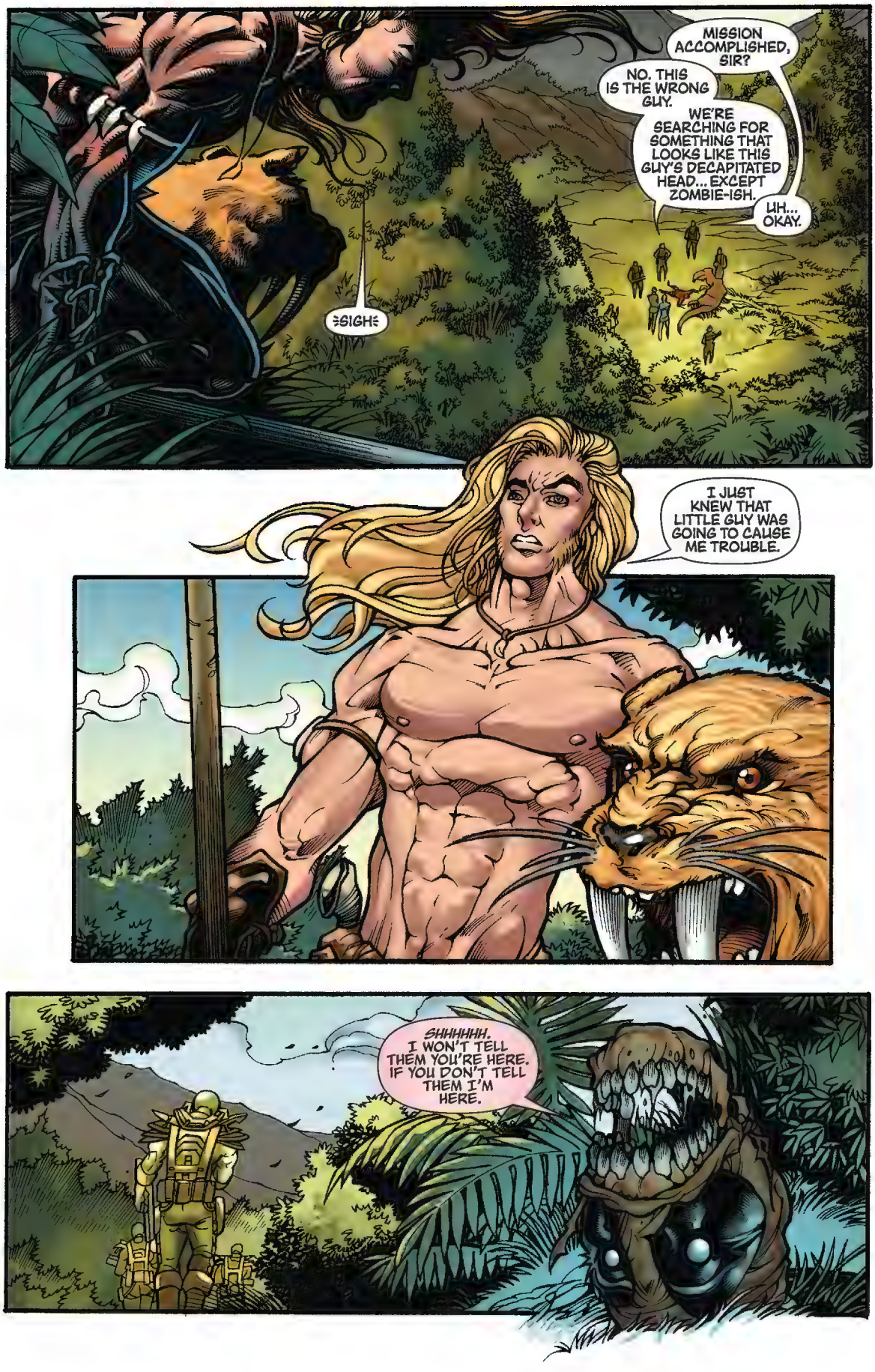

ARE YOU INJURED, MY HONEY-BUTTERED LOVE BISCUIT?
WHUUUUUU...?

I ASKED IF YOU WERE DEAD.

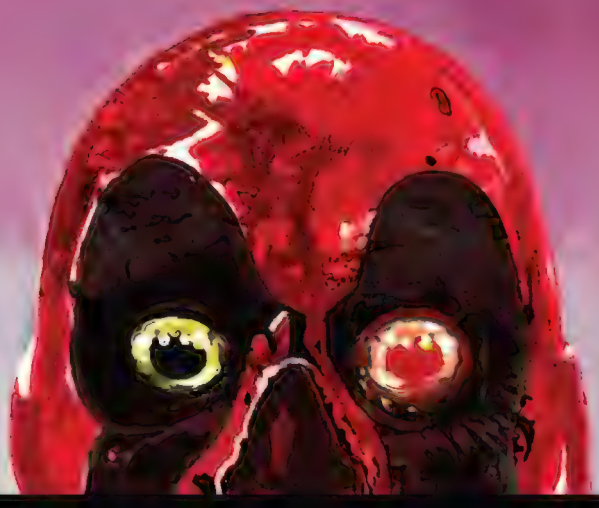

NO. I'M GOOD.
THAT'S A RELIEF. I'D HATE TO THINK WE CAME ALL THIS WAY...

...ONLY TO FIND A CORPSE.

THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE. HE'S A *KIDNAPPER!*
POOP.
NICE TRY, MY DEAR. WHAT A CLEVER LITTLE A.I.M. OPERATIVE YOU ARE. EVERYONE JUST CALM DOWN OR WE'LL HAVE TO DO--
THIS!
BZZZZTT!


MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, SIR?
NO. THIS IS THE WRONG GUY.
WE'RE SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE THIS GUY'S DECAPITATED HEAD... EXCEPT ZOMBIE-ISH.
UH... OKAY.
:SIGH:
I JUST KNEW THAT LITTLE GUY WAS GOING TO CAUSE ME TROUBLE.
SHHHHHH. I WON'T TELL THEM YOU'RE HERE. IF YOU DON'T TELL THEM I'M HERE.

When there's no more
room in the **ZOMBIEVERSE**,
the **HEAD** will walk the **EARTH**.



DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH

STARRING: DEADPOOL, ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD, HYDRA, CAVEMEN, DINOSAURS
WRITER: VICTOR GISCHLER ART BY BONG DAZO & JOE PIMENTEL
COLORS: MATT MILLA, LETTERS: JEFF ECKLEBERRY

READ THE MARVEL COMIC, FULL COLOR, RELEASED BY MARVEL COMICS

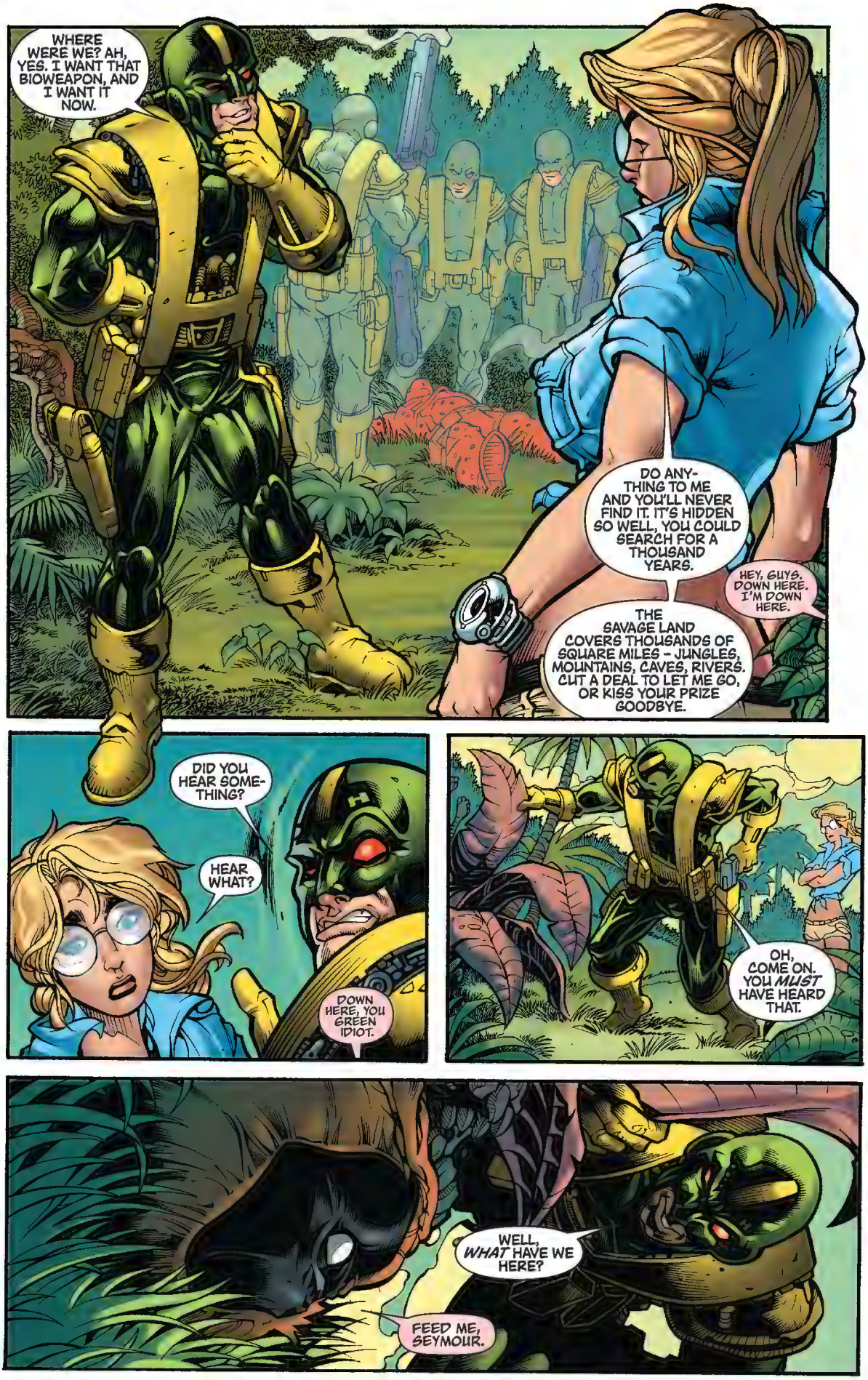
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #3

IF I HAD ARMS AND LEGS I COULD PROBABLY HELP.
THE SAD FACT IS, I NEED THESE IDIOTS. WHERE THE HELL ARE MY CAVEMAN MINIONS WHEN I NEED THEM?
You don't need them! You're the god-head of the Savage Land head hunters!
STOP BUYING INTO THE PUBLICITY. I CAN'T EVEN FEED MYSELF.
Wait. Who's that up there?
AH. THE CAVALRY.

COME ON, ZABU. I'VE GOT A PLAN, BUT WE NEED TO ACT FAST. I'M NOT REALLY CRAZY ABOUT ALL THESE STRANGERS ON MY STOMPING GROUNDS. LET'S ARRANGE A GOOD OLD SAVAGE LAND WELCOME FOR THEM.
CAREFUL OF MY WATCH, PINHEAD.
I'D WORRY LESS ABOUT YOUR ACCESSORIES, MY DEAR, AND MORE ABOUT YOUR ILL-FATED MISSION WITH YOUR MERCENARY FRIEND.
I *TOLD* YOU I'M NOT WITH HIM, JERKWEED.
PERHAPS NOT. BUT YOU ARE WITH OUR COMPETITION, A.I.M. WE INTERCEPTED YOUR TRANSMISSIONS ABOUT THE BIOWEAPON.
OUR JOB IS TO TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS.
SO IF YOU'D KINDLY TELL ME WHERE THE-
UH, FRANK, COULD YOU TAKE CARE OF THAT?
≥MOAN≤
BZZZZT
NOW, AS I WAS SAYING...
YOU... SON OF... A...
DAMN IT. I THOUGHT WE STUNNED YOUR SORRY ASS. STAY DOWN, YOU STUPID-

OOF
STOP ZAPPING ME, YOU GREEN BASTARD.
KLANG
A METAL JOCK? THAT HURT ALL THE WAY UP MY KNEE.
He felt it, too.
ZAP HIM ZAP HIM ZAP HIM!
We specifically asked them *not* to do that.
LISTEN TO THAT FALSETTO. GUY SOUNDS LIKE THE FOURTH BEE GEE.
ENOUGH! IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!
We really need to develop our own catchphrase.

HOW ABOUT "WADE INTO ACTION"?
Uh. We'll work on it.
FORGET THE STUN GUNS. BLAST HIM!
CHUGGA CHUGGA CGHUGGA CHUGGA
CHUGGA CHUGGA
CHUGGA
GASP
AUGH


WHERE WERE WE? AH, YES. I WANT THAT BIOWEAPON, AND I WANT IT NOW.
DO ANY-THING TO ME AND YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT. IT'S HIDDEN SO WELL, YOU COULD SEARCH FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.
HEY, GUYS. DOWN HERE. I'M DOWN HERE.
THE SAVAGE LAND COVERS THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES – JUNGLES, MOUNTAINS, CAVES, RIVERS. CUT A DEAL TO LET ME GO, OR KISS YOUR PRIZE GOODBYE.
DID YOU HEAR SOME-THING?
HEAR WHAT?
DOWN HERE, YOU GREEN IDIOT.
OH, COME ON. YOU *MUST* HAVE HEARD THAT.
WELL, *WHAT* HAVE WE HERE?
FEED ME, SEYMOUR.

MEANWHILE...
〈OUR SACRED HEAD HAS BEEN STOLEN. WE MUST GO FORTH AND BRING IT BACK. OUR HONOR DEPENDS ON THIS.〉
〈ACTUALLY, I THOUGHT THE HEAD WAS KIND OF A JERK.〉
〈NOBODY ASKED YOU, BARRY.〉
TO WAR!

EVEN MORE MEANWHILE...
LET'S GO, ZABU. THIS FRESH KILL SHOULD ATTRACT THE HELP WE NEED.
GRROOWWL
YEAH, WELL THAT'S THE PLAN. I'LL ASK IF I WANT YOUR INPUT.
HE'S CAUGHT THE SCENT. RUN, ZABU!

AND THE MOST MEANWHILE OF ALL...
SHE'S OVERDUE TO REPORT, SIR.
PERHAPS THEY'VE RUN INTO COMPLICATIONS. WE'LL BE PATIENT.
WITH RESPECT, SIR. WAS IT RIGHT FOR US TO PUT SO MUCH FAITH IN WILSON?
I DON'T RECALL ASKING FOR YOUR OPINION, MR. ...UH... MR. ...DAMN STUPID HELMETS. WHICH ONE ARE YOU AGAIN?
ASHCROFT, SIR. IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE PICKED UP SO MUCH HYDRA ACTIVITY IN THE SECTOR.
WHISKEY
THERE'S ALWAYS THE PROMETHEUS OPTION, MR. ASHCROFT.
NEVER FORGET PROMETHEUS.

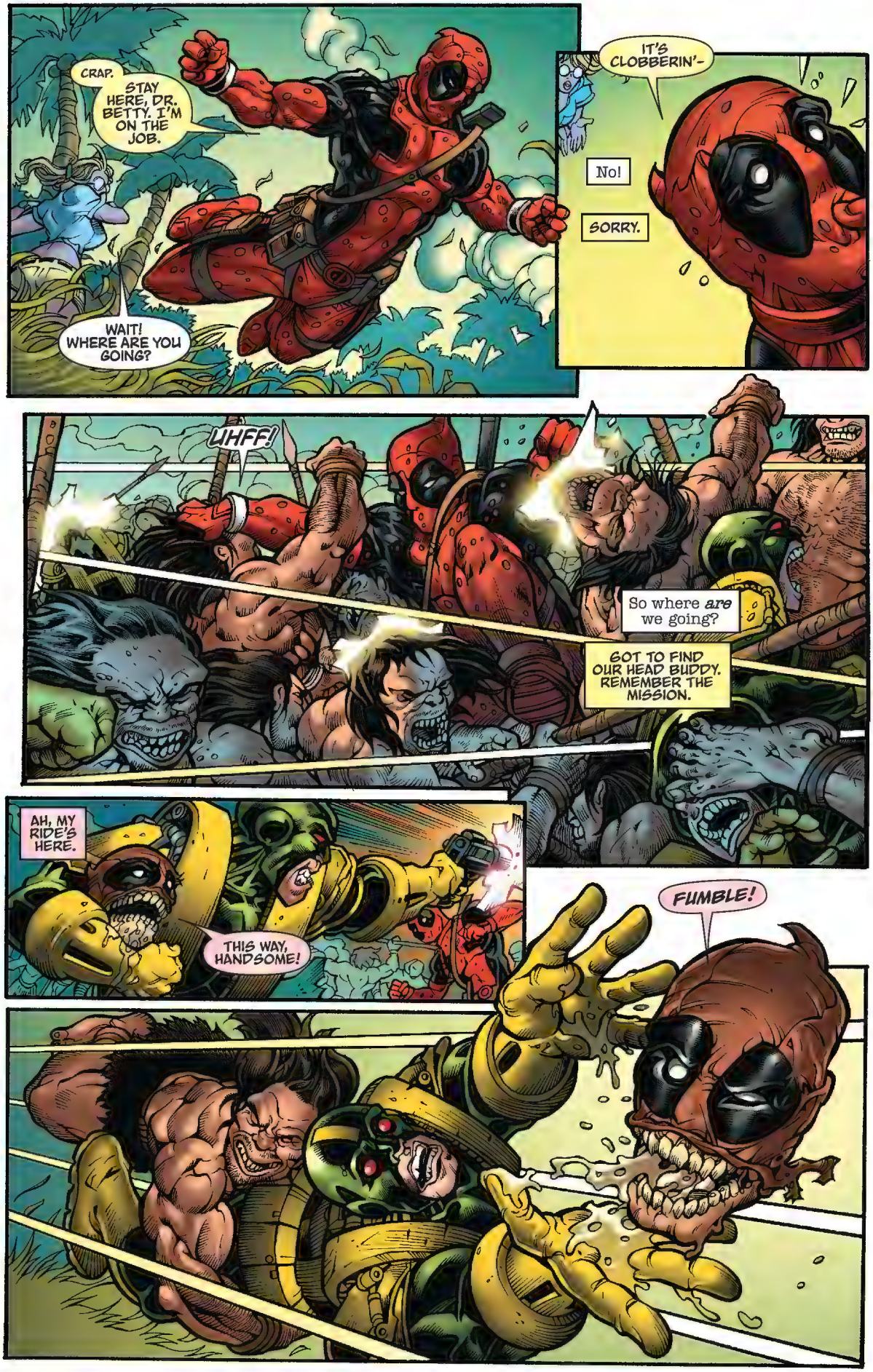
WELL, MY LITTLE VIRUS-INFECTED FRIEND.
NOW IT'S TIME TO GET YOU BACK TO HYDRA LABORATORIES TO GET WEAPONIZED.
HOW 'BOUT I WEAPONIZE YOU THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY?
HEY!
GIMMEE SOME OF THAT SWEET MEAT, GREEN BOY.
SNAPP
COMMANDER, WE HAVE AN INCOMING EMERGENCY SITUATION.
I'D HARDLY CALL A GUY IN A LOINCLOTH AND AN OVERGROWN KITTY AN EMERGENCY, TROOPER. JUST SHOOT THEM.
NOT THEM, SIR. I'M TALKING ABOUT...
...THAT!

AARRRRGH!
CHARGE!
SQUAD ONE, ENGAGE THE DINOSAUR! SQUAD TWO, FORM A PERIMETER AND REPEL THOSE ATTACKERS!
SHUT UP!
DID YOU EVER THINK IN A MILLION YEARS YOU'D ISSUE THE ORDER "ENGAGE THE DINOSAUR"?
EAT LEAD, NEANDERTHAL CHUMPS!

YIKES.
PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD. PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD. PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD.
=GROAN=
SO WE WERE ZAPPED AND SHOT?
We have double ouchies.
GET YOUR #£*% ASS UP AND #£*% #£*% SAVE ME, OR I'LL RIP YOUR ARM OFF AGAIN AND SHOVE IT #£*% #£*% UNTIL YOU CAN SCRATCH YOUR OWN BRAIN!
Yeah, she digs us.
AM I MISSING SOMETHING?
ARE YOU MISSING SOMETHING!?

SO WHERE'S WALDO?

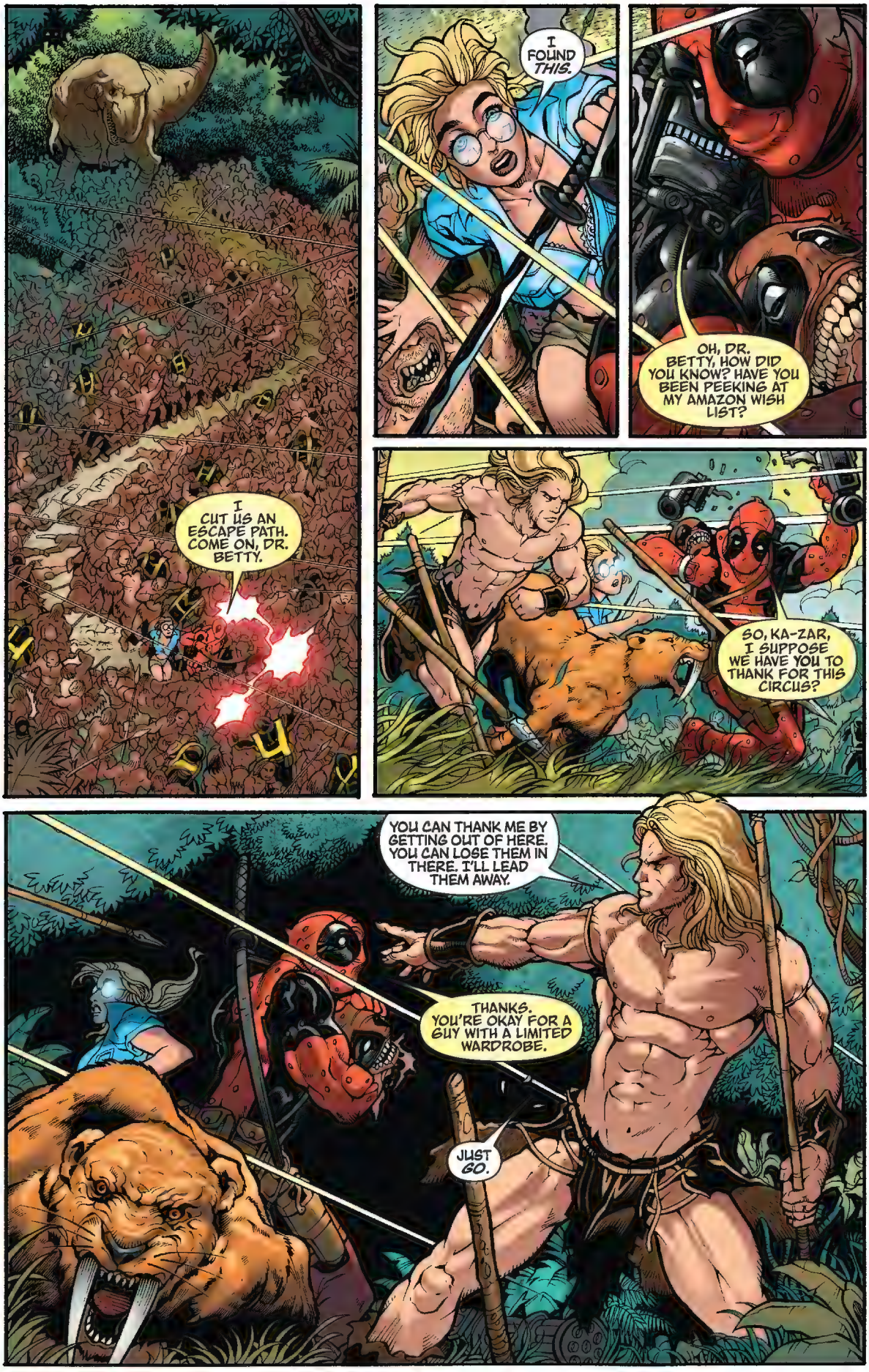
YOU'RE MISSING EVERYTHING!

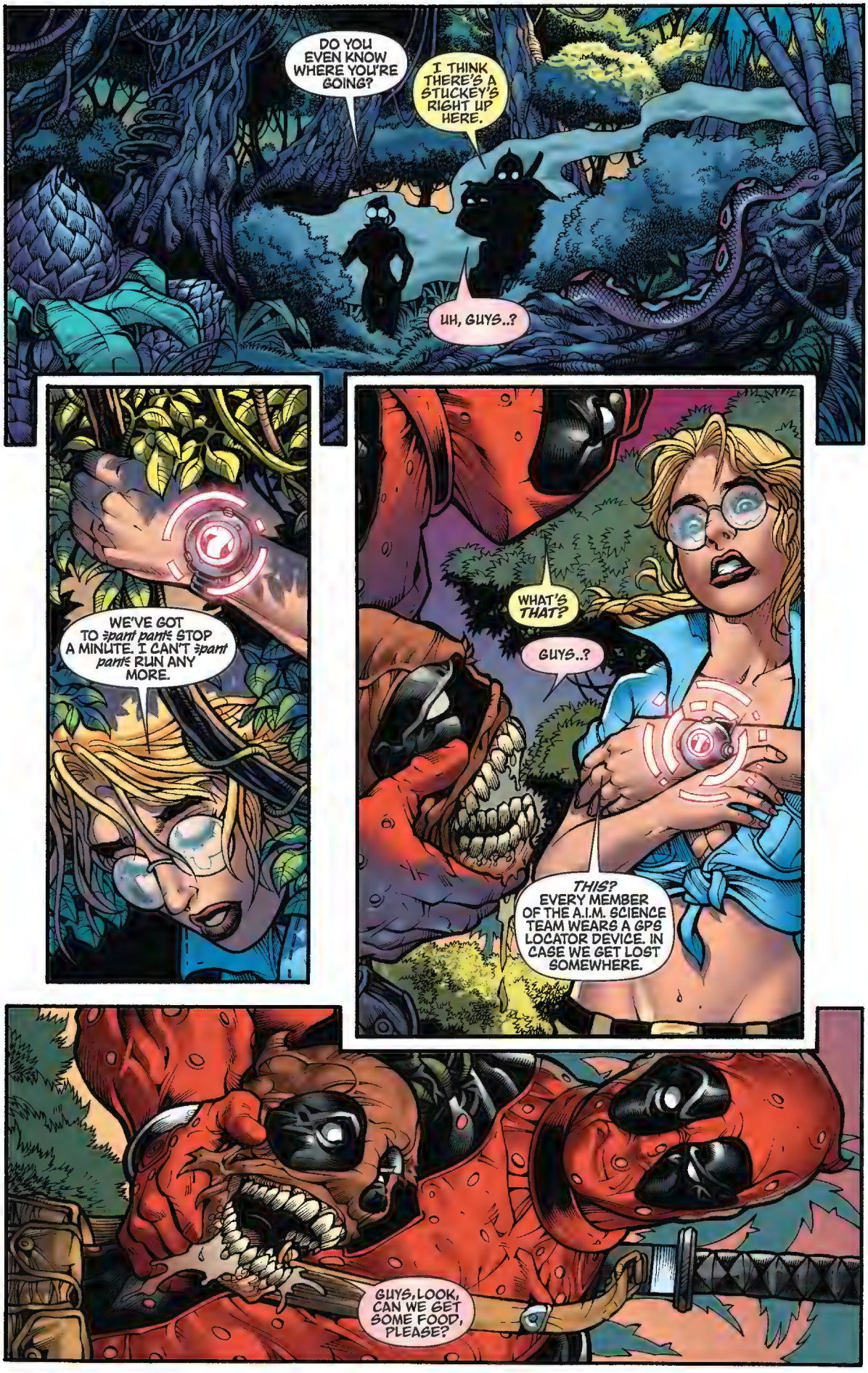

CRAP.
STAY HERE, DR. BETTY. I'M ON THE JOB.
WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
IT'S CLOBBERIN'-
No!
SORRY.
UHFF!
So where *are* we going?
GOT TO FIND OUR HEAD BUDDY. REMEMBER THE MISSION.
AH, MY RIDE'S HERE.
THIS WAY, HANDSOME!
FUMBLE!

I GOT YOU - OOFF!
WHOMP!
<I HAVE THE SACRED ONE!>
HOORAY! I'M A DEITY AGAIN.
YAAAAARRRRGH!
NOW WE'RE COOKING WITH GAS.

WHUMP
GRROARRR?
READY, BUTCH?
READY, SUNDANCE.
LET'S RIDE.

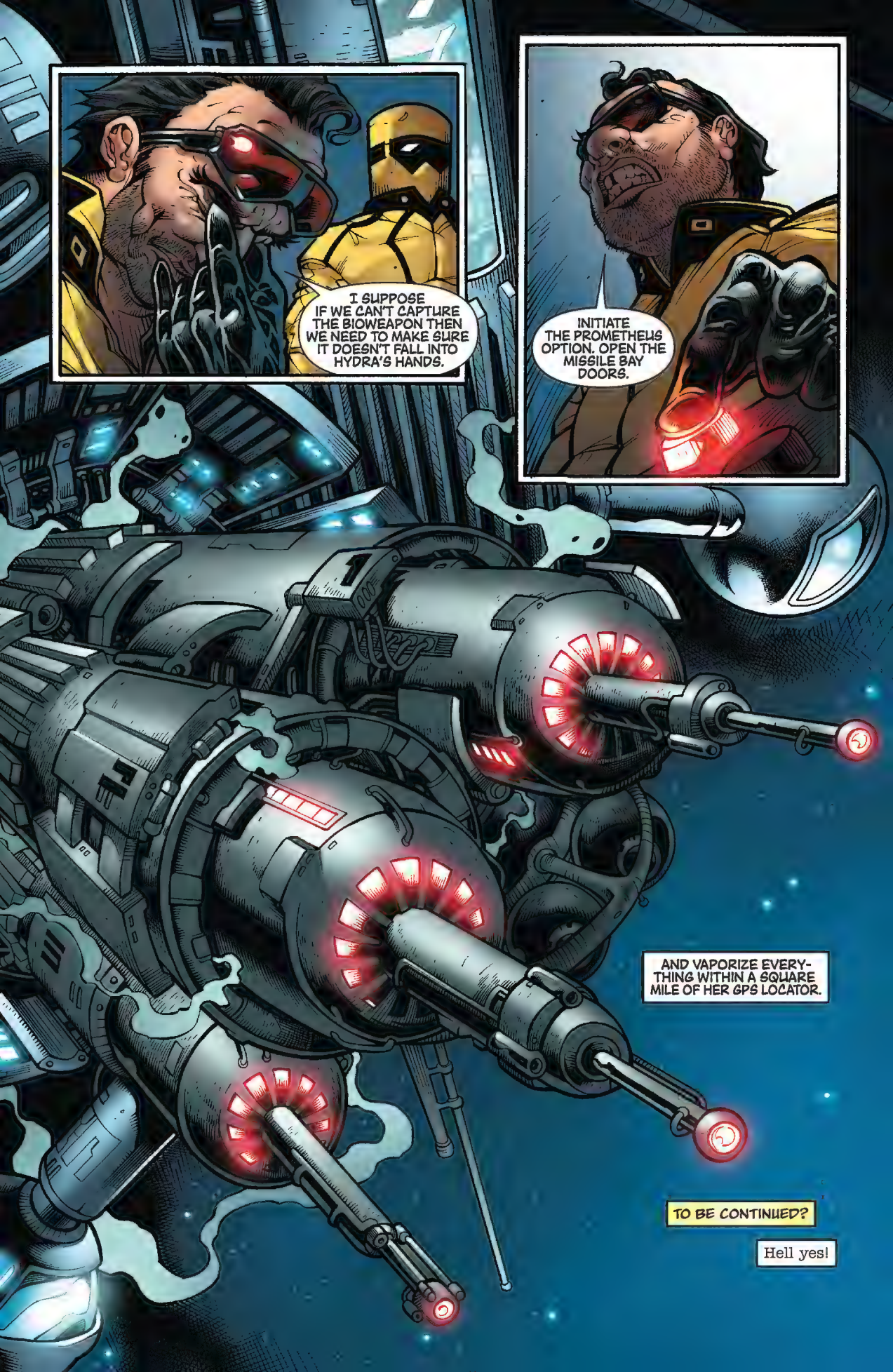
GO, JUICE, GO.
HE JUKES. HE JIVES.
BRRRRRPPPPPT!!
WAIT FOR ME!
GET THE LEAD OUT, BABY. THE TRAIN'S LEAVIN' THE STATION.

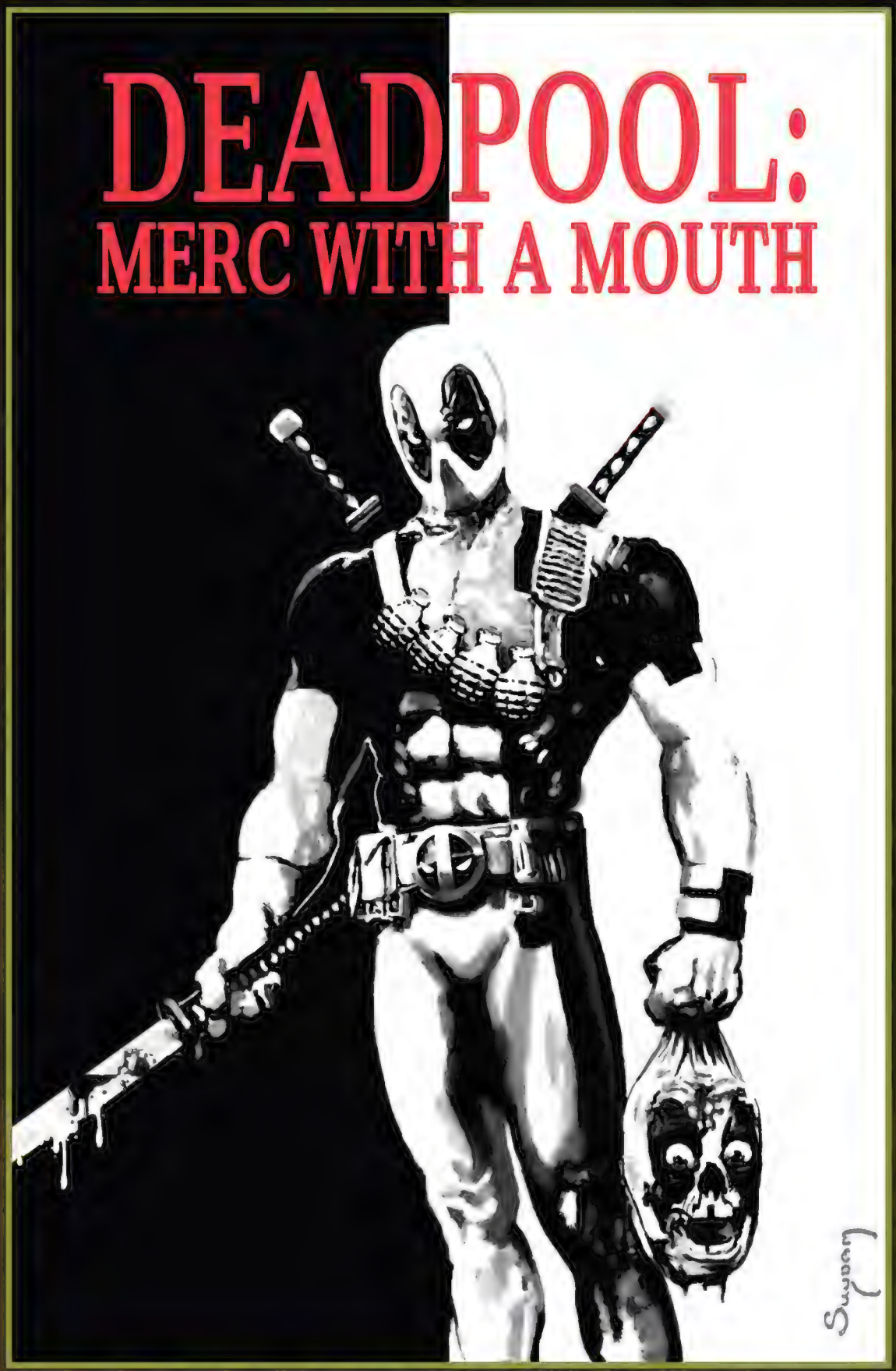

I CUT US AN ESCAPE PATH. COME ON, DR. BETTY.
I FOUND THIS.
OH, DR. BETTY, HOW DID YOU KNOW? HAVE YOU BEEN PEEKING AT MY AMAZON WISH LIST?
SO, KA-ZAR, I SUPPOSE WE HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THIS CIRCUS?
YOU CAN THANK ME BY GETTING OUT OF HERE. YOU CAN LOSE THEM IN THERE. I'LL LEAD THEM AWAY.
THANKS. YOU'RE OKAY FOR A GUY WITH A LIMITED WARDROBE.
JUST GO.


DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?
I THINK THERE'S A STUCKEY'S RIGHT UP HERE.
UH, GUYS..?
WE'VE GOT TO *pant pant* STOP A MINUTE. I CAN'T *pant pant* RUN ANY MORE.
WHAT'S *THAT*?
GUYS..?
THIS? EVERY MEMBER OF THE A.I.M. SCIENCE TEAM WEARS A GPS LOCATOR DEVICE. IN CASE WE GET LOST SOMEWHERE.
GUYS, LOOK, CAN WE GET SOME FOOD, PLEASE?

I HAVEN'T EATEN A THING SINCE I TOOK A BITE OUT OF THAT T-REX.

STUPID JOB. RIDICULOUS YELLOW COSTUMES. CAN'T BELIEVE I TURNED DOWN THAT CIA OFFER.
SIR. SHE'S LONG OVERDUE TO CHECK IN. I'M AFRAID WE'RE OBLIGATED TO ASSUME THE WORST.
I AM THE COMMANDER OF THIS ORBITING FACILITY, ASHCROFT. IT'S NOT YOUR PLACE TO TELL ME MY OBLIGATIONS.
OF COURSE, SIR.
BUT...?
BUT I THINK CENTRAL COMMAND WILL WANT TO HEAR THAT WE'VE TAKEN DECISIVE ACTION. NATURALLY, IT'S UP TO YOU, SIR.


I SUPPOSE IF WE CAN'T CAPTURE THE BIOWEAPON THEN WE NEED TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T FALL INTO HYDRA'S HANDS.
INITIATE THE PROMETHEUS OPTION. OPEN THE MISSILE BAY DOORS.
AND VAPORIZE EVERY-THING WITHIN A SQUARE MILE OF HER GPS LOCATOR.
TO BE CONTINUED?
Hell yes!

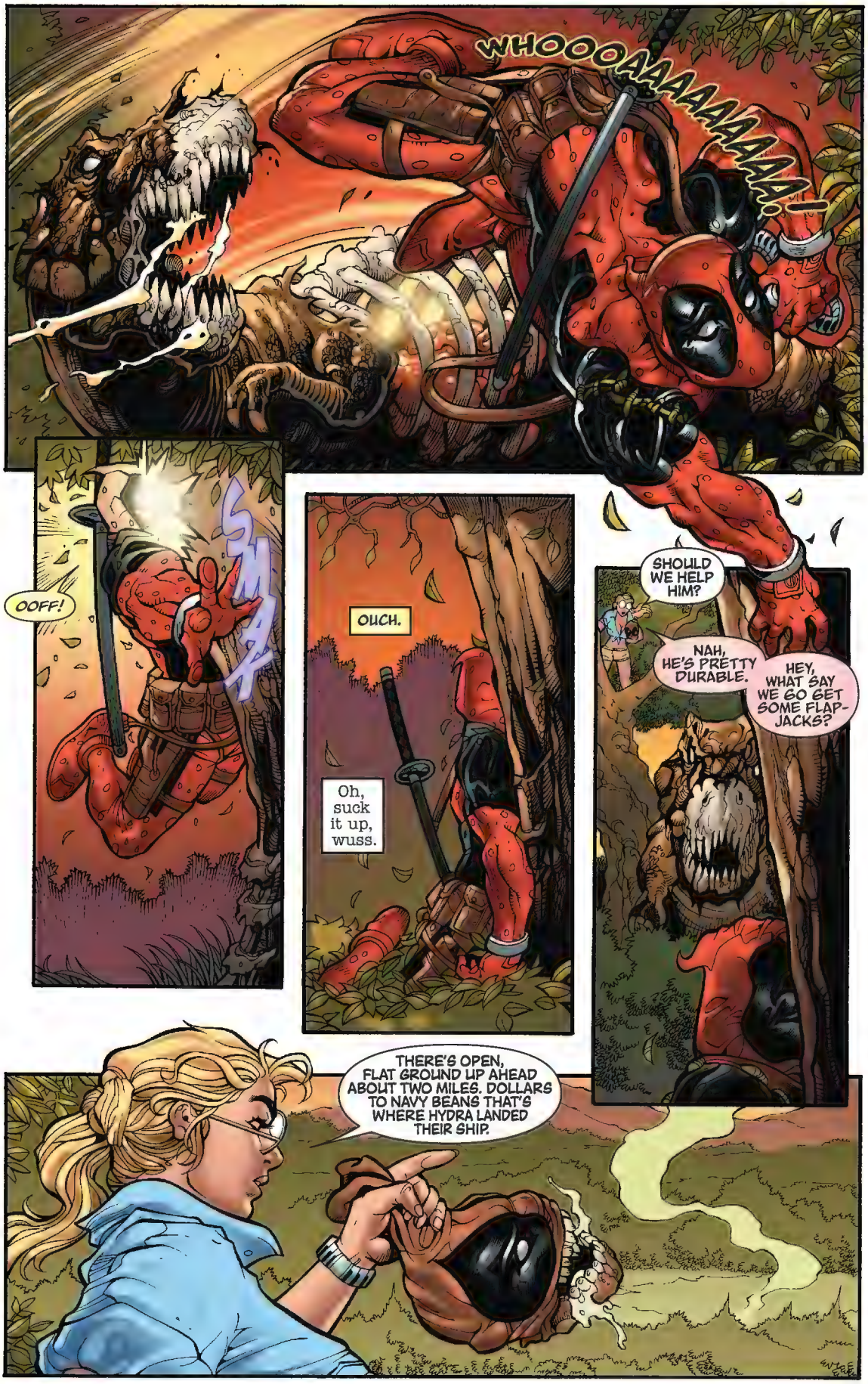

DEADPOOL:
MERC WITH A MOUTH

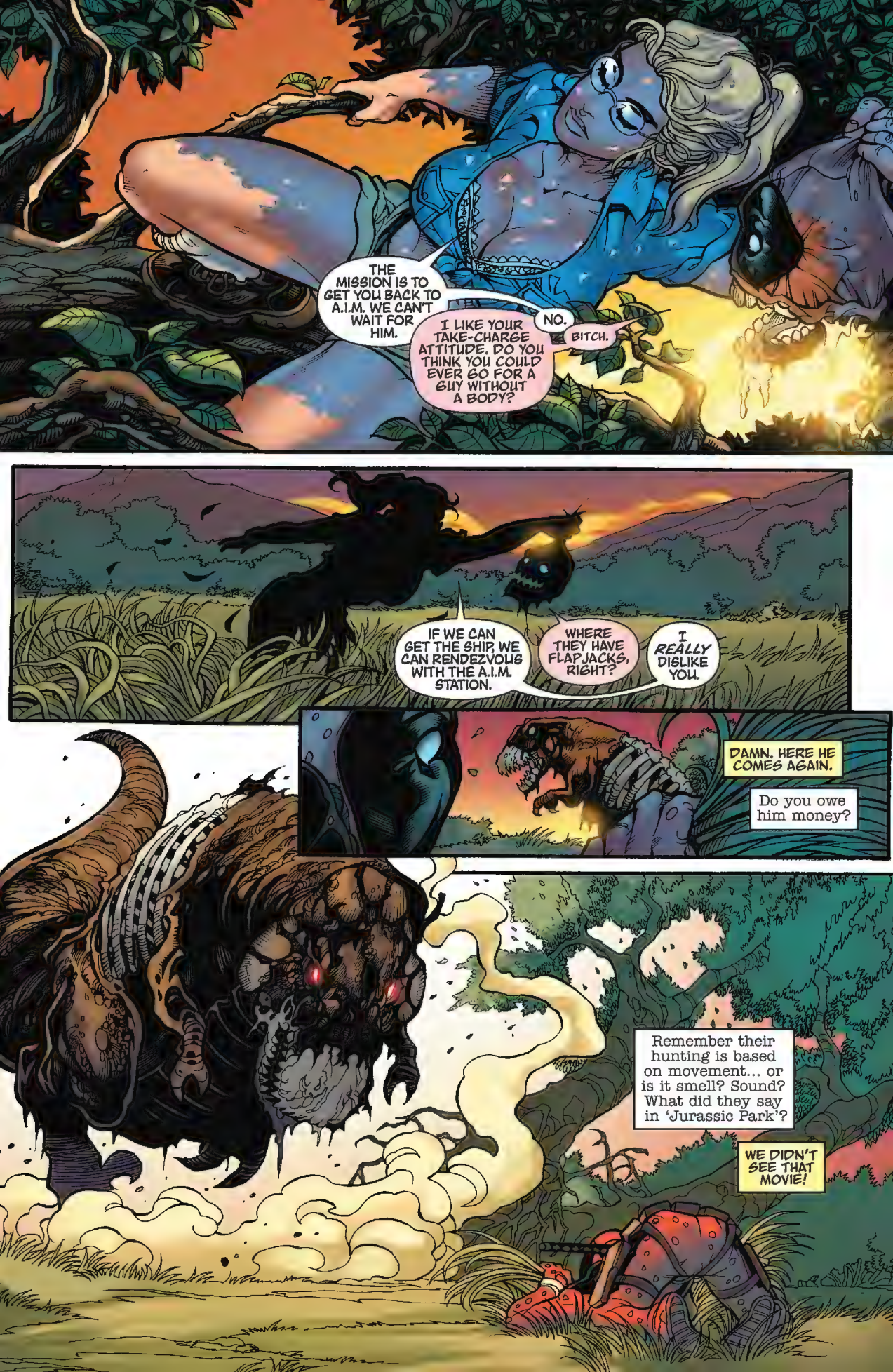
I THINK WE'VE LOST THE ABORIGINALS, SIR.
GOOD. NOW LET'S FIND THAT INDESTRUCTIBLE BASTARD AND INVENT A WAY TO KILL HIM.
GOD, I HATE THIS PLACE.
BLAMM!
MOSQUITOS THE SIZE OF HELICOPTERS. DINOSAURS.
VOLCANOS ERUPTING AT THE DROP OF A HAT. THE SAVAGE LAND SUCKS!
THAT JACKASS WILSON PROBABLY HAS HIS FEET UP SOMEWHERE DRINKING RUM OUT OF A COCONUT.

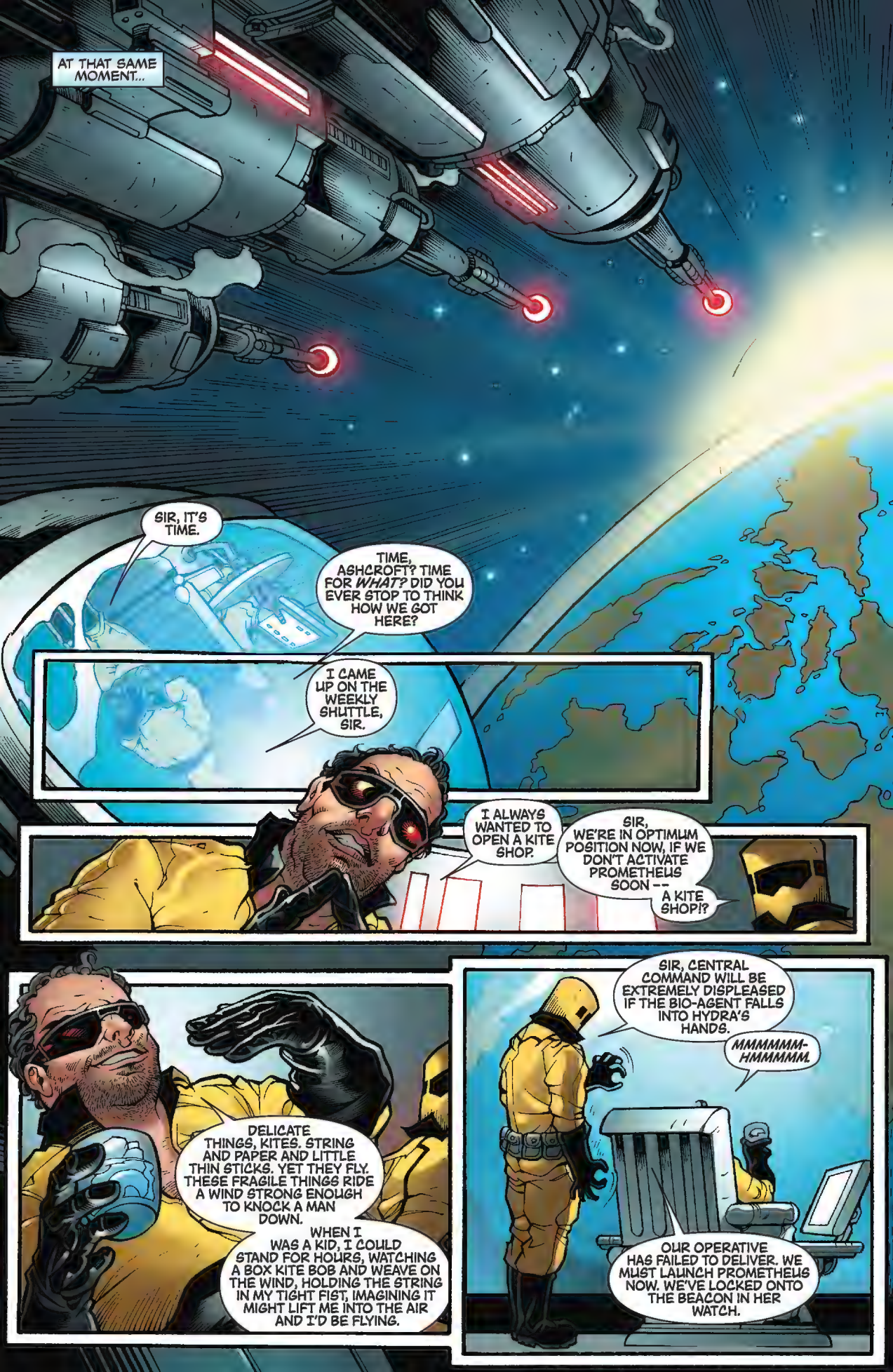
GWAAARRRRR!
RUN!

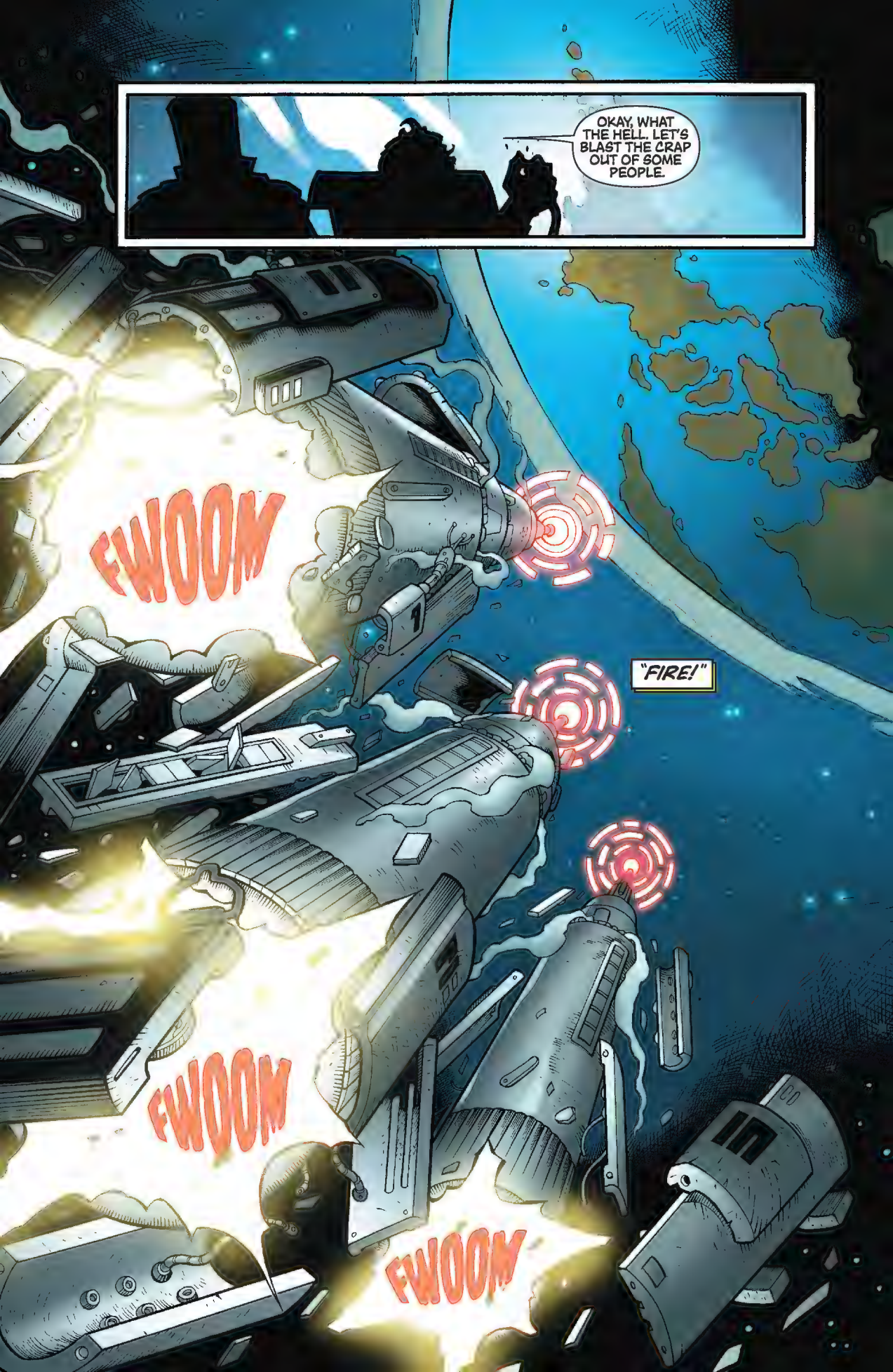
YOU'RE A BIG KITTY.
HAARRGH!
SNAPP!
HE'S BEEN TURNED ZOMBIE, YOU IDIOT!
MY BAD.
GET UP HIGH. T-REX CAN'T CLIMB.

COME ON!
DUDE, THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND YOU.
GRAB MY HAND!
YIKES!
MY WATCH!
SNAG!
SORRY! I'LL BUY YOU A NEW ONE.
I MEAN... UNLESS IT'S LIKE A ROLEX OR SOMETHING. A.I.M. HASN'T PAID ME YET.


WHOOOAAAAAAAAA!
OOFF!
SMASH
OUCH.
Oh, suck it up, wuss.
SHOULD WE HELP HIM?
NAH, HE'S PRETTY DURABLE.
HEY, WHAT SAY WE GO GET SOME FLAP-JACKS?
THERE'S OPEN, FLAT GROUND UP AHEAD ABOUT TWO MILES. DOLLARS TO NAVY BEANS THAT'S WHERE HYDRA LANDED THEIR SHIP.


THE MISSION IS TO GET YOU BACK TO A.I.M. WE CAN'T WAIT FOR HIM.
I LIKE YOUR TAKE-CHARGE ATTITUDE. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD EVER GO FOR A GUY WITHOUT A BODY?
NO.
BITCH.
IF WE CAN GET THE SHIP, WE CAN RENDEZVOUS WITH THE A.I.M. STATION.
WHERE THEY HAVE FLAPJACKS, RIGHT?
I REALLY DISLIKE YOU.
DAMN. HERE HE COMES AGAIN.
Do you owe him money?
Remember their hunting is based on movement... or is it smell? Sound? What did they say in 'Jurassic Park'?
WE DIDN'T SEE THAT MOVIE!


AT THAT SAME MOMENT...
SIR, IT'S TIME.
TIME, ASHCROFT? TIME FOR *WHAT?* DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK HOW WE GOT HERE?
I CAME UP ON THE WEEKLY SHUTTLE, SIR.
I ALWAYS WANTED TO OPEN A KITE SHOP.
SIR, WE'RE IN OPTIMUM POSITION NOW, IF WE DON'T ACTIVATE PROMETHEUS SOON --
A KITE SHOP!?
DELICATE THINGS, KITES. STRING AND PAPER AND LITTLE THIN STICKS. YET THEY FLY. THESE FRAGILE THINGS RIDE A WIND STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOCK A MAN DOWN.
WHEN I WAS A KID, I COULD STAND FOR HOURS, WATCHING A BOX KITE BOB AND WEAVE ON THE WIND, HOLDING THE STRING IN MY TIGHT FIST, IMAGINING IT MIGHT LIFT ME INTO THE AIR AND I'D BE FLYING.
SIR, CENTRAL COMMAND WILL BE EXTREMELY DISPLEASED IF THE BIO-AGENT FALLS INTO HYDRA'S HANDS.
MMMMMM-HMMMMM.
OUR OPERATIVE HAS FAILED TO DELIVER. WE MUST LAUNCH PROMETHEUS NOW. WE'VE LOCKED ONTO THE BEACON IN HER WATCH.


OKAY, WHAT THE HELL. LET'S BLAST THE CRAP OUT OF SOME PEOPLE.
FWOOM
"FIRE!"
FWOOM
FWOOM

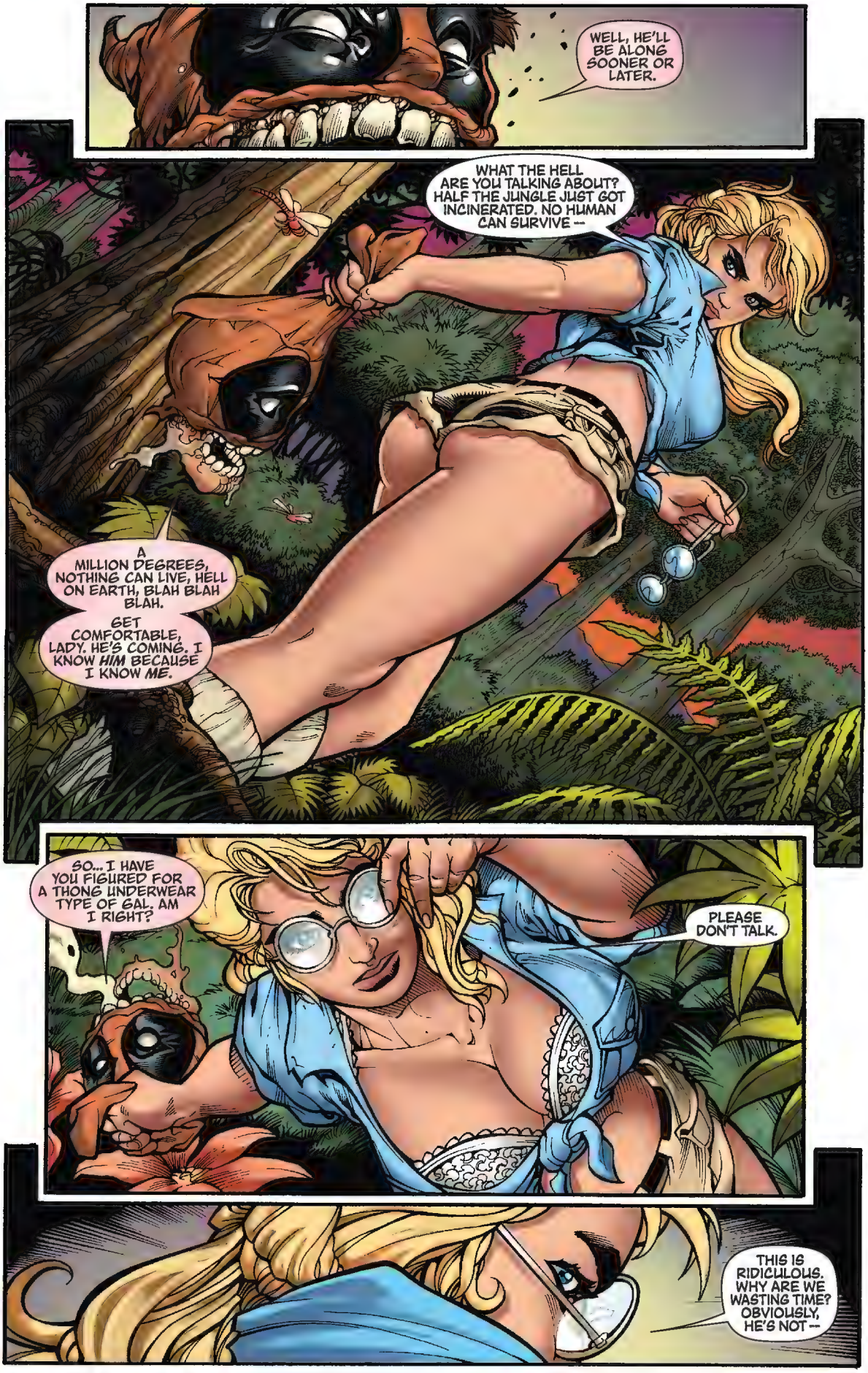
PERSISTENT, ISN'T HE?
He won't be able to follow through this thick undergrowth.
SMASH!
ANY OTHER BRILLIANT OBSERVATIONS?
Suck it, other voice.
YOU'RE THE OTHER VOICE, IDIOT.
CHOMPP
GUYS. FOCUS.

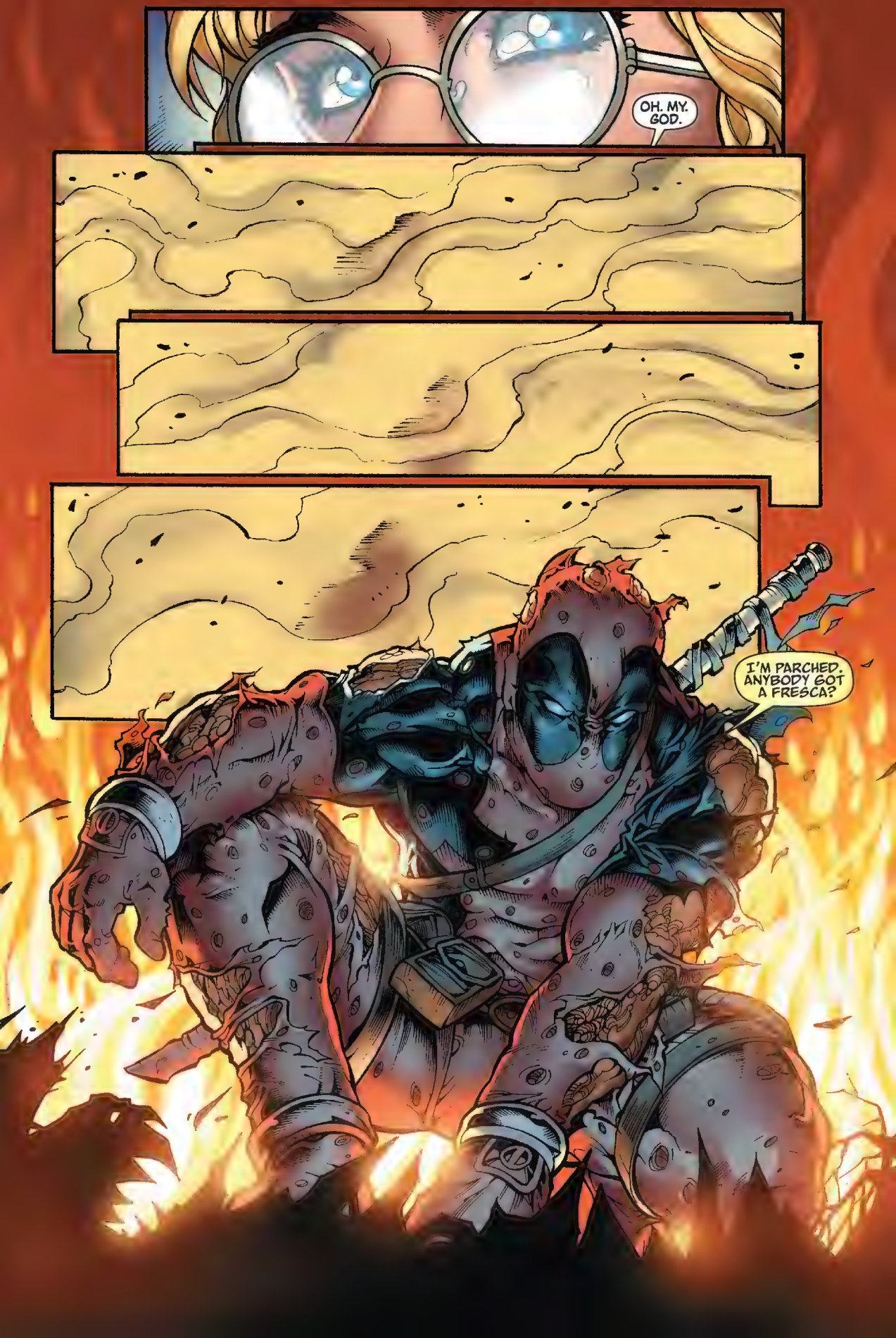
BEEP BEEP
BEEP BEEP
HEY, IT'S BLINKING.
Don't stop running!
BUT WHAT COULD IT MEAN? IS IT AN ALARM? DOES DR. BETTY HAVE A SOUFFLÉ IN THE OVEN? WHAT IF SHE NEEDS TO TAKE A PILL? WHAT IF SHE NEEDS TO TAKE HER BIRTH CONTROL PILL? WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER BEFORE IT'S TOO--
Behind you, pinhead.

KRUNNCH!
I THINK THERE MIGHT BE ONE SMALL BONE IN MY LEFT FOOT THAT ISN'T BROKEN.
HEY... WHAT'S THAT... IN... THE SKY?

RURRRRRR?
KA-BLOOM!!

WHOA.
GET A LOAD OF THAT.
GENTLEMEN, IF THE AREA IS UNDER FIRE, THEN IT'S TIME FOR AN EVAC. LET'S GET TO THE SHIP. FAST.
UH-OH.


WELL, HE'LL BE ALONG SOONER OR LATER.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? HALF THE JUNGLE JUST GOT INCINERATED. NO HUMAN CAN SURVIVE --
A MILLION DEGREES, NOTHING CAN LIVE, HELL ON EARTH, BLAH BLAH BLAH.
GET COMFORTABLE, LADY. HE'S COMING. I KNOW *HIM* BECAUSE I KNOW *ME*.
SO... I HAVE YOU FIGURED FOR A THONG UNDERWEAR TYPE OF GAL, AM I RIGHT?
PLEASE DON'T TALK.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME? OBVIOUSLY, HE'S NOT --


OH. MY. GOD.
I'M PARCHED. ANYBODY GOT A FRESCA?

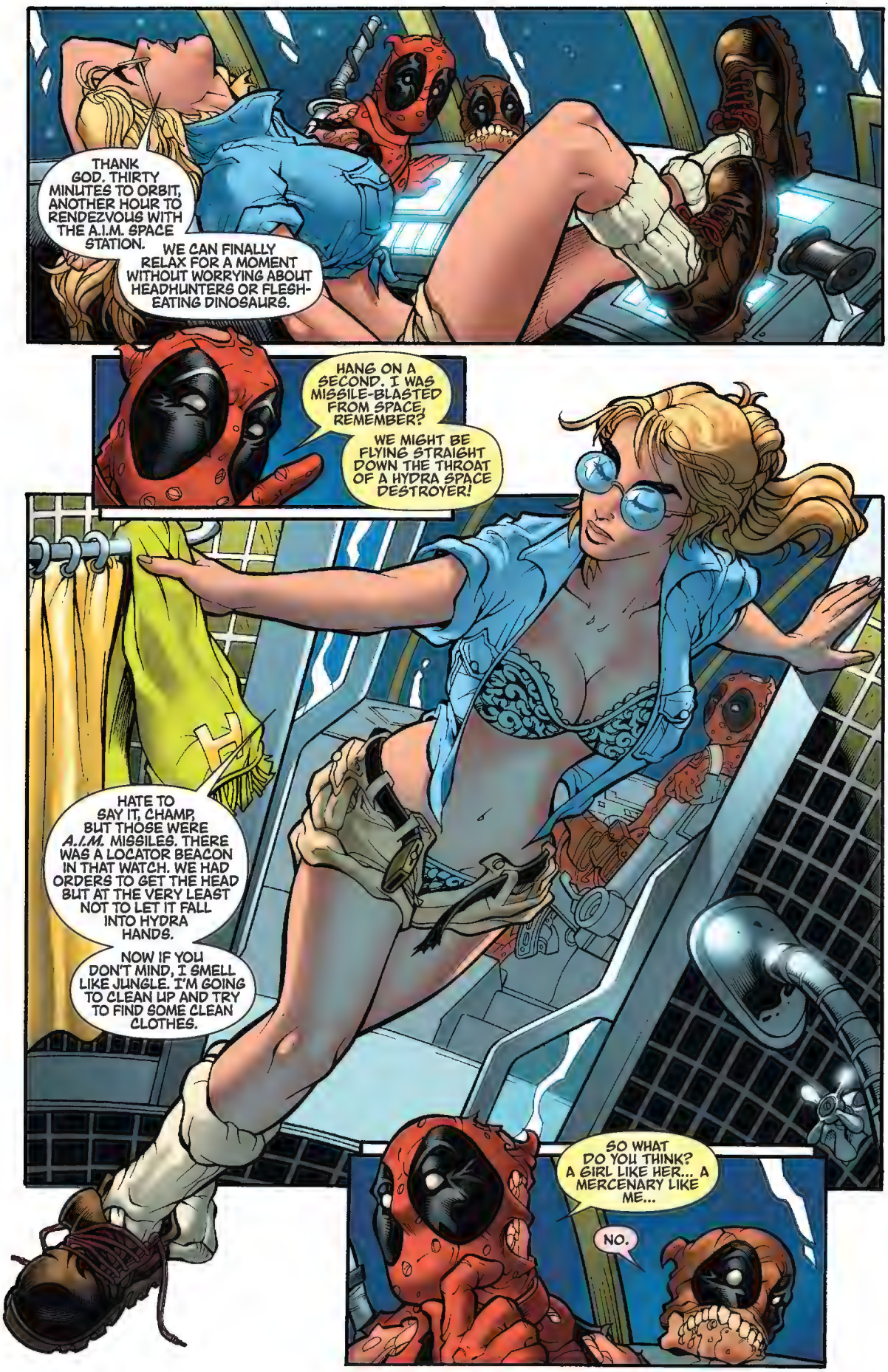
YES, I'M FINE. THANK YOU FOR ASKING.
COME ON. THERE'S ONLY ONE LEVEL PATCH OF GROUND TO LAND ANYTHING AROUND HERE. I'LL BET YOU THE HYDRA SHIP IS RIGHT UP HERE.
LET'S CATCH A RIDE.
SIGH...
DUDE, SHE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU.

Do you think they left anyone behind to guard it?
OH, MY, I CERTAINLY HOPE SO.
MUNCH MUNCH
IS THERE CHEESE ON THAT?
WHUUUUUUUH...?

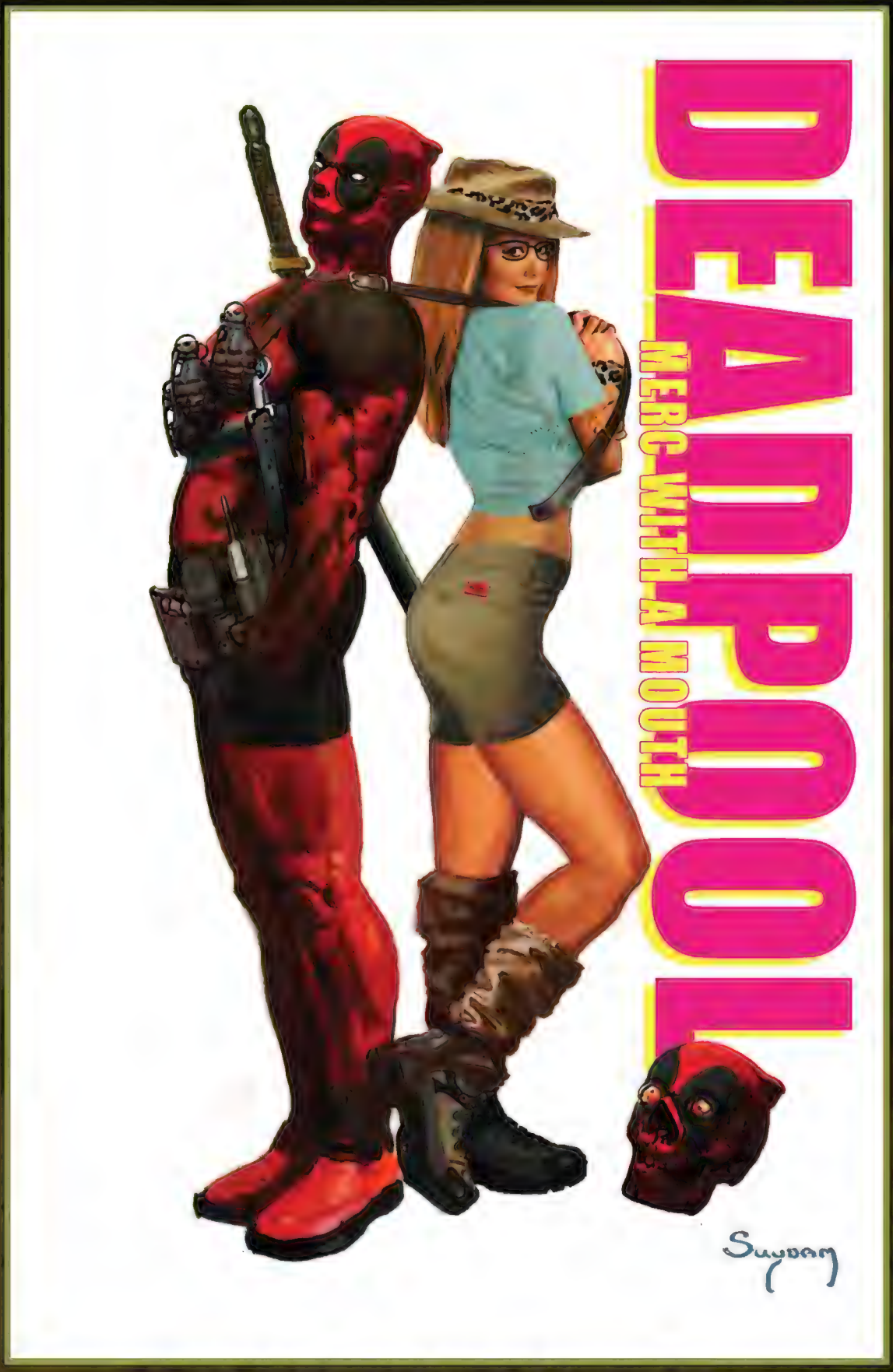
Whuff
WHUMP
HUH. PROVOLONE.
I'LL GET TO THE COCKPIT AND START THE LAUNCH SEQUENCE.
IS THAT HAM?
CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
GROAN
BONK!

CHEWIE, GET US OUT OF HERE!
THE LAUNCH PROGRAM SHOULD BE AUTOMATED. IF I CAN JUST GET IT GOING, THE COMPUTER CAN DO THE REST.
I'M REALLY GOING TO MISS THE SAVAGE LAND. MAYBE I'LL BUILD A SUMMER HOME HERE. A LITTLE COTTAGE NEAR THE VOLCANO.
SIR, IT'S TAKING OFF!

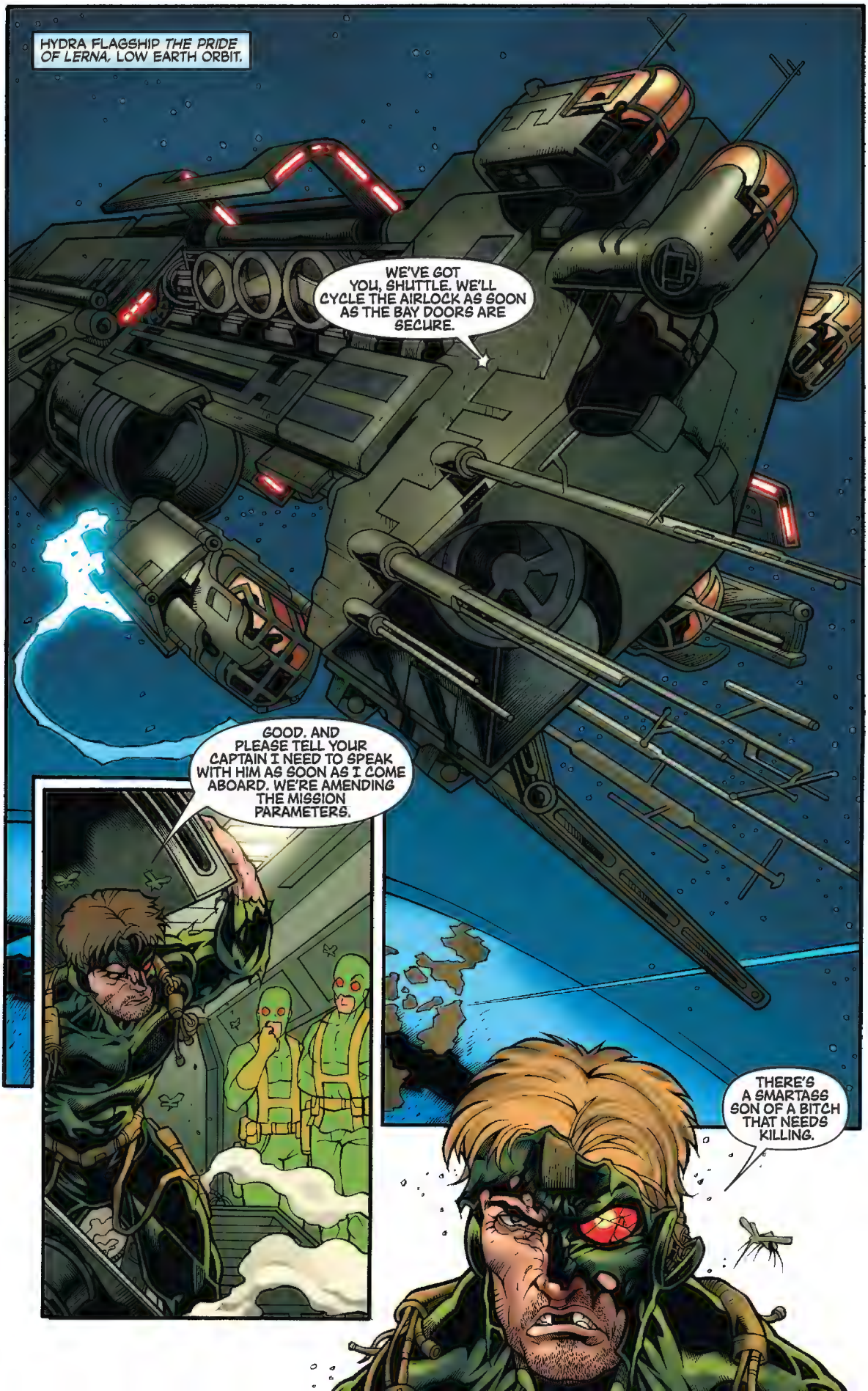
WHAT THE HELL IS...?
WOW... I JUST... I JUST REALLY NEED TO FIND A WAY TO KILL THAT GUY.
WOOOOOOOOOOSH


THANK GOD. THIRTY MINUTES TO ORBIT, ANOTHER HOUR TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE A.I.M. SPACE STATION.
WE CAN FINALLY RELAX FOR A MOMENT WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT HEADHUNTERS OR FLESH-EATING DINOSAURS.
HANG ON A SECOND. I WAS MISSILE-BLASTED FROM SPACE, REMEMBER?
WE MIGHT BE FLYING STRAIGHT DOWN THE THROAT OF A HYDRA SPACE DESTROYER!
HATE TO SAY IT, CHAMP, BUT THOSE WERE *A.I.M.* MISSILES. THERE WAS A LOCATOR BEACON IN THAT WATCH. WE HAD ORDERS TO GET THE HEAD BUT AT THE VERY LEAST NOT TO LET IT FALL INTO HYDRA HANDS.
NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, I SMELL LIKE JUNGLE. I'M GOING TO CLEAN UP AND TRY TO FIND SOME CLEAN CLOTHES.
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? A GIRL LIKE HER... A MERCENARY LIKE ME...
NO.

WE'RE GOING TO NEED ANOTHER LANDER FOR A PICKUP. ASAP.
AND CONTACT THE CAPTAIN OF THE BATTLE FRIGATE.
"TELL HIM TO MOVE INTO ATTACK POSITION."



DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #5


HYDRA FLAGSHIP THE PRIDE OF LERNA, LOW EARTH ORBIT.
WE'VE GOT YOU, SHUTTLE. WE'LL CYCLE THE AIRLOCK AS SOON AS THE BAY DOORS ARE SECURE.
GOOD. AND PLEASE TELL YOUR CAPTAIN I NEED TO SPEAK WITH HIM AS SOON AS I COME ABOARD. WE'RE AMENDING THE MISSION PARAMETERS.
THERE'S A SMARTASS SON OF A BITCH THAT NEEDS KILLING.

YOU ARE ONE DUMBASS SON OF A BITCH.
OH, COME ON! NO WAY IS AVRIL LAVIGNE HOTTER THAN PINK. AND THAT "ALONE/LONELY" SONG IS AWESOME. I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SAME.
I WAS THINKING MORE IN TERMS OF WHICH ONE I'D RATHER EAT. AVRIL IS YOUNGER AND FRESHER.
LORD KNOWS WHERE PINK HAS BEEN.
THANK GOD. I FEEL ALMOST HUMAN AGAIN.
SO YOU WERE IN THE SHOWER? YOU WERE WET AND NAKED IN THE SHOWER?
THAT'S GENERALLY HOW SHOWERS WORK.
[Drooling sounds.]
WE SHOULD BE COMING UP ON THE A.I.M. SPACE STATION SOON. I'LL BE GLAD TO FINALLY COMPLETE THIS DAMN MISSION.

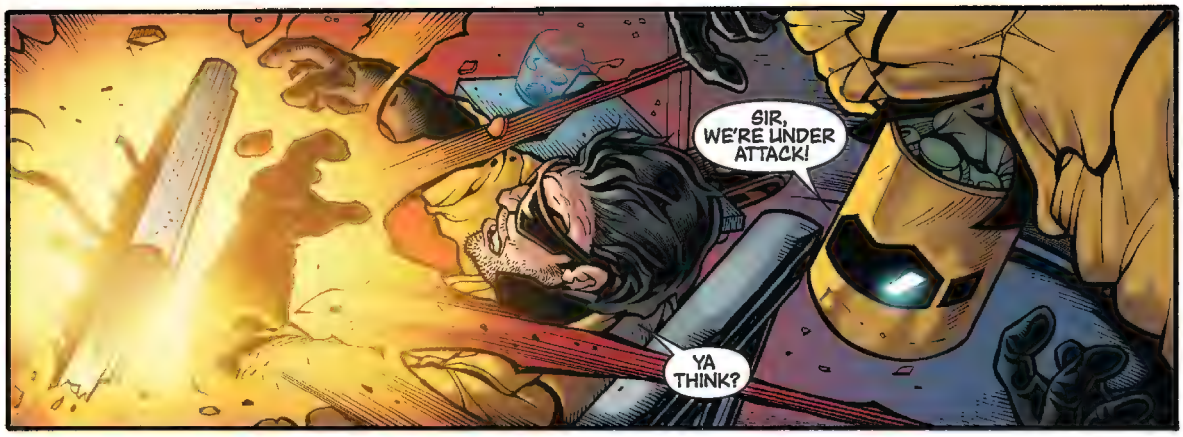
THERE IT IS. I'D BETTER ESTABLISH CONTACT.
A.I.M. SPACE STATION, THIS IS DR. BETTY SWANSON ON THE PRE-SELECTED SECURE FREQUENCY. BE ADVISED WE ARE ON APPROACH IN AN APPROPRIATED HYDRA SHUTTLE. SO, LIKE, DON'T BLAST US.
ROGER THAT. YOU ARE CLEAR TO APPROACH. THE COMMANDER WANTS TO KNOW IF THE CARGO IS SECURE.
THAT'S *ME!* YES, TELL HIM I'M VERY COMFORTABLE, THANK YOU.
THAT'S AFFIRMATIVE. CARGO IS HERE, AND YOU ARE *MORE* THAN WELCOME TO TAKE IT OFF MY HANDS.
BITCH.
BRING IT ON HOME, DR. SWANSON.

EXCELLENT WORK, MR. WILSON. WORTH EVERY PENNY WE'RE PAYING YOU. DR. SWANSON, WE'RE NOT OVERLOOKING YOUR CONTRIBUTION. GOOD WORK.
THANKS. CAN YOU PAY IN CASH? I LIKE THOSE BIG WHITE BAGS WITH THE GREEN DOLLAR SIGNS ON THE FRONT.
Try to get it in gold doubloons. No, gold *bullion*. No, wait. *Beef* bouillon.
HUSH UP, MONKEY.
HEY, *I'M* PART OF THE TEAM, TOO. WHAT DO I GET? I COULD REALLY GNAW ON A FOOT RIGHT NOW.
OH, IT TALKS. HOW... DISTURBING.
DAMN, GET A BREATH MINT, RUMMY.
DR. SWANSON, TAKE THIS THING TO THE LAB AND MAKE SURE IT'S PROPERLY CONTAINED.
COME ON, JUNIOR.
HEY!
SO WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE LITTLE GUY? SUPER COOL HOOD ORNAMENT FOR THE GRAND A.I.M. POOBAH?
IN THE MEANTIME, WE'VE SET ASIDE A ROOM FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. YOUR EXTRA LUGGAGE IS STORED THERE IN CASE YOU'D LIKE TO FRESHEN UP.
ARE YOU SAYING I STINK? ARE THERE WAVY CARTOON SMELL LINES COMING OUT OF ME?
SIGH ASHCROFT, PLEASE ESCORT MR. WILSON.

I'D LIKE A BLOOMIN' ONION, SOME CLAM CHOWDER, THE LATEST ISSUE OF MAXIM, A GAMEBOY AND A DIET MOUNTAIN DEW.
YEAH, I'LL GET RIGHT ON THAT.
MEANWHILE...
SO IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, DR. BETTY.
YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO HIDE YOUR ATTRACTION TO ME BEHIND A TRANSPARENT FAÇADE OF DISGUST.
IT'S NOT A FAÇADE, AND IT'S MORE REVULSION THAN DISGUST.
COME ON, BABY. WHAT HAVE OTHER GUYS GOT THAT I DON'T?
A TORSO.
AND YOU CAN STAY IN THERE UNTIL WE GET YOU TO THE BIO-WEAPONS LAB EARTH-SIDE.
SNAP
OKAY. YOU'RE PLAYING HARD TO GET. I'M HIP.
IF IT WERE UP TO ME, YOU'D GO STRAIGHT OUT THE AIRLOCK. I DON'T KNOW WHO IS WORSE, YOU OR THE OTHER ONE.

NOTHING LIKE A FRESH SET OF THREADS TO MAKE A GUY FEEL LIKE A CHAMP.
DUDE, HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO AVOID TALKING ABOUT THIS?
NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
STOP IT. YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THAT VIRUS GETS LOOSE ON EARTH. THERE WILL BE ZOMBIES AND THOSE EATEN BY ZOMBIES. EVERYONE DIES.
EVERYONE?
YES.
SURELY NOT EVERYONE. NOT THE GUYS WHO MAKE FRESCA.
YES! ALL DEAD.
BUT NOT THE iCARLEY KIDS. WHAT ABOUT ADAM WEST? WHAT ABOUT PAULA ABDUL AND THOSE GUYS WHO MAKE ALL THE ADD-ONS FOR MY FAVORITE POST-APOCALYPSE GAME?
WHAT PART OF *EVERYONE* DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
OH, MY GOD. WE HAVE TO GET THE HEAD BACK!
FINALLY.
If only some random occurrence would provide a convenient diversion.
FIRE!

FWOOSH
FWOOSH
FWOOSH
FABOOM!
KABLOOM!


SIR, WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
YA THINK?

BREEP BREEP BREEP
ALL PERSONNEL REPORT TO ACTION STATIONS.
OKAY, FIND THE SCIENCE LAB, GET THE HEAD, STEAL A SHIP, AND WE'RE SITTING PRETTY.
SO EASY EVEN A CAVEMAN COULD DO IT.

WELL DONE, CAPTAIN. GIVE THEM ANOTHER BARRAGE. DON'T DESTROY THEM. WE STILL NEED TO RETRIEVE THE CARGO. JUST SOFTEN THEM UP FOR THE BOARDING PARTIES.
WILL DO, COMMANDER.

FWOOSH!
BLABOOMM!

SHOW ME SOMETHING IN A RETURN-FIRE PACKAGE, ASHCROFT.
WE HAVE A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING, SIR. LASERS, PROTON CANNONS, AND MISSILES.
THEN BY ALL MEANS, LET'S SERVE THEM UP THE SAMPLE PLATTER.
HRRZZZZZT!
FWOOSH!
KA-BLOOM!
BWAPP!
LAUNCH THE BOARDING SHUTTLES, CAPTAIN. COVER THEIR APPROACH WITH LASER FIRE!

HYDRA SHUTTLES APPROACHING, SIR.
ALERT THE MASTER-AT-ARMS. PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS.
HEAD! YOU IN HERE, HEAD?
I'D INVITE YOU IN, BUT THERE ARE NO DOORS OR WINDOWS. OR CHAIRS. OR AIR.
BLAMM!
AWWW, YOU MISSED ME, DIDN'T YOU?
MEH.

BRING ME UP TO SPEED, CHAMP.
NICE.
HYDRA'S ATTACKING. WE'RE STEALING A SPACE-SHIP.
DR. BETTY! WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HER.
DUDE, FORGET IT. I THINK SHE WEARS A LOT OF FLANNEL IF YOU GET MY MEANING.
IN NO WAY DO I GET YOUR MEANING.
KRAKOOOOM
TIME TO ABANDON SHIP.
I second that emotion.
#@$%!

EVACUATE NOW. REPEAT. EVACUATE NOW. ALL PERSONNEL REPORT TO EVAC SHUTTLES.
KABOOM
WE'RE ABOARD, COMMANDER. PROCEEDING TO HANGAR BAY TO CUT OFF ESCAPE AS INSTRUCTED.
SIR, THE SPECIMEN IS MISSING. I'M AFRAID THAT—
FORGET THAT, SWANSON. OUR MAIN CONCERN RIGHT NOW IS EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION. FOLLOW ME TO THE ESCAPE SHUTTLE.

ALMOST TO THE SHUTTLES.
ALMOST TO THE SHUTTLE BAY. WEAPONS READY!
THE OTHER SHUTTLES CAN HOLD OFF THE FRIGATE WHILE WE MAKE OUR ESCAPE.
WHEN YOU'RE A JET YOU'RE A JET...
ALL THE WAY...?

BLAST 'EM!
BLAMM HAMLAMM- BLAMM!
BZZAAAP! BZZAP-ZAP!
RETURN FIRE!
COME ON!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT HEAD? I HAD IT SAFELY LOCKED AWAY.
SAFELY, MY SHAPELY ASS. YOU WERE GOING TO WEAPONIZE IT AND ZOMBIFY THE WHOLE WORLD.
LOOK, I'M JUST ON THE SCIENCE END OF IT, OKAY? I DON'T DECIDE HOW SUCH A WEAPON IS USED.
COMMANDER? COMMANDER?
:moan:
OH MY GOD! COMMANDER. YOU'VE GOT TO HANG ON, SIR. WE'LL GET A MEDIC. HANG ON!
IT'S NO GOOD, ASHCROFT. I'M :cough cough: ALL USED UP. NOT... GONNA... MAKE... IT. SO... COLD...
I LOVE YOU.
WHAT?
NOTHING.

THE COMMANDER BETTER HURRY. THIS PLACE IS ABOUT TO GO BOOM.
HE SAID TO GO ON WITHOUT HIM SINCE HE WAS SO DARN BUSY GETTING HIMSELF SHOT TO DEATH.
TAKE THIS SHIP TO FLORIDA. IF YOU SEE A TACO BELL ON THE WAY, PULL INTO THE DRIVE-THRU. YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO LIVE IS IF YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY AND IF YOU ASSURE ME THE IN-FLIGHT MOVIE DOES NOT STAR SIMON WILLIAMS. IT ALSO MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO--
HEY!
BOB!?
S-SIR, I'M NOT BOB. MY NAME IS--
BOB, I THOUGHT YOU WERE BACK ON EARTH. AND WITH HYDRA. AND DEAD. AND IN A DIFFERENT BOOK.
SIR, I P-PROMISE I'M NOT THAT BOB. I'M BILL.
BILL, AGENT OF A.I.M.
SUUUUUUUUURE.
CAN WE PLEASE JUST GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE?

I FIGURE THE ONLY WAY IS TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT. THAT FRIGATE HAS US OUTCLASSED, BUT MAYBE WE CAN GET LUCKY.
WRONG AGAIN, BOB.
BILL.
LIKE HAN SOLO SAID TO CHEWBACCA IN RETURN OF THE JEDI, "FLY CASUAL."
ACTUALLY, I LIKE THE THREE *NEW* FILMS BETTER. THE SPECIAL EFFECTS ARE FANTASTIC, AND HAYDEN CHRISTENSEN IS AN AMAZING ACTOR.
BLAMM!
SAY JAR JAR BINKS IS AN ABOMINATION. SAY IT!
JAR JAR BINKS IS AN ABOMINATION! JAR JAR BINKS IS AN ABOMINATION!

THAT'S FANTASTIC, BILL. YOU'VE TOTALLY ESTABLISHED YOUR CREDIBILITY. NOW I HAVE TO ASK YOU A DEEPLY PERSONAL QUESTION.
ARE THERE ANY DANGEROUS EXPLOSIVES ABOARD THIS SHUTTLE?
HE'S MAKING A BREAK FOR IT. SHALL I OPEN FIRE?
YES. I WANT NO SURVIVORS.
CAPTAIN, THE A.I.M. SHUTTLE IS HAILING US.
WHAT? PUT IT ON THE SCREEN.
YOU! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
YES, ME. I'M HERE TO DISCUSS THE TERMS OF YOUR SURRENDER.
YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY THREE SECONDS TO TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN'T BLOW YOU AND YOUR SHIP TO DUST.

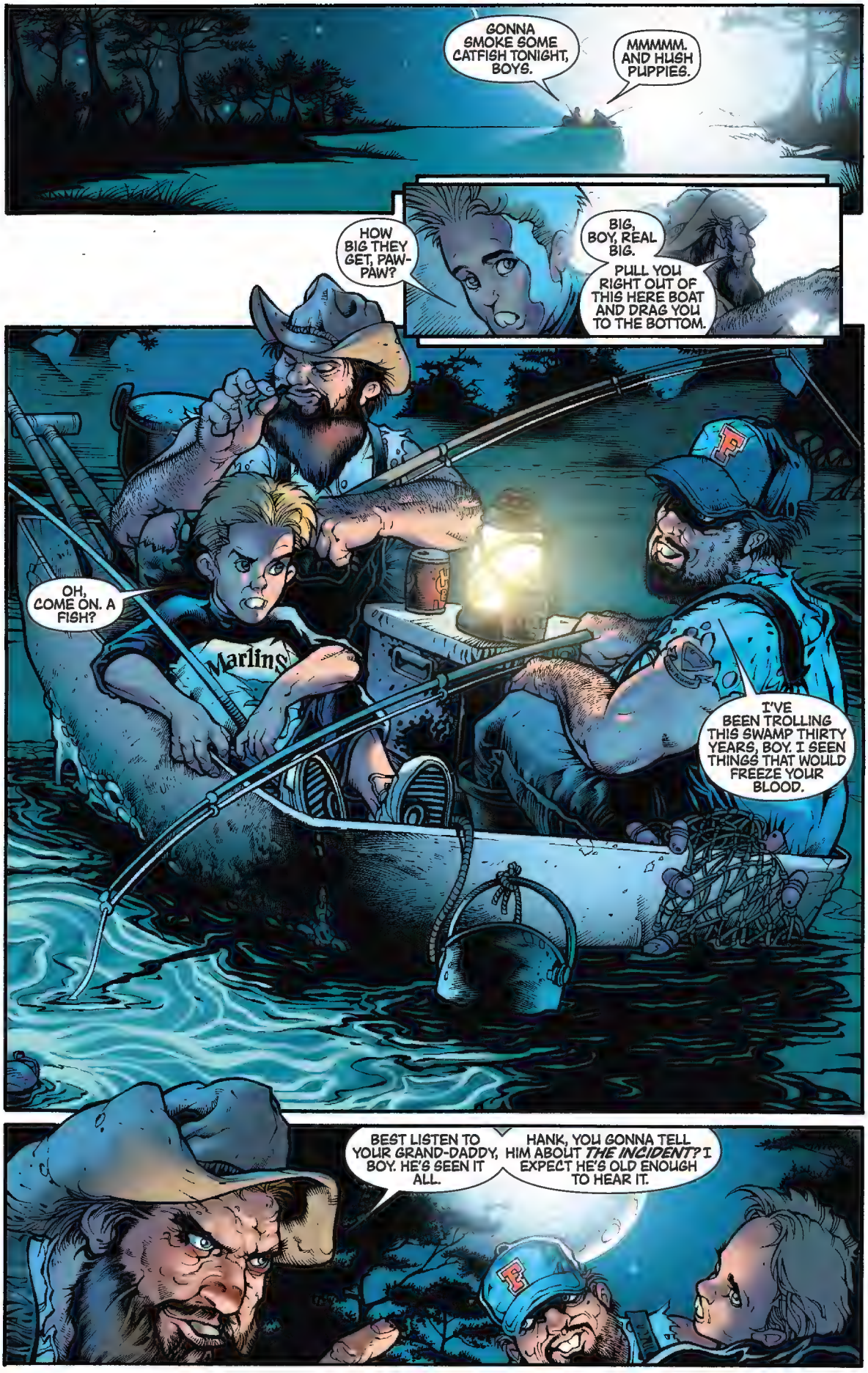
IDIOT! JUST GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT BEFORE THEY KILL US!
MY COLLEAGUE HAS, UH, SUGGESTED THAT WE CAN WORK OUT SOME KIND OF ARRANGEMENT WHEREBY YOU DON'T TORPEDO US INTO OBLIVION.
YOU STILL WANT THIS, RIGHT?
WHAT UP?
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE?
WE JETTISON HIM OUT THE AIRLOCK. YOU STOP TO PICK HIM UP, GIVING US TIME TO GET AWAY. WE GET TO LIVE. YOU GET YOUR BIOWEAPON. EVERYONE WINS.
I AGREE TO YOUR TERMS, BUT I'M WARNING YOU:
DOUBLE-CROSS ME AND JUST SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

YOU TRUST HIM?
OF COURSE NOT. BUT WE CAN OUTGUN AND OUTRACE THAT LITTLE SHUTTLE. IT'S WORTH A SHOT THAT HE ACTUALLY WILL TURN OVER THE SPECIMEN. WHETHER HE DOES OR NOT, WE'LL CATCH UP TO THE SHUTTLE AND BLOW THEM TO HELL AND GONE.
FWOOSH
THEY HAVE IT, COMMANDER.
TELL THEM TO BRING IT UP HERE. I WANT TO CONFIRM THIS THING WITH MY OWN EYES.
LET'S SEE IF HE WAS JUST TRYING TO STALL.
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
OH, THAT SON OF A--

BLABOOM!!
SUCK ON THAT, SNAKE-HEADS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR HALF-ASSED PLAN ACTUALLY WORKED.

NOT MY FIRST BOMBING.
SO, UH, WHAT NOW?
LAY IN A COURSE FOR SOUTH FLORIDA, MR. BILL. WARP FACTOR FIVE.
THIS SHIP DOESN'T REALLY HAVE WARP --
I SAID WARP FACTOR FIVE.
YES SIR!
AND JUST EXACTLY WHY ARE WE GOING TO SOUTH FLORIDA?
THE HEAD AND I TALKED IT OVER BACK ON THE SPACE STATION. TIME FOR HIM TO GO HOME.
TO BE CONTINUED, DORKS.

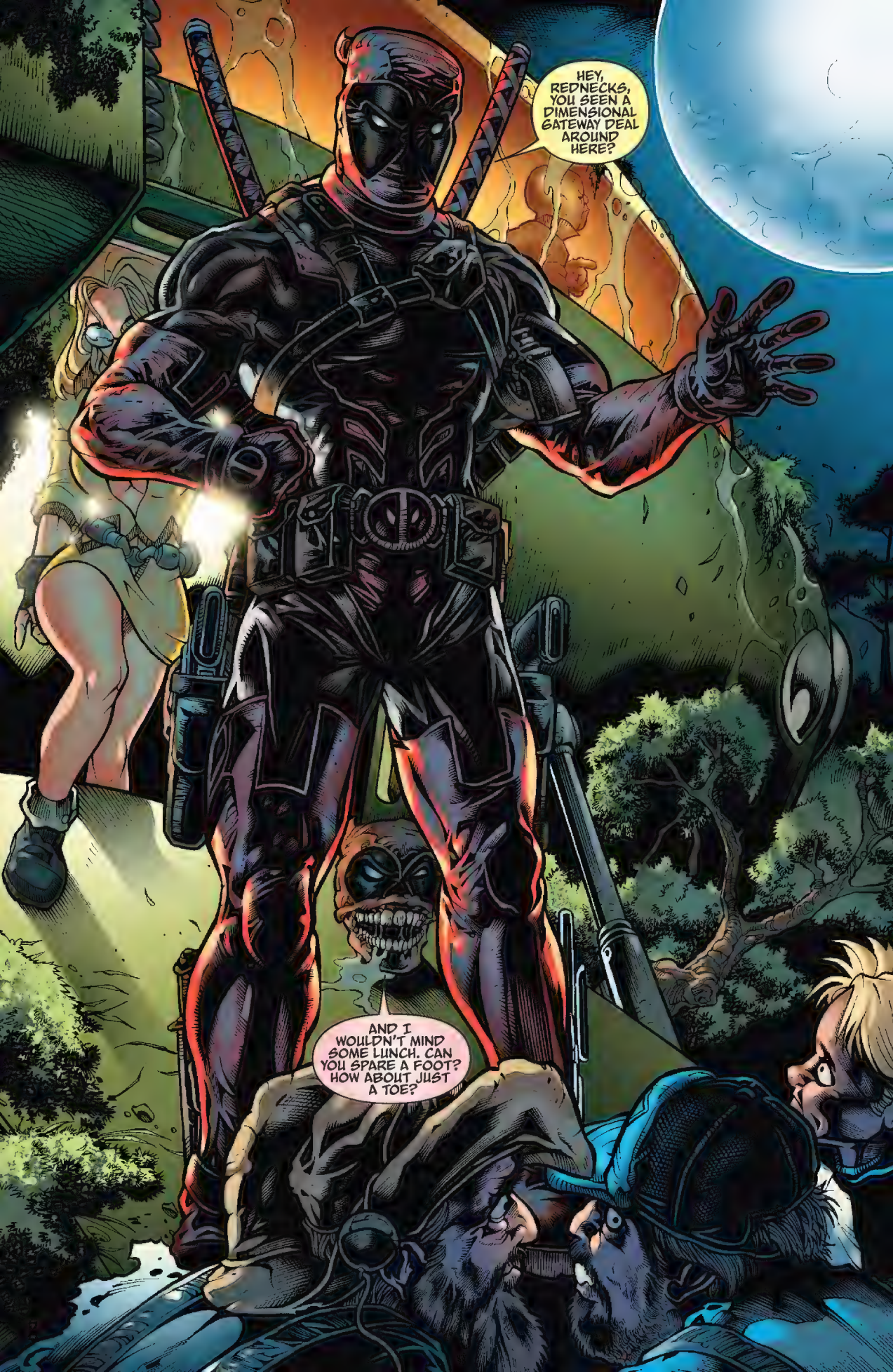
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH


GONNA SMOKE SOME CATFISH TONIGHT, BOYS.
MMMMM. AND HUSH PUPPIES.
HOW BIG THEY GET, PAW-PAW?
BIG, BOY, REAL BIG.
PULL YOU RIGHT OUT OF THIS HERE BOAT AND DRAG YOU TO THE BOTTOM.
OH, COME ON. A FISH?
I'VE BEEN TROLLING THIS SWAMP THIRTY YEARS, BOY. I SEEN THINGS THAT WOULD FREEZE YOUR BLOOD.
BEST LISTEN TO YOUR GRAND-DADDY, BOY. HE'S SEEN IT ALL.
HANK, YOU GONNA TELL HIM ABOUT *THE INCIDENT*? I EXPECT HE'S OLD ENOUGH TO HEAR IT.

OKAY, LET'S HEAR IT.
SO YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT *THE THING*, EH?
YOU MEAN THE STORIES ABOUT SOME SHAGGY GREEN SWAMP MAN? RUFUS JUNIOR TOLD ME THAT ONE AT SCHOOL DURING RECESS.
HECK NO, NOT THAT OLD WIVES' TALE. I'M TALKING ABOUT THE *THING FROM ANOTHER PLANET*.
YOU BEEN AT THE CIDER, OLD MAN?
WATCH YER MOUTH, BOY.
I WAS NIGHT FISHING A FEW YEARS BACK.
WHEN *KA-WHAMMO!* THIS HERE UFO COMES TEAR-ASSING ACROSS THE SKY.
IT LANDS RIGHT NEXT TO MY BOAT, AND THESE BUG-EYED CRITTERS COME OUT WITH PHOTON BLASTER GUNS.
YEAH, RIGHT. WHATEVER.
AND AND... THE TEETH. BIG FANGS FOR EATIN' YOUR GUTS OUT. AND TENTACLES. THIS CRAZY ORANGE LIGHT AND... AND...
:SIGH.:

KA-WHAMMO!
RAMIREZ
2
A SPACESHIP! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE TELLING THE TRUTH!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT NEITHER.
HOLY CATS, IT'S COMING BACK AROUND FOR ANOTHER PASS!
I DON'T WANNA GET KILLED BY NO PHOTON BLASTER!
PADDLE, BOY! PADDLE FOR YOUR LIFE!

KABLOOSH!!
WHOA!
MOMMY MOMMY MOMMY MOMMY.
PISMO BEACH AND ALL THE CLAMS YOU CAN EAT!


HEY, REDNECKS, YOU SEEN A DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY DEAL AROUND HERE?
AND I WOULDN'T MIND SOME LUNCH. CAN YOU SPARE A FOOT? HOW ABOUT JUST A TOE?

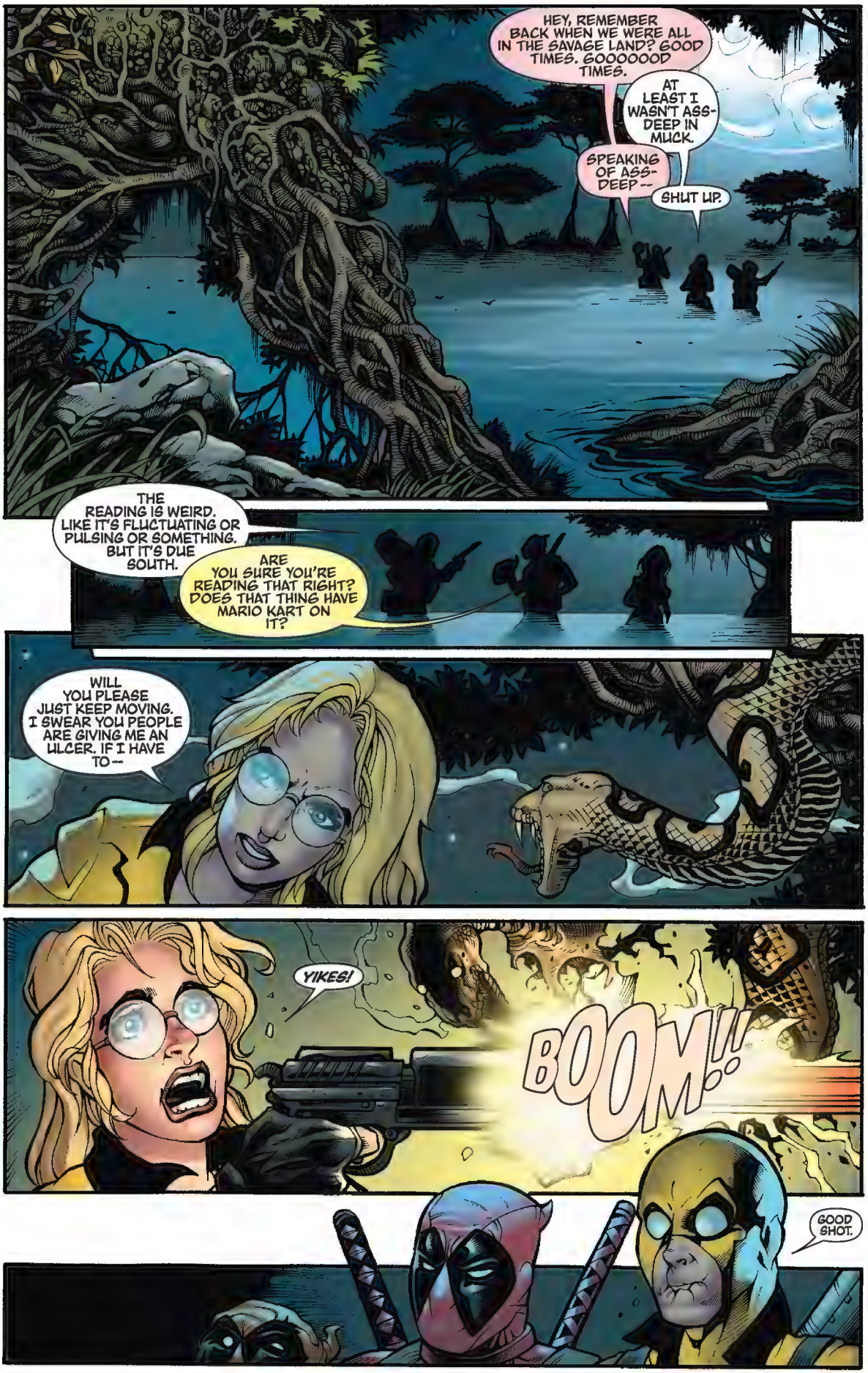
AAAAARRRGH!
HAUNTED DEAD ALIEN HEAD! RUN!
YOU'RE A REAL PEOPLE PERSON, SHORTY.
IT'S A GIFT, MY MAN. A GIFT.
NICE PARKING JOB. I DON'T THINK WE'RE TAKING OFF AGAIN ANY TIME SOON.
GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YA? I HAVEN'T LOGGED A LOT OF HOURS LANDING IN SWAMP MUCK.
SO YOU CAN FIND THIS PORTAL, RIGHT?
NOPE.

WHAT THE HELL? YOU SAID YOU KNEW WHERE THIS THING WAS!
YEAH. FLORIDA SWAMP. NEAR CITRUSVILLE. AFTER THAT ALL THE LILY PADS LOOK PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.
GUYS, I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO LOCATE IT. THIS THING PICKS UP LOCAL ENERGY EMISSIONS. ONCE I FILTER OUT "NORMAL" EMISSIONS FOR THIS AREA, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT WHATEVER IS LEFT IS YOUR PORTAL.
WHOA, CHECK OUT BILL, AGENT OF USEFUL. I'M TOTALLY NOT GOING TO KILL YOU NOW AS ORIGINALLY PLANNED.
YOU WERE GONNA KILL ME!?
NO.

GET THE LEAD OUT, PEOPLE. THE SOONER WE DO THIS, THE SOONER I CAN GET THE HELL HOME.
BILL, BREAK OUT THE EXTRA ORDNANCE FROM THE ARMS LOCKER. I'M NOT GOING TO GET SWALLOWED BY SOME SWAMP REPTILE FOR LACK OF FIRE-POWER.
IS SHE IN CHARGE? I DON'T REMEMBER SAYING SHE COULD BE IN CHARGE.
FACE IT. YOU NEED LEADER-SHIP.
He's right, you know. You're a loose cannon.
KEEP IT TIGHT, GUYS. WATCH OUT FOR CHARLIE. L-Z IS HOT. LET'S WATCH THE CHATTER. UNFRIENDLIES COMING UP THE MEKONG. HOW'RE THESE 'NAM REFERENCES WORKING FOR YOU?
:SIGH: IT'S GONNA BE A LONG HIKE.
READINGS ARE STRONGER THIS WAY. WE SHOULD HEAD SOUTH.

MEANWHILE, IN THE INKY BLACKNESS OF SPACE.
(YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK WE WERE DONE WITH SPACE, DID YOU?)
SIR? SIR? THE MEDICS HAVE GIVEN YOU A STIMULANT. ARE YOU AWAKE? CAN YOU HEAR ME, SIR?
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, ASHCROFT. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE THE MOTHER OF ALL HANG-OVERS. WHAT'S OUR STATUS?
SIR, WE'VE LOST 80 PERCENT OF OUR MANPOWER. THE STATION IS ON EMERGENCY BACKUP. WE HAVE ONE OPERATIONAL SHUTTLE. I HAVE MEN FUELING IT NOW.
AND WHAT OF THE HYDRA FRIGATE?
SEVERELY DAMAGED, SIR. IT'S BEEN DRIFTING AWAY SINCE THE BATTLE. SENSORS REPORT LIFE SIGNS, AND WE THINK THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO EFFECT REPAIRS, BUT WE ESTIMATE IT'S USELESS. THE FRIGATE'S DONE FOR. WE THINK WE CAN LOAD OUR SHUTTLE AND BE BACK PLANETSIDE WITHIN TWO HOURS.
NEGATIVE. WE'RE NOT LICKED YET. ASSEMBLE THE REMAINING MEN INTO A STRIKE TEAM. WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT HEAD.
THERE'S MORE, SIR. ALMOST NOTHING WORKS, BUT THE RADAR IS UP AND RUNNING, SO I'VE HAD MEN MONITORING AROUND THE CLOCK. THEY REPORTED FIVE MINUTES AGO.

ANOTHER HYDRA SHIP HAS ENTERED THE SECTOR.
SIR, THE SURVIVORS ABOARD OUR FRIGATE REPORT LIFE SUPPORT OPERATIONAL AGAIN. THEY SHOULD BE OKAY UNTIL A RESCUE SHUTTLE CAN BE ARRANGED.
AND THE A.I.M. STATION?
BADLY DAMAGED. NO THREAT TO US.
EXCELLENT. THEN LET US FIND MR. WILSON AND DEVISE SOME WAY TO DO HIM HARM.
COORDINATES SET, LORD FALCON. WE'RE IN PURSUIT.


HEY, REMEMBER BACK WHEN WE WERE ALL IN THE SAVAGE LAND? GOOD TIMES. GOOOOOOD TIMES.
AT LEAST I WASN'T ASS-DEEP IN MUCK.
SPEAKING OF ASS-DEEP --
SHUT UP.
THE READING IS WEIRD. LIKE IT'S FLUCTUATING OR PULSING OR SOMETHING. BUT IT'S DUE SOUTH.
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE READING THAT RIGHT? DOES THAT THING HAVE MARIO KART ON IT?
WILL YOU PLEASE JUST KEEP MOVING. I SWEAR YOU PEOPLE ARE GIVING ME AN ULCER. IF I HAVE TO --
YIKES!
BOOM!!
GOOD SHOT.

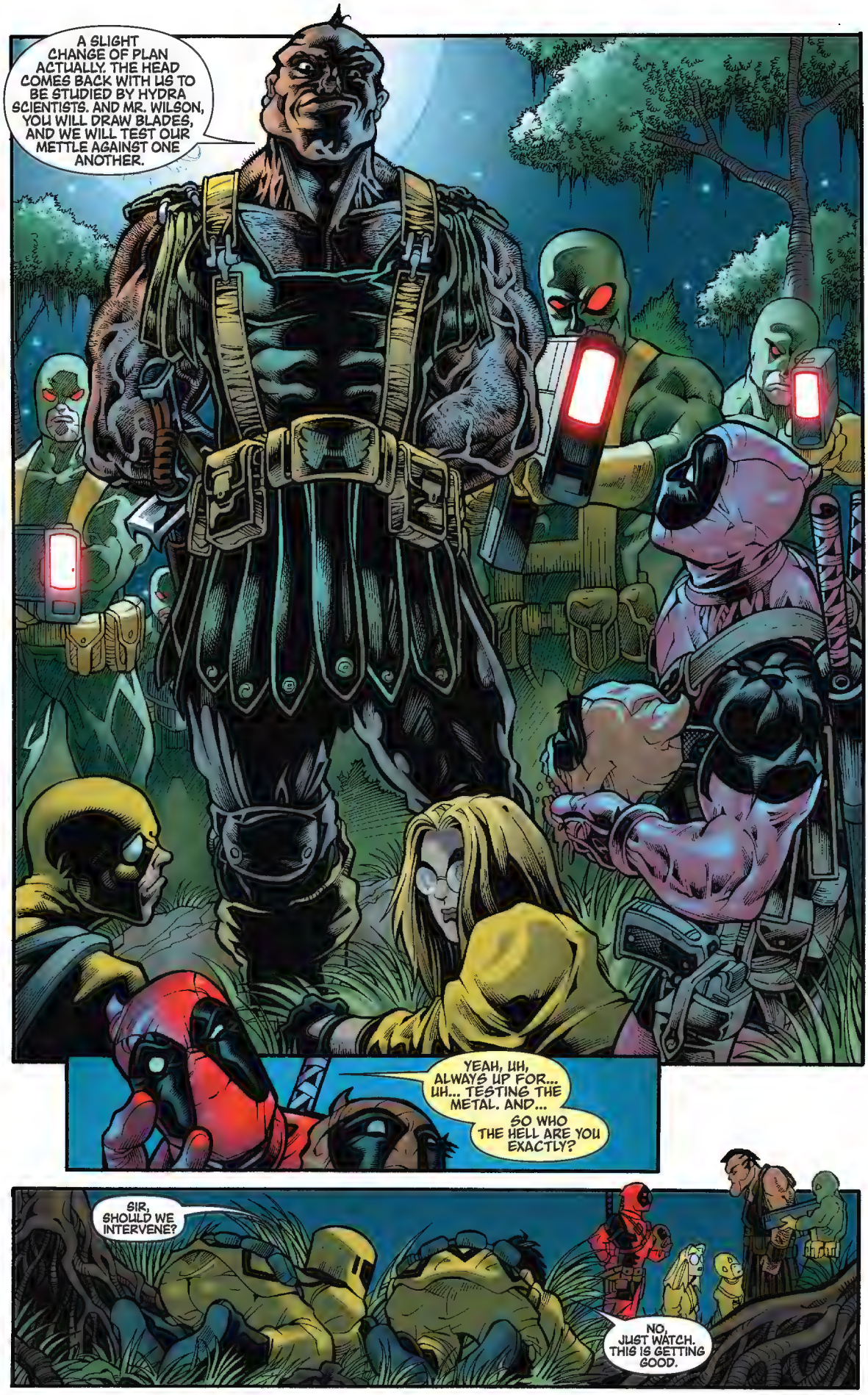
HYDRA INTELLIGENCE HAS QUITE A FILE ON OUR ADVENTUROUS MR. WILSON. MOST INTERESTING.
DEADPOOL
PROFICIENT IN MOST WEAPONS BUT SEEMS ESPECIALLY FOND OF HIS SAMURAI SWORDS. DESIGNED FOR BARBARIC HACKING AND SLASHING.
STILL... A MAN OF WILSON'S SKILL. I MIGHT ACTUALLY FIND SOMEONE WORTHY. SOMEONE WHO COULD PRESENT ME WITH A CHALLENGE.
LORD FALCON, WE'VE STARTED OUR DESCENT. WE'VE LOCATED THE A.I.M. SPACE-CRAFT.
EXCELLENT. LET US LOCATE OUR WANDERING MR. WILSON AND SEE WHAT SPORT HE PROVIDES.

AH, THE OLD SWAMP. THIS IS WHERE I CAME THROUGH THE PORTAL, YOU KNOW.
YES, I DO SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT THAT. MAYBE BECAUSE YOU TOLD US LIKE TEN TIMES.
HEY, I HAD A LIFE BEFORE I MET YOU GUYS. I MEAN, AN UNDEAD LIFE, BUT STILL.
YEAH, ME AND SIMON HAD A HELL OF A TIME DOWN IN THE CARRIBEAN.
"WE MADE A LOT OF FRIENDS.
"OBSERVED INTERESTING WILDLIFE."
See Marvel Zombies #4 - Zombie Editor
MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN CLUB MED.

WHAT IN THE #%$@$ HELL IS *THAT!?*
OH HELL.

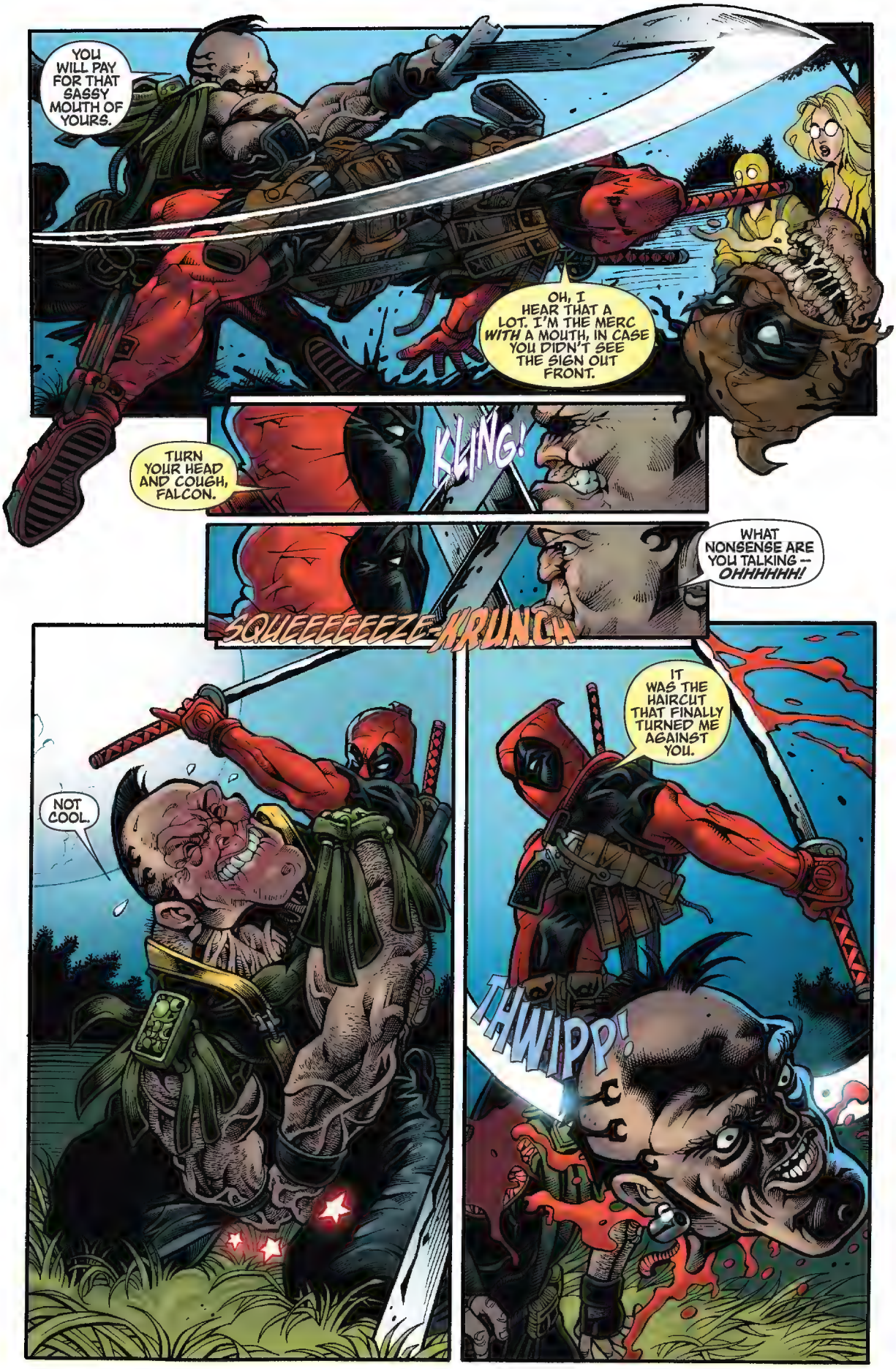
OUT OF THE WAY! GET DOWN!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BA-BLAMM!
POUR IT ON HIM, POINDEXTER! BLAST THAT SHAGGY BASTARD TO HELL!
YES, MA'AM.
BA-BLOOMM!
BLOOM
BLA-BOOM!
GWAAARRRR!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BA-BLAMM!

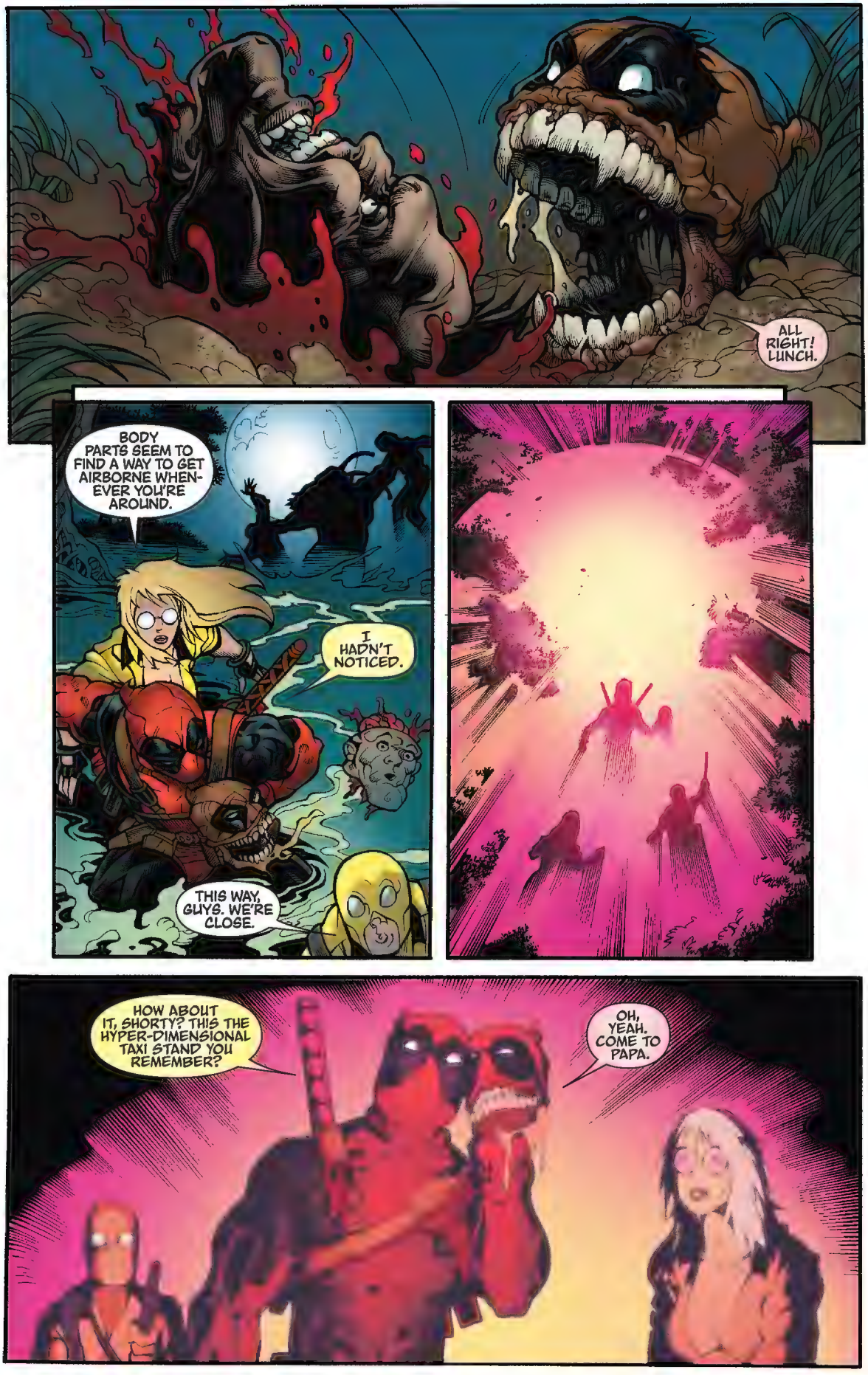
HE'S SLOW MOVING. IF WE HAUL ASS, WE CAN LEAVE HIM IN THE DUST.
YOU HEARD THE HEAD, EVERYBODY. RUN!
GWAAARRR
YOU ACT LIKE YOU'VE TANGLED WITH SHAGGY MC-GARDEN-HOSE FACE BEFORE.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT AND WILL IGNORE FURTHER QUESTIONS ALONG THOSE LINES.
GOT TO STOP... AND... REST.
I THINK WE'RE CLOSE.
YEAH, IT'S ALL SMOOTH SAILING FROM HERE. NOTHING BUT PORTALS AND ZOMBIE UNIVERSES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.


A SLIGHT CHANGE OF PLAN ACTUALLY. THE HEAD COMES BACK WITH US TO BE STUDIED BY HYDRA SCIENTISTS. AND MR. WILSON, YOU WILL DRAW BLADES, AND WE WILL TEST OUR METTLE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.
YEAH, UH, ALWAYS UP FOR... UH... TESTING THE METAL. AND...
SO WHO THE HELL ARE YOU EXACTLY?
SIR, SHOULD WE INTERVENE?
NO, JUST WATCH. THIS IS GETTING GOOD.

WHO AM I? WHO AM I?
I AM THE LORD BARON VON TITO HAPSBURG ROTHCHILD FALCON THE SEVENTH! THE BLOOD OF ROYALTY AND WARRIORS HAS RUN IN MY FAMILY'S VEINS SINCE THE TIME OF CHARLAMAGNE. THE WOMEN OF OTHER ROYAL FAMILIES SEEK MY SEED TO SAVE THEIR FAILING LINES. I AM DESCENDED FROM CONQUERORS AND SCHOLARS.
OH, MAN. HE SURE IS TALKING A LOT. GOT TO STAY... FOCUSED. BORING SPEECH CAUSING... ATTENTION... TO WANE.
Hey, you wanna get some tacos after this? I'm starving.
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH. BLAH BLAH!
YEAH, TACOS SOUND GOOD. I LIKE THE SOFT CHICKEN TACOS.
BLAH BLAH BLAH! BLAH! BLAH BLAH. BLAH.
Soft? $%#@ that noise. You got to have the hard shell for the crunch. Crunch, baby!
...AND THAT IS WHY I WILL SEE YOU WRITHING ON THE GROUND IN AGONY ON THE END OF MY SABER.
UH... I SORT OF FADED OUT THERE FOR A SECOND. COULD YOU SAY ALL THAT AGAIN?

ENOUGH, YOU INSOLENT CUR.
SEEMS ALL YOU UNDERSTAND IS COLD STEEL IN YOUR BELLY.
I'LL CARVE YOU INTO SO MANY PIECES NOT EVEN YOUR HEALING ABILITY WILL BRING YOU BACK.
KRUNCH!
HAVE AT YOU!
KRUNCH!
WHAT THE -- HOLY %#$@!!!
SNAP!
YOU MAY HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE NOW, BUT I'M STILL MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU BLADE TO BLADE. ARE YOU GAME FOR AN HONORABLE MATCH BETWEEN MEN?
I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, LORD PIGEON AND WILL SLAY THEE ON YON SLAUGHTER FIELD.
Wow. It's like you're channeling Ivanhoe.


YOU WILL PAY FOR THAT SASSY MOUTH OF YOURS.
OH, I HEAR THAT A LOT. I'M THE MERC *WITH* A MOUTH, IN CASE YOU DIDN'T SEE THE SIGN OUT FRONT.
TURN YOUR HEAD AND COUGH, FALCON.
KLING!
WHAT NONSENSE ARE YOU TALKING -- *OHHHHHH!*
SQUEEEEEEEZE-KRUNCH
NOT COOL.
IT WAS THE HAIRCUT THAT FINALLY TURNED ME AGAINST YOU.
THWIPP!


ALL RIGHT! LUNCH.
BODY PARTS SEEM TO FIND A WAY TO GET AIRBORNE WHENEVER YOU'RE AROUND.
I HADN'T NOTICED.
THIS WAY, GUYS. WE'RE CLOSE.
HOW ABOUT IT, SHORTY? THIS THE HYPER-DIMENSIONAL TAXI STAND YOU REMEMBER?
OH, YEAH. COME TO PAPA.

THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF, CHAMP. IT'S BEEN INTERESTING. APPALLING AND ICKY, BUT ALSO INTERESTING.
YEAH, I GOTTA GET BACK AND TRY TO GET THAT SPACESHIP OUT OF THE MUCK. A.I.M. WILL TAKE THAT OUT OF MY PAY-CHECK. I'M SERIOUS.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU 'N' ME, SHORTY.
SNIFF I'M GONNA MISS THOSE GUYS --
WELL, BETTY. I NEVER REALLY GOT TO KNOW THE OTHER ONE.
ONE SMALL STEP FOR DEADPOOL, ONE GIANT LEAP FO--
JUST GET THE HELL IN THERE.

#1 DEADPOOL

#2 ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD

#3 LADY DEADPOOL

#4 MAJOR DEADPOOL

#5 THE DEADPOOL KID

Deadpool

Merc with a Mouth

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #7

"ARE YOU THERE, DEADPOOL? IT'S ME, DEADPOOL"

I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU GUYS ESCORTING ME BACK TO MY OWN DIMENSION. YOU'RE TOTALLY ON MY CHRISTMAS CARD LIST NOW.
I'M JUST GLAD I'M NOT GOING. IT'S BEEN FUN, GUYS, BUT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.
I'M ESPECIALLY HAPPY TO BID FAREWELL TO YOU, SHORTY.
YOUR TRANSPARENT EFFORT TO HIDE YOUR FEELINGS FOR ME ONLY MAKES YOU ALL THE MORE ADORABLE.
ENOUGH CHIT-CHAT. LET'S JUMP INTO THE GLOWING, SHIMMERY THING.
YUCK.
BRACE YOURSELF. THIS MIGHT TICKLE.
FLAZOOOOMMM!!
ARE YOU THERE, DEADPOOL? IT'S ME, DEADPOOL.

INCOMING!

HEY HEY HEY!

BIP

OH, GREAT. ANOTHER ONE.

I'M MAJOR WILSON OF S.H.I.E.L.D. CODENAME: DEADPOOL. AND I REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

YOU PEOPLE HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO.

I HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A ZOMBIE DIMENSION. I THOUGHT WE WERE CROSSING INTO GEORGE ROMERO CENTRAL.
FURTHER-MORE, BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE, MY NAME IS ALSO WILSON AND I HAVE A VERY SIMILAR WARDROBE.

PARALLEL UNIVERSES, SPORT. THIS GUY IS YOU.

ALL RIGHT! ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE WADE POSSE.
GIVE IT UP, MY MAN.
STAND DOWN, MISTER.

DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING, DUDE.

THIS GUY IS A TOTAL KNOB. I THOUGHT WE WERE COOLER THAN THAT.
I *know* we're cooler than that helmet.

OKAY, I TRIED. NUTS TO YOU, MAJOR FROWNY-FACE. WE'RE OFF TO SOME OTHER DIMENSION WHERE THEY APPRECIATE COLD BEER AND WITTY BANTER.
YEAH. AND THE PLOTS AREN'T SO SIMILAR TO OLD STAR TREK MIRROR UNIVERSE EPISODES.

I DON'T THINK SO. LAUNCH THE CAPTURE NET!
FWOOM!
CRAP.
THEY GOT ME, HEAD. RUN! SAVE YOURSELF!
HILARIOUS.
Ha. Because he's legless.
YES. THAT'S THE JOKE.
YOU LOUSY DRIP. WHEN I GET UNTANGLED I'M TURNING YOU INSIDE OUT, SO PREPARE TO GET YOUR ASS HANDED TO YOU.

TEN MINUTES LATER...
OKAY, AFTER I GET OUT OF *THIS*, I'LL TURN YOU INSIDE OUT.
MISTER, I'M GETTING A BIT TIRED OF YOUR MOUTH. NOW START ANSWERING SOME QUESTIONS. ARE YOU THE ADVANCE SCOUT FOR AN ATTACK FORCE COMING THROUGH THAT PORTAL?
OH, HELL. I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE THE MOST SANE PERSON IN THE ROOM.
LISTEN UP, GENERAL PATTON. THERE AREN'T ANY STORM TROOPERS COMING THROUGH GALACTIC GRAND CENTRAL.
SHORTY AND I TOOK A LEFT TURN AT ALBUQUERQUE AND ENDED UP IN YOUR JURISDICTION. JUST LET US GO, AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.

I CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAFETY OF THIS NATION, AND THAT'S A SACRED DUTY I TAKE SERIOUSLY.
THAT PORTAL APPEARED THREE DAYS AGO, AND I LOST A TEAM OF GOOD MEN WHO VOLUNTEERED TO GO INSIDE. GOD HELP THEM.

DON'T FEEL BAD. MAYBE THEY WENT TO THE DIMENSION OF COTTON-CANDY HOOKERS AND CHOCOLATE BEER.

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, SERGEANT ROCK? CHALLENGE ME MANNO-A-MANNO?
THAT'S IT, MISTER. I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED SUCH BLATANT DISRESPECT. YOU'RE ON THIN FRIGGIN' ICE.

OH, THAT'S THE LAST STRAW. YOU WANT THE HURT? I'LL BRING THE THUNDER.
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN PRESCRIPTION FOR A DOSE OF PAIN, SOLDIER BOY.

MAN TO MAN. NO WEAPONS.
I USUALLY DON'T INDULGE IN THIS SORT OF THING, BUT I FEEL A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED BEAT-DOWN MIGHT BE ALL YOU UNDERSTAND.

TAKE A FEW SECONDS TO GET YOURSELF READY. ONCE WE START, NO MERCY.

THE SON OF A BITCH IS GORGEOUS.
No fair!

COME GET MESSED UP, PRETTY BOY.
YOU'RE ALL MOUTH.

UFF!
HUNGH!
SWOOSH!
BAPP!
YOU HAVE SOME SKILL. I COMMEND YOU.
AND I COMMEND YOU ON YOUR MINTY BREATH.

I FAIL TO SEE HOW GOOD ORAL HYGENE ENTERS INTO THIS.
BOOT!
I BET HE FLOSSES EVERY DAY.
Twice a day.
YOU UTTER BASTARD.
OKAY, NO MORE FOOLING AROUND. TIME FOR--
UGH! OH, NO! =COUGH COUGH= IT'S HAPPENING!
WHAT'S HE DOING?
Shhhh. Go with it.
DON'T THINK FAKING AN ILLNESS IS GOING TO WIN YOU ANY SYMPATHY.

THE H-HEAD. WHERE'S THE H-HEAD?
THE SCIENTISTS HAVE IT ACROSS THE COMPOUND, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS. SO WHAT?

THE HEAD IS M-MY SYMBIOTE! WE'VE BEEN SEPARATED TOO L-LONG. =ACK=

OH, COME ON.

ARGH!
THUDD

OH. NO YOU DON'T. NOBODY'S FALLING FOR THAT NON-SENSE.
ZOCK

HUH.
COULD THIS JERK HAVE BEEN ON THE LEVEL ABOUT THE SYMBIOTE?
NO WAY.
MAYBE I'D BETTER GET A MEDIC OR--
POW!
SUCKER.
NICE OF HIM TO TELL US WHERE TO FIND THE HEAD.
SMAK!

WHAM!

TIME TO REARRANGE THE FURNITURE.

CHUD!
SPLUNCH!
BANG!

CRUNCH!

THUD!
WHOA, COWBOY. HE'S OUT COLD.

I FELT LIKE DESTROYING SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL.
Hey, that's from *Fight Club*.

NEVER TALK ABOUT FIGHT CLUB!

MMMMMMMM. GUNS.

Oh, come on, fashion victim. Not the helmet.
IT'S A DISGUISE, STUPID.
I knew that.

LET'S FIND SHORTY. MAJOR STICK-UP-THE-ASS SAID THE SCIENCE DUDES HAVE HIM.

LOOK ALIVE, SOLDIER. THE GENERAL IS MOVING THE BRIGADE TO DEF-CON ELEVEN AND WE NEED TO GALVANIZE THE TROOPS TO ALERT STATUS PRONTO.
I NEED YOU TO TRANSPORT ME TO THE SCIENCE BUILDING A.S.A.P P.D.Q TO SECURE THE INTRUDER, HEAD.

YES SIR, MAJOR!

SIR, YOU COULD USE THE SEAT.
NO TIME FOR SAFETY, BOY. THE INTER DIMENSIONAL NINJA CYBORGS MAY ALREADY BE UPON US.
KEEP THE METER RUNNING, SOLDIER.
THIS IS A CLASS ONE EMERGENCY. WHERE'S THE HEAD?
IN THE CONTAINMENT UNIT AS YOU ORDERED, MAJOR.
OKAY, I'M READY TO TALK. I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING. JUST LET ME OUT. YES, WE'RE AN ADVANCED SCOUT FOR THE SQUID CREATURES OF DIMENSION Q. THAT GUY I CAME WITH? I SAW HIM EAT A BABY.
IT'S ME, SHORTY! I BORROWED THE DORK'S HEAD-GEAR.
UH, I KNEW THAT. YOU THINK I DIDN'T KNOW THAT? HA. THAT'S FUNNY. I'D NEVER SELL YOU OUT.
PAL.

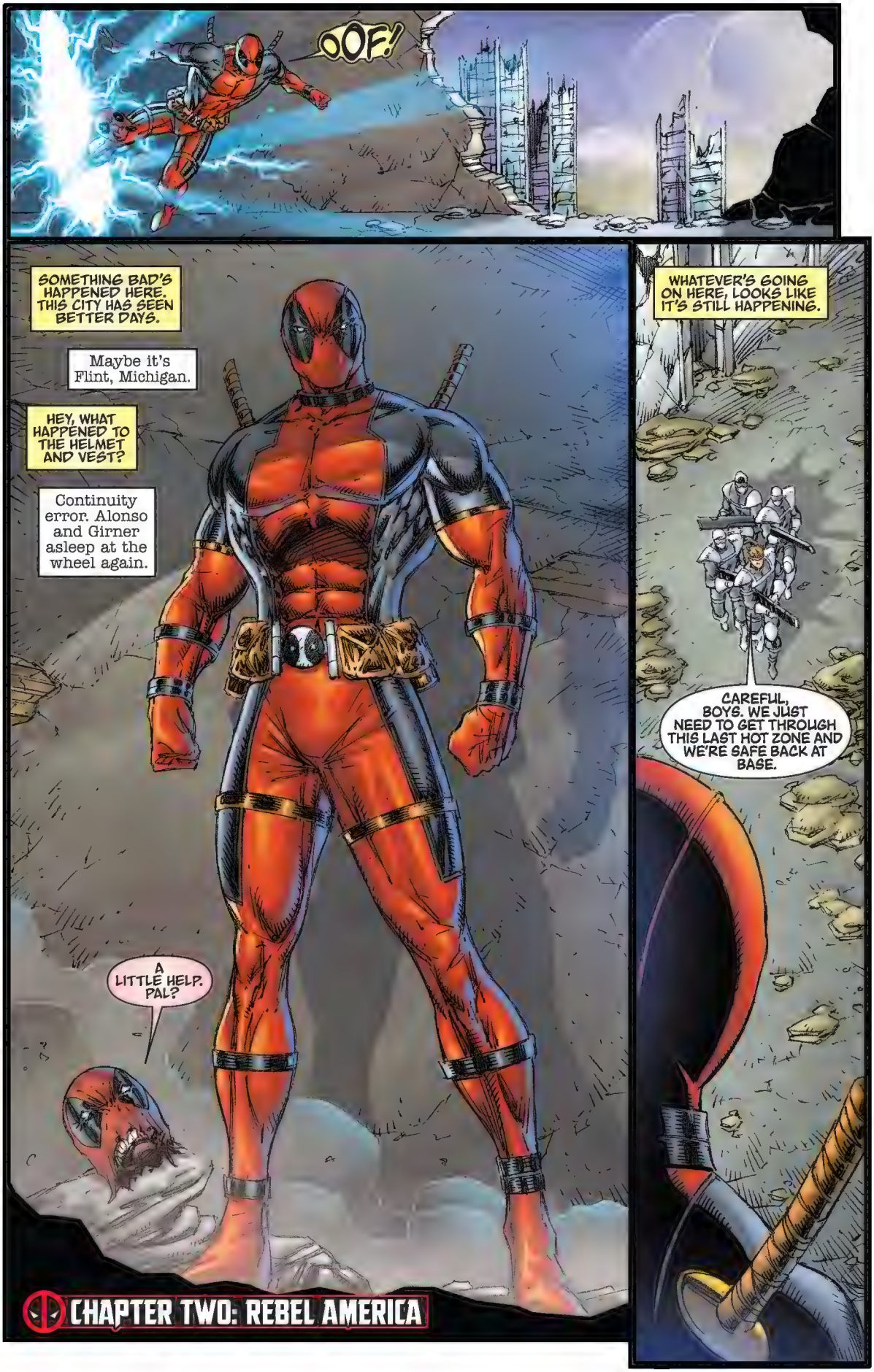
WHERE TO, SIR?
TIME TO BLOW THIS REALITY. ALTERNAVERSE TWIN'S HEALING HAS KICKED IN BY NOW, AND HE'LL BE COMING FAST.
TAKE US TO THE PORTAL. ALL HAIL THE MAPLE LEAF!

GOING FOR THE END ZONE.
STOP THEM!

FIRE!

RAT-TATT-TATT-TAT-TAT
THIP THIP THIP

WHOA.
WHOOOOAAAA!


OOF!
SOMETHING BAD'S HAPPENED HERE. THIS CITY HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.
Maybe it's Flint, Michigan.
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HELMET AND VEST?
Continuity error. Alonso and Girner asleep at the wheel again.
A LITTLE HELP, PAL?
WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE, LOOKS LIKE IT'S STILL HAPPENING.
CAREFUL, BOYS. WE JUST NEED TO GET THROUGH THIS LAST HOT ZONE AND WE'RE SAFE BACK AT BASE.
CHAPTER TWO: REBEL AMERICA

SENTINELS!
TAKE COVER!
HAVE AT THE TRAITORS!

WHUD
YOU KNOW, IT'S NICE JUST TO *WATCH* ONE OF THESE SMACKDOWNS NOW AND THEN INSTEAD OF ALWAYS BEING IN THE MIDDLE.
UH... STILL DOWN HERE.
UMPH!
WHACK

YOU! TRAITOROUS SCUM! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO FINALLY RID THE NATION OF YOUR FILTH.
NOW COME ON, CAPTAIN...
...I'LL BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE GIRLS.

OH. MY. GODDESS.
WILL YOU %@&%$ PICK ME UP ALREADY!?
OKAY, OKAY. GET A LOAD OF HER.
VA-VOOM. WE'RE HOT! WHY COULDN'T I HAVE BEEN SENT TO THIS REALITY INSTEAD OF STUCK IN DINO-LAND WITH YOU?
YEAH, WELL, JUST WATCH AND LEARN FROM THIS QUALITY DON JUAN ACTION.
LADY, IT'S STILL NOT TOO LATE TO DO THE RIGHT THING. STOP THIS REBELLION AND SWEAR LOYALTY TO YOUR COUNTRY. YOUR EXAMPLE WILL MEAN A LOT TO THE OTHER HEROS WHO'VE MADE THE WRONG DECISION.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU'RE SUPPORTING A GOVERNMENT THAT'S APPOINTED ITSELF BIG BROTHER, STRIPPING AWAY LIBERTIES, CREATING A FASCIST STATE "FOR OUR OWN GOOD." ALSO, I THINK SHIELDS ARE QUEER.

THIS IS THE FATE OF OUR NATION WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.
I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOU WOULDN'T TAKE IT SERIOUSLY. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST--
TA-DA!
SMAK!
ALL PART OF THE SERVICE, MILADY. WIND-BAGS DISPOSED OF. ROMANTIC FANTASIES FULFILLED.
WELL, I DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP, BUT I DO ADMIRE YOUR FASHION SENSE.
YEAH, WE COVERED THAT IN THE LAST UNIVERSE. WHAT SAY WE GET A COUPLE OF FRESCAS AND--
BLONG

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A TWIN BROTHER.
NEVER SEEN HIM, BUT I LIKE THE CUT OF HIS JIB. I FREELY ADMIT I DON'T KNOW WHAT A JIB IS.
AND NOW IT'S WHOOP-ASS TIME.
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL LOOK UP JIB LATER IN WIKIPEDIA.
SO BE IT. EVERYBODY STAY BACK. THIS IS BETWEEN THE COSTUMES.

BAPP!
WHAMM!
HOLD HIM OFF. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
LEAVING IN THE MIDDLE OF A SMACKDOWN IS NO WAY TO WIN A GIRL'S HEART.
LOOKS LIKE YOUR SIDE-KICK HAS TAKEN A POWDER.
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS. DON'T FRET. YOU HAVE MY FULL ATTENTION NOW.

PLANG!
HEY, CAP!
CATCH!
INCOMING!
CHOMP!
WHAT THE %&*%?!?!
NOW!
WHUFF!
KRUNCH!

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP
THAT'S SOME QUALITY PUMMELING.
I WAS ABOUT TO SAY THE SAME OF YOU.
CAP'S DOWN?
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE?
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE THAT ARM OFF BEFORE THE ZOMBIE VIRUS SPREADS. THE REST OF HIM SHOULD BE OKAY.
YOU'RE QUITE THE INTERESTING CHAP. I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP.
SHLIKT
PERHAPS...

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
SO... UH... MAYBE...
YEAH... UH...
THAT WAS ODD.
DISTURBING.
I'M JUST GONNA, YOU KNOW, GRAB THIS HEAD AND CAP'S ARM AND TAKE OFF.
SO HOW WAS YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH INTER-DIMENSIONAL SELF-INCEST?
SHUT UP.
I THINK THE KNICKS WILL HAVE A GOOD YEAR.
MEH.

NOW WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
CHAPTER THREE: THE DEADPOOL KID

HOLY CRAP! IT'S THE DEAD-POOL KID. SOMEBODY FETCH SHERIFF FURY.

OHHHHHH... NO.

I SWEAR I THOUGHT WE'D JUST GO BACK TO MY OWN DIMENSION WHEN WE WENT THROUGH THE PORTAL.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, KID. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR BANK ROBBERY, ARSON, SOFTWARE PIRACY AND STAMPEDING PYGMY GOATS THROUGH AN ORPHANAGE. I MIGHT NOT HAVE MY POSSE WITH ME, BUT A MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO.

THAT'S *REALLY* NOT NECESSARY. I, UH, THINK YOU GUYS GOT ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE ELSE?
YOU'RE NOT ALONE, SHERIFF. I GOT YOUR BACK.
LOGAN. PERFECT.
THIS AIN'T YOUR FIGHT, BOUNTY HUNTER.
SERIOUSLY, GUYS, THIS IS ALL A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING. JUST LET ME AND MY LITTLE FRIEND GO THROUGH THIS DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY--WHICH YOU PEOPLE MUST HAVE SEEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET--AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.
YEAH, LIKE PRONTO.
HA-HA! NOW THAT I HAVE A NEW PARTNER, ME AND THIS OTHER DEADPOOL ARE GONNA RUN THIS HERE TOWN.

SIGH
BLAMM!
WORKS FOR ME.
YEAH.
CRAP.
I FORGOT THE ARM.

PRAISE THE BUDDHA. WE'RE BACK.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING RID OF THAT DAMN HEAD.
WHAT SHE SAID.
GIVE ME A BREAK, WILL YA? YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'VE ONLY BEEN GONE FOR LIKE TEN SECONDS.
TEN SECONDS? HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?
PERHAPS I CAN ANSWER THAT.

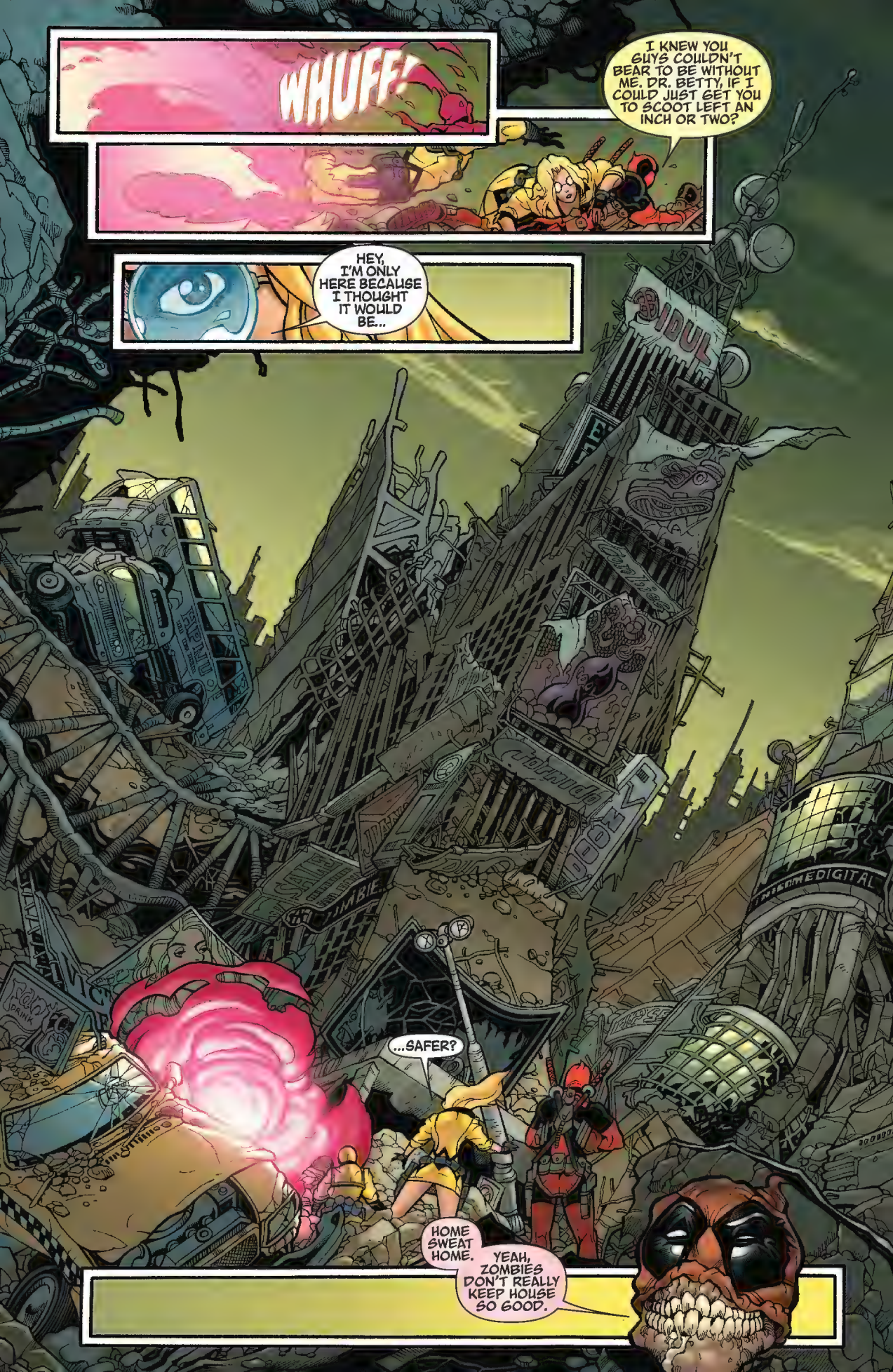
AFTER ALL, I *AM* THE SORCEROR SUPREME.
AM I SEEING THIS RIGHT?
IT AIN'T POOL-O-VISION.

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH

I HAVE SENSED AN UN-BALANCE. THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES HAS LOCKED ONTO A FOCAL POINT AND DOES NOT EBB AND FLOW AS NORMAL.
YOU, WADE WILSON, ARE THIS FOCAL POINT.
ME?
HIM?
MY X-BOX 360 DOES THAT. YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE IT'S VENTILATED. IF IT OVERHEATS --
BOTH OF YOU. EACH UNIVERSE HAS ITS OWN WADE WILSON. THE TWO OF YOU TRAVELING THROUGH THE GATEWAY TOGETHER HAS MISTAKENLY FOCUSED THE PORTAL'S COSMIC AWARE-NESS. ON YOU TWO.
THAT'S WHY IN AN INFINITE NUMBER OF UNIVERSES, THE GATE CONTINUED TO TAKE YOU TO WORLDS WHERE WADE WILSON PLAYED A PROMINENT ROLE.
I JUST ASSUMED WE WERE GENERALLY AWESOME IN EVERY REALITY.
NO.

I AM REALIGNING THE GATEWAY NOW. I KNOW OF YOUR MISSION, WADE WILSON. TO TAKE YOUR OTHER SELF BACK TO HIS HOME DIMENSION. IN THIS EFFORT YOU ARE THE AGENT OF ORDER, SO AS SORCERER SUPREME I AM BOUND TO AID YOU.
I *TOLD* YOU WE WERE THE AGENT OF ORDER.
Shush it, talkie.
I HAVE COMMANDED THE PORTAL TO DELIVER YOU TO YOUR DESTINATION. IT WILL BE OPEN ONLY FOR A LIMITED TIME.
YOU'RE *REALLY* SORCERER SUPREME?
YES.
DR. STRANGE HAD A *GREAT* MOUSTACHE.
HAVE *YOU* THOUGHT ABOUT GROWING A MOUSTACHE?
PLEASE GO NOW.
I MUST ATTEND TO OTHER BUSINESS. REMEMBER, THE GATE IS OPEN TO YOUR DESTINATION BUT WILL RETURN TO NORMAL SOON. GOOD LUCK, WADE WILSON.
POP!

NO TEARFUL GOODBYE, PALS. I'M TAKING SHORTY HERE HOME. SEE YA IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!
I'LL TEXT YOU WHEN I GET THERE.
FWASH!
CRAP.
TO HELL WITH THIS SWAMP. I'M NOT HANGING AROUND.
WAIT FOR ME!


WHUFF!
I KNEW YOU GUYS COULDN'T BEAR TO BE WITHOUT ME. DR. BETTY, IF I COULD JUST GET YOU TO SCOOT LEFT AN INCH OR TWO?
HEY, I'M ONLY HERE BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE...
...SAFER?
HOME SWEAT HOME.
YEAH, ZOMBIES DON'T REALLY KEEP HOUSE SO GOOD.

THEY LOOK TASSSSTY.
SOUP'S ON!
SHAMROCK? BEEN AWHILE.

THIS ONE LOOKS TENDER!
OH, GOD! THIS IS NOT HOW I PICTURED GETTING JUMPED BY TIGRA IN MY FAN FICTION.
GET LOW, POINDEXTER!
BA-BLAMM!
THAT HEALING POWER MAKES YOU AN EVERLASTING BUFFET, DEADPOOL. EAT A FEW BITES AND YOU GROW BACK FOR THE NEXT MEAL.
THUK!
THUK!
HEY!
THUK!
YOU DON'T WANT TO EAT ME. I IRRITATE THE BOWEL.
YEAH, A LOT OF PEOPLE THINK THAT ABOUT YOU.

IS SHE *DEAD?* BECAUSE IF SHE'S DEAD, THAT WOULD BE AWESOME.
SHE *SHOULD* BE DEAD. I BLASTED A HOLE IN HER AS BIG AROUND AS A DINNER PLATE.
YEAH, FUNNY THING IS...
...YOU CAN'T REALLY GET KILLED WHEN YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD. AND NOW THAT I GOT THIS BIG HOLE IN MY GUT...
...I'M GOING TO FILL IT WITH YOUR FLESH!

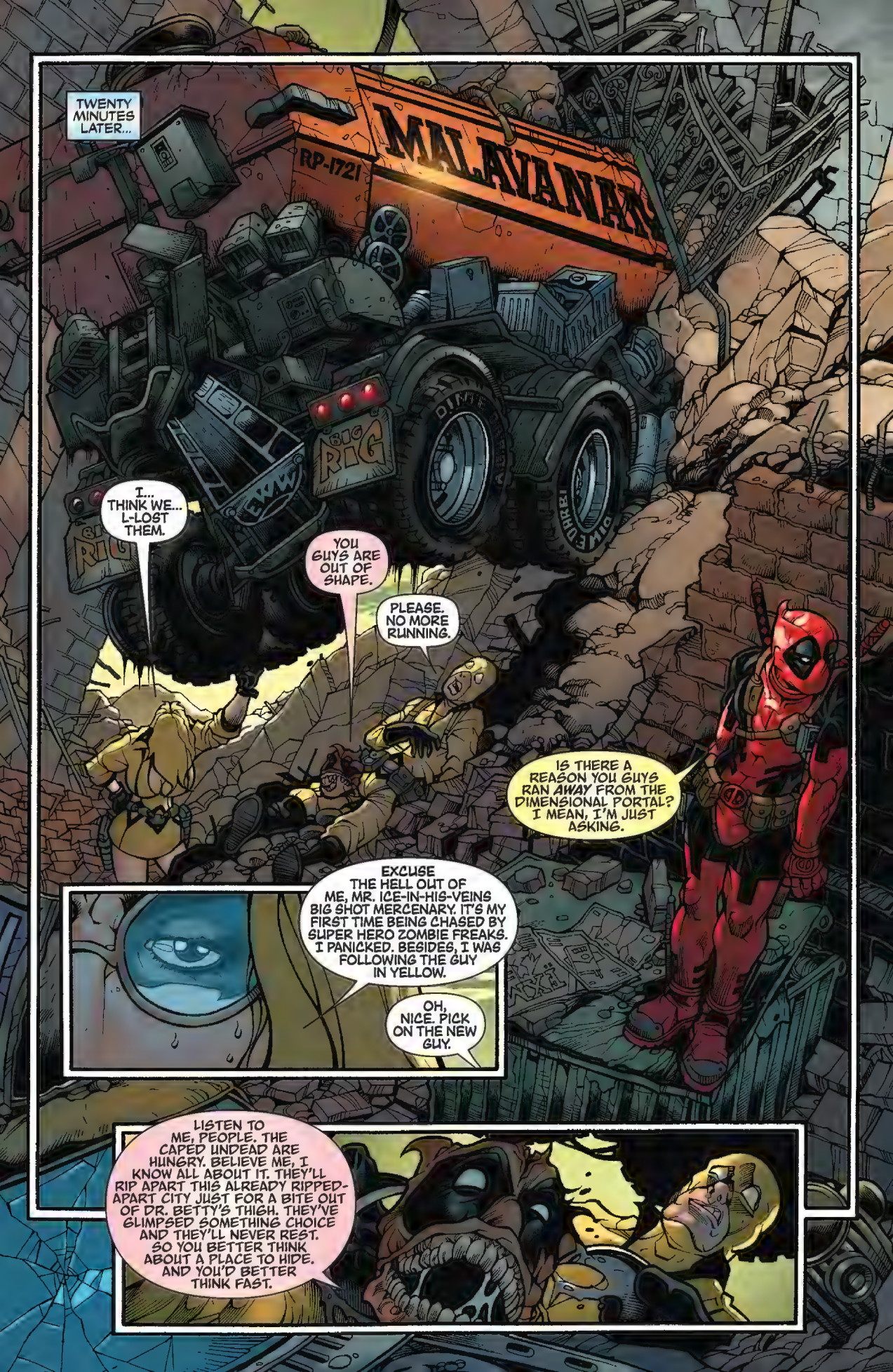
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
SHRED THE BITCH!
BLAMM!
KA-BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
KA-BLAMM!
WE DON'T NEED YOU DEAD.
WE JUST NEED YOU DOWN.
OH, KISS MY FURRY--
BLAMM!

GOT TO BE FASTER THAN THAT.
THAK!
I'M GONNA FEAST ON THAT FLESH AND EAT YOUR INNARDS FOR DESSER-- UUURRRRH!
DESSER-- UUURRRH? IS THAT SOME KIND OF KLINGON DISH?
BANTER. ANY SUGGESTIONS?
THIS IS NO TIME TO LOSE YOUR HEAD.
GONG.
Die, zombie Moon Knight jerk!
NICE!
WHAP!
OW.

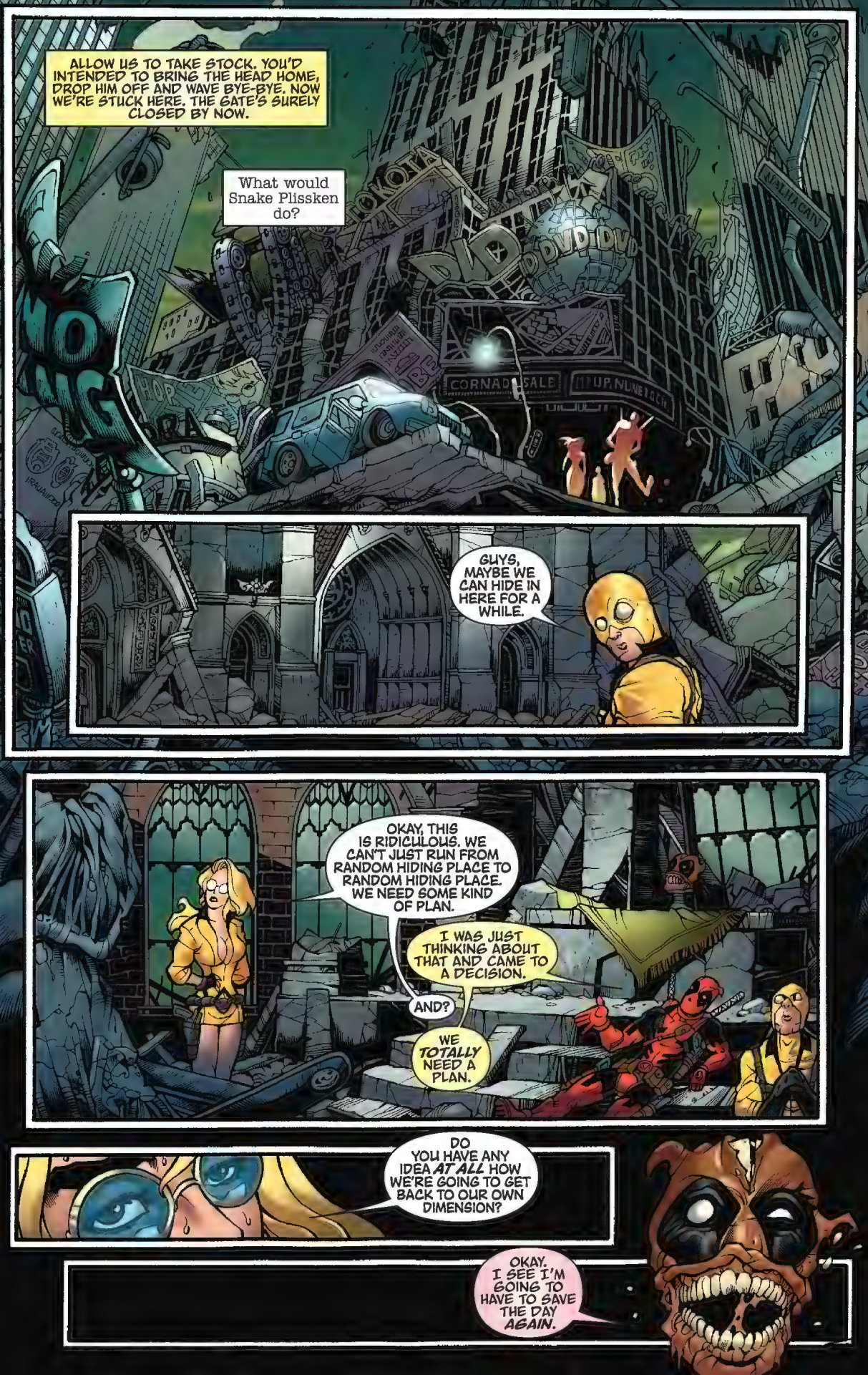
Come on. We can't let a McDonald's seasonal milkshake beat us!
I'LL PIT MY FIGHTING SKILLS AGAINST YOURS ANYTIME. PLUS I'VE GOT THE LUCK OF THE IRISH ON MY SIDE. YOU WON'T LAY A FINGER ON ME.
I DON'T WANT TO LAY A FINGER ON YOU. I WANT TO STICK YOU WITH THE POINTY END OF THIS SWORD.
SWOOSH!
YOU'RE A MOUTHY LITTLE WANKER.
MAYBE *THIS'LL* SHUT YOU UP.
BAPP!

STRATEGY TIME, SPORT.
No. Time to talk some *crap*.
THE HUNGER MUST BECOME UNBEARABLE AT TIMES.
HOW CAN YOU STAND IT?
WE'VE SCOURED THE PLANET FOR LIVE FLESH. YOU CAN'T BEGIN TO IMAGINE THE UNBEARABLE *NEED*.
YIKES. SWEET DEATH WOULD PROBABLY BE A RELIEF.
RIGHT? *RIGHT?*
YES! A RELEASE FROM THE AGONY. WE'VE ALL LONGED FOR IT AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER WHEN THE SEARING HUNGER IS UPON US. YES, I WOULD WELCOME DEATH WITH OPEN ARMS.
WELL, GUESS WHAT?
SSHHKK!
YOU JUST GOT LUCKY.

FOR YOU SEE, I TURNED HER OWN POWERS OF LUCK AGAINST HER. CLEVER REALLY. ONCE SHE ADMITTED THAT SHE *WANTED* DEATH, HER LUCK KICKED IN TO HELP HER ACHIEVE --
YOU IDIOT, THERE'S MORE OF THEM!
Do you think they're all charging over here for some other reason *besides* eating us?
NO.
COME ON! WE'LL LOSE THEM IN HERE.
HO-HMN
MISHUN FROM GOD


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
MALAVANA
RP-1721
BIG RIG
I... THINK WE... L-LOST THEM.
YOU GUYS ARE OUT OF SHAPE.
PLEASE. NO MORE RUNNING.
IS THERE A REASON YOU GUYS RAN AWAY FROM THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL? I MEAN, I'M JUST ASKING.
EXCUSE THE HELL OUT OF ME, MR. ICE-IN-HIS-VEINS BIG SHOT MERCENARY. IT'S MY FIRST TIME BEING CHASED BY SUPER HERO ZOMBIE FREAKS. I PANICKED. BESIDES, I WAS FOLLOWING THE GUY IN YELLOW.
OH, NICE. PICK ON THE NEW GUY.
LISTEN TO ME, PEOPLE. THE CAPED UNDEAD ARE HUNGRY. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT. THEY'LL RIP APART THIS ALREADY RIPPED-APART CITY JUST FOR A BITE OUT OF DR. BETTY'S THIGH. THEY'VE GLIMPSED SOMETHING CHOICE AND THEY'LL NEVER REST. SO YOU BETTER THINK ABOUT A PLACE TO HIDE. AND YOU'D BETTER THINK FAST.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE DIMENSIONAL PORTAL...
EWWWAAHZZZZHHAK!
SIR, I THINK TRAVELING TO ANOTHER DIMENSION WILDLY EXCEEDS OUR MISSION PARAMETERS.
YOU HEARD THE SORCERER, ASHCROFT. THE PORTAL IS ONLY OPEN A SHORT TIME. I HAD TO MAKE A COMMAND DECISION.
FACT IS, ASHCROFT, I HAD MY SPACE STATION BLASTED OUT FROM UNDER ME AND LOST NINETY PERCENT OF THE MEN UNDER MY COMMAND. I HAVE ONE CHANCE TO COMPLETE THIS MISSION. WE'RE GOING TO CATCH UP TO OUR TRAITOROUS MR. WILSON AND TAKE THAT HEAD BACK.
A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND WILL PROBABLY STRING ME UP BY MY JEWELS ANYWAY, BUT THAT'S THE WAY THE COOKIE CRUMBLES.
WHHSSSSSST
WELL, THAT'S IT, SIR. THE GATE IS GONE. WE MIGHT BE STUCK HERE.
KEEP THE FAITH, MY BOY. WE'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT. BUT FIRST WE ATTEND TO MR. WILSON.
WWK


ALLOW US TO TAKE STOCK. YOU'D INTENDED TO BRING THE HEAD HOME, DROP HIM OFF AND WAVE BYE-BYE. NOW WE'RE STUCK HERE. THE GATE'S SURELY CLOSED BY NOW.
What would Snake Plissken do?
GUYS, MAYBE WE CAN HIDE IN HERE FOR A WHILE.
OKAY, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. WE CAN'T JUST RUN FROM RANDOM HIDING PLACE TO RANDOM HIDING PLACE. WE NEED SOME KIND OF PLAN.
I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT THAT AND CAME TO A DECISION.
AND?
WE TOTALLY NEED A PLAN.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA AT ALL HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET BACK TO OUR OWN DIMENSION?
OKAY. I SEE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SAVE THE DAY AGAIN.

GREAT. THE DOOR-STOP HAS AN IDEA.
HEY, LADY, I'M FROM THIS DIMENSION REMEMBER? MY GOOD PAL, 'OL FANG-FACE MORBIUS, SENT ME THROUGH BEFORE. SENT HIMSELF THROUGH TOO. WE JUST NEED TO DUPLICATE THE EFFORT FOR OURSELVES. WE NEED TO FIND OUT *WHEN* WE'VE COME BACK TO THIS UNIVERSE.
HUH. CAN WE TRUST THIS THING?
I THINK IT'S A MAGNIFICENT PLAN, AND I NOMINATE SHORTY EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH.
I HAVE A *BETTER* PLAN.
FIRST I SNAP YOUR SPINES. THEN I FEED UPON YOU WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.
FOR I AM FABIAN STANKOWICZ, THE MECHO-MARAUDER! *AND I'M %@$%# STARVING!!!*

KLANK!
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS? OBSCURE SUPER HERO WEEK?
AH. I WAS WONDERING HOW LONG UNTIL SOMETHING STOMPED ON US AGAIN.
FFFWHOOSH!
WHO FIRED THAT MISSILE?

I DID.
YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU COULD USE A HAND, AND WE JUST HAPPENED TO BE HANDY.

SO, DID I MISS ANY-THING?
OH. COMPANY.
CAREFUL, FOLKS. THAT THING CAN BE DANGEROUS. ONE NIP ON THE ANKLE AND IT'S ALL OVER.
I'M ON IT.
BLAMM!
I LIKE THE WAY YOU HANDLE THAT PISTOL. YOU'LL NEED THOSE SKILLS TO SURVIVE AROUND HERE.
I'M PROFESSOR VERONICA CHASE.
I'M DOCTOR BETTY SWANSON. GOOD TO MEET YOU.

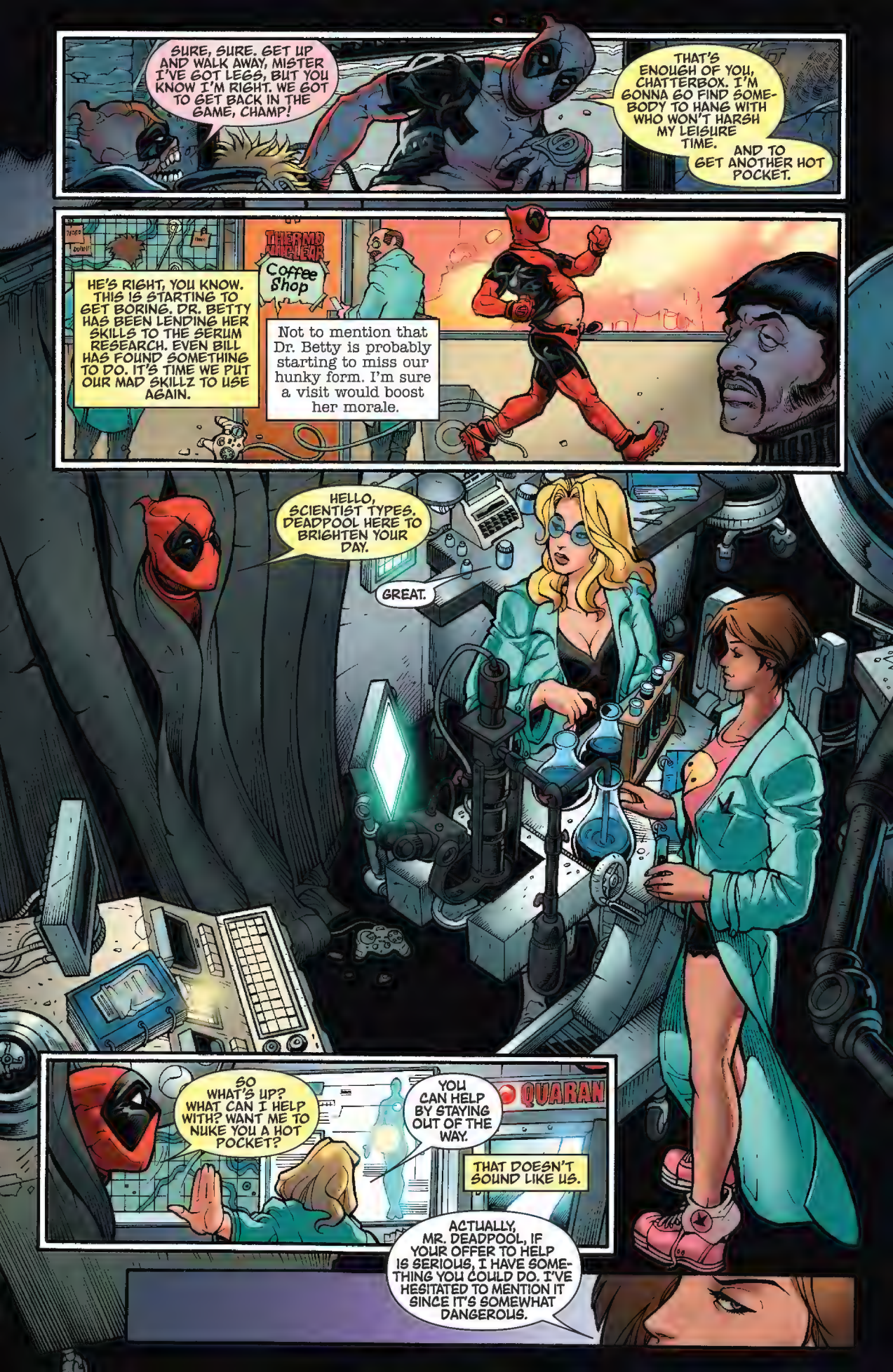
OHHHHHH, BABY. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
YEAH, BECAUSE YOU'RE THINKING IT TOO.
Two words: Mud. Wrestle.
I'M COSTELLO. THESE SALTY PIRATES ARE WEINSTEIN AND PORTER.
WE'RE PROFESSORS FROM EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY.
AND I'M DEAD-POOL.
WE HAVE SURVEILLANCE SET UP IN EVERY DIRECTION FORMING A PERIMETER AROUND OUR PLACE NEAR THE UNIVERSITY. OUR SURVIVAL DEPENDS ON STAYING SECRET AND HIDDEN FROM THE ZOMBIES.
WHEN ONE OF OUR SECURITY CAMERAS PICKED YOU UP WE COULDN'T BELIEVE THERE WERE STILL OTHER HUMANS ALIVE. WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE ELSE IN MONTHS.
AND I'M DEAD-POOL.
THEY KNOW, SPORT. THEY KNOW.

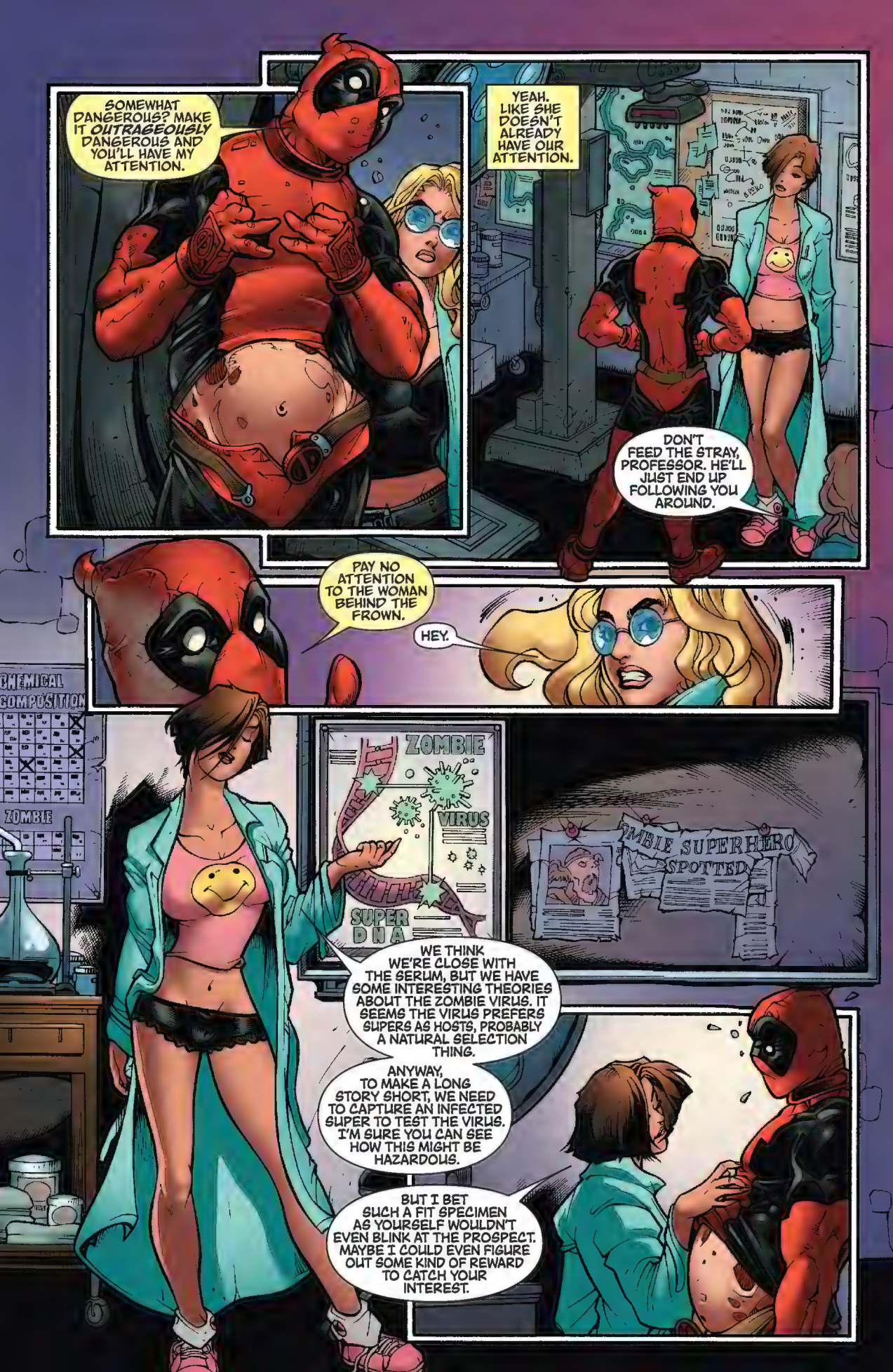
WE VOTED TO SEND A TEAM TO PICK YOU UP AND BRING YOU BACK TO OUR UNDERGROUND HIDEOUT.
MOST OF US ARE SCIENTISTS WHO HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A SERUM. I THINK WE'RE CLOSE, BUT THERE'S STILL A LOT OF WORK TO DO.
I EARNED MY PH.D. AT CALTECH. MAYBE I CAN HELP.
HOW ABOUT THAT! CALTECH WAS MY SAFETY SCHOOL. I WENT TO M.I.T.
WELL, HERE WE ARE. IT'S NOT MUCH BUT --

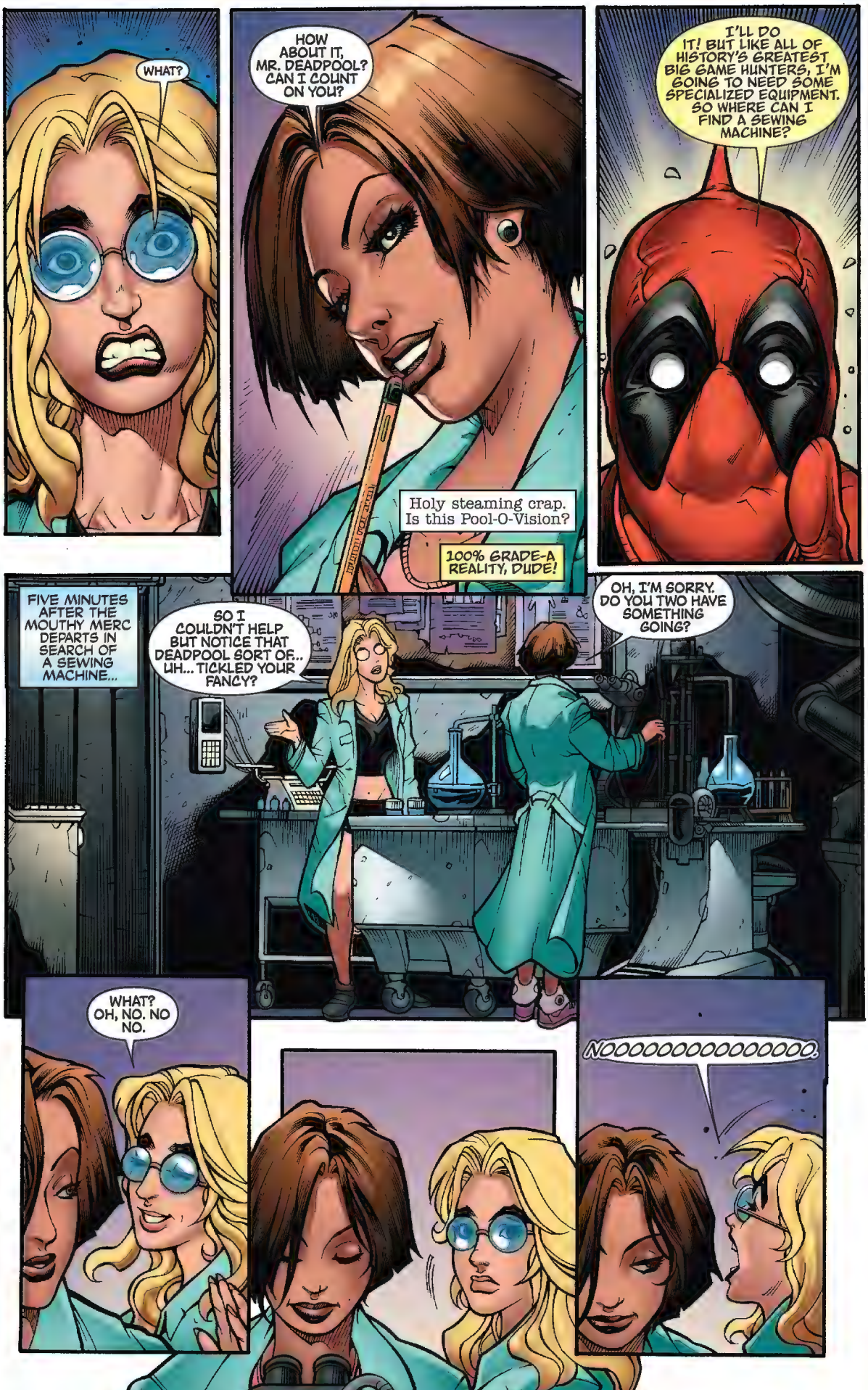
SEWERAGE
TURNER OVERDRIVE
—IT'S HOME SWEET HOME.
HiK BEER
WHOA! BEER
SUGGESTION BOX
BRUNWEK
DAZO
NEW YORK STILL REVOLUTIONARY
WHEN WE SAW THE TROUBLE COMING, TWENTY OF US THREW THIS PLACE TOGETHER. FOOD, WEAPONS, IMPORTED BEER ON TAP. PLAY-STATION 3.
AS LEADER OF TEAM DEADPOOL I SAY WE SHOULD STAY HERE TO REST AND PLAN. JUST A DAY OR TWO. OR A WEEK. A MONTH AT MOST.
Or until we can arrange to "accidentally" see Professor Veronica naked.

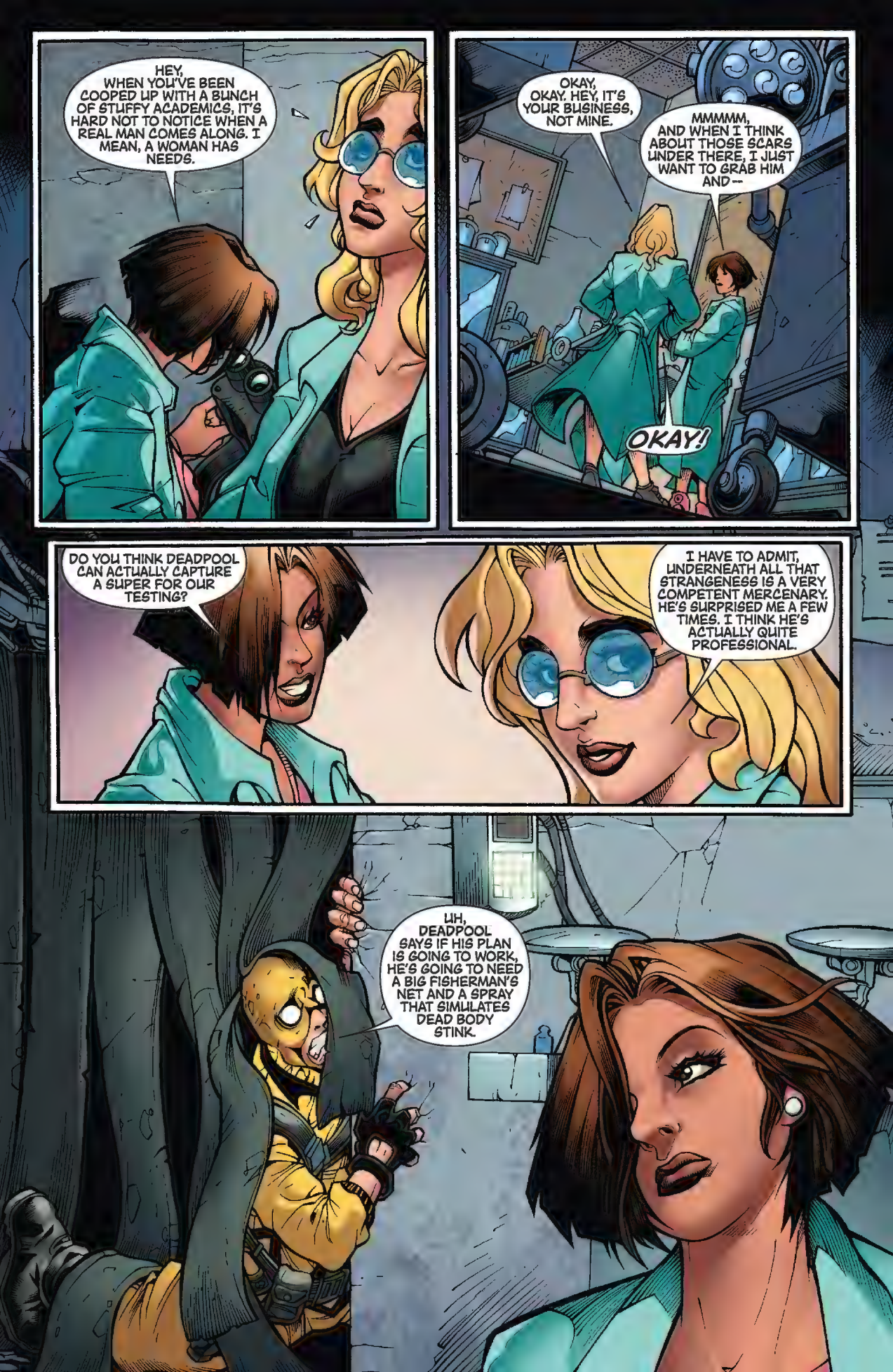
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH

COME ON, MAN. I CAN'T DO EVERYTHING. CAST THE PROTECTION SPELL. CAST IT!
MMMPH, MM MM MMM, YMM AMMHOLM.
OH, BOO HOO. I HAVE NO THUMBS. I CAN'T HIT X FAST ENOUGH. GET WITH THE PROGRAM, SHORTY!
PTOOEY!
OKAY, THAT'S IT! HOW LONG ARE WE GONNA LOUNGE IN THIS ACADEMIC HIDEY-HOLE, PLAYING THE GAME OF THE YEAR EDITION OF D&D LIGHT AND SUCKING BACK FANCY MICROBREW? IT'S BEEN A WEEK, AND I'M GOING STIR CRAZY.
HEY, HEY, HEY! I'M ALSO EATING LOTS OF HOT POCKETS.


SURE, SURE. GET UP AND WALK AWAY, MISTER I'VE GOT LEGS, BUT YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT. WE GOT TO GET BACK IN THE GAME, CHAMP!
THAT'S ENOUGH OF YOU, CHATTERBOX. I'M GONNA GO FIND SOMEBODY TO HANG WITH WHO WON'T HARSH MY LEISURE TIME.
AND TO GET ANOTHER HOT POCKET.
THERMO NUCLEAR
Coffee Shop
HE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW. THIS IS STARTING TO GET BORING. DR. BETTY HAS BEEN LENDING HER SKILLS TO THE SERUM RESEARCH. EVEN BILL HAS FOUND SOMETHING TO DO. IT'S TIME WE PUT OUR MAD SKILLZ TO USE AGAIN.
Not to mention that Dr. Betty is probably starting to miss our hunky form. I'm sure a visit would boost her morale.
HELLO, SCIENTIST TYPES. DEADPOOL HERE TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY.
GREAT.
SO WHAT'S UP? WHAT CAN I HELP WITH? WANT ME TO NUKE YOU A HOT POCKET?
YOU CAN HELP BY STAYING OUT OF THE WAY.
QUARAN
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE US.
ACTUALLY, MR. DEADPOOL, IF YOUR OFFER TO HELP IS SERIOUS, I HAVE SOMETHING YOU COULD DO. I'VE HESITATED TO MENTION IT SINCE IT'S SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS.

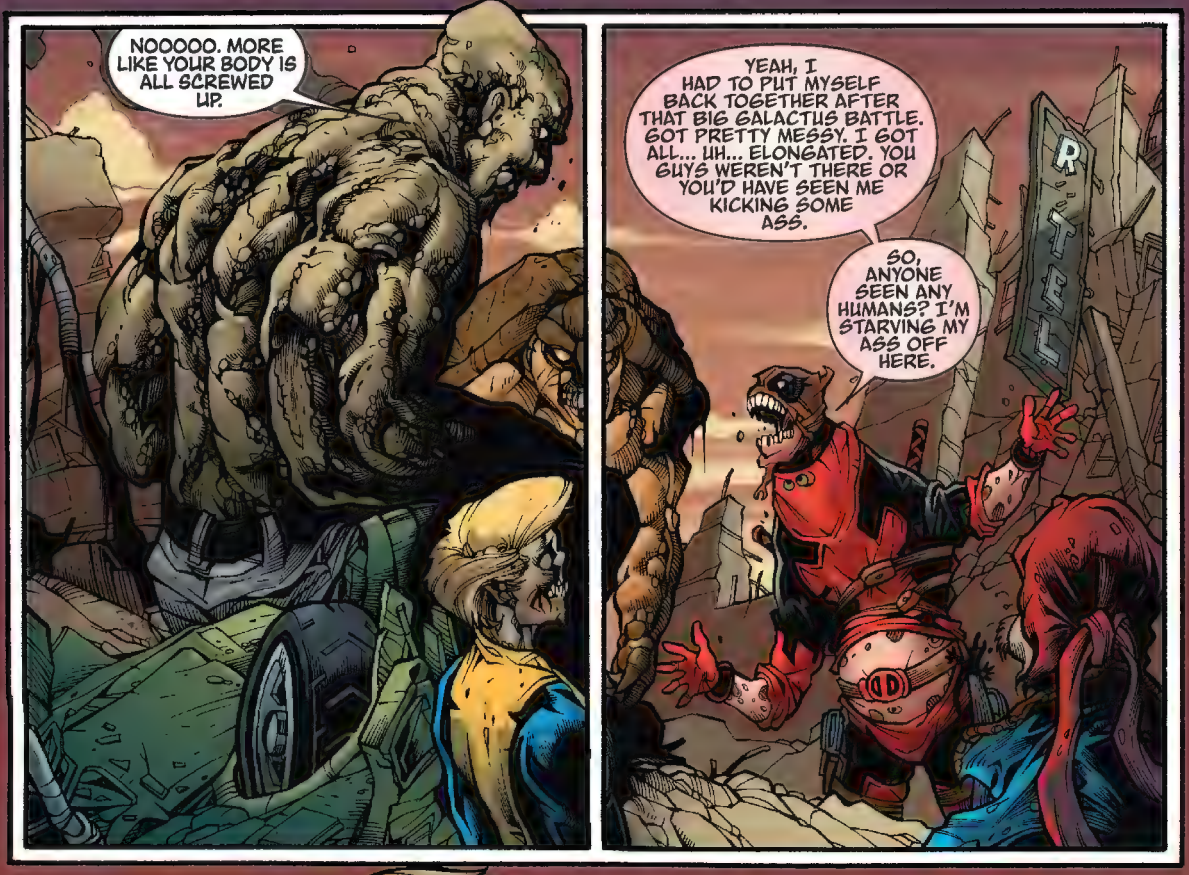

SOMEWHAT DANGEROUS? MAKE IT *OUTRAGEOUSLY* DANGEROUS AND YOU'LL HAVE MY ATTENTION.
YEAH. LIKE SHE DOESN'T ALREADY HAVE OUR ATTENTION.
DON'T FEED THE STRAY, PROFESSOR. HE'LL JUST END UP FOLLOWING YOU AROUND.
PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE WOMAN BEHIND THE FROWN.
HEY.
CHEMICAL COMPOSITION
ZOMBIE
ZOMBIE
VIRUS
SUPER DNA
ZOMBIE SUPERHERO SPOTTED
WE THINK WE'RE CLOSE WITH THE SERUM, BUT WE HAVE SOME INTERESTING THEORIES ABOUT THE ZOMBIE VIRUS. IT SEEMS THE VIRUS PREFERS SUPERS AS HOSTS, PROBABLY A NATURAL SELECTION THING.
ANYWAY, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, WE NEED TO CAPTURE AN INFECTED SUPER TO TEST THE VIRUS. I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE HOW THIS MIGHT BE HAZARDOUS.
BUT I BET SUCH A FIT SPECIMEN AS YOURSELF WOULDN'T EVEN BLINK AT THE PROSPECT. MAYBE I COULD EVEN FIGURE OUT SOME KIND OF REWARD TO CATCH YOUR INTEREST.


WHAT?
HOW ABOUT IT, MR. DEADPOOL? CAN I COUNT ON YOU?
I'LL DO IT! BUT LIKE ALL OF HISTORY'S GREATEST BIG GAME HUNTERS, I'M GOING TO NEED SOME SPECIALIZED EQUIPMENT. SO WHERE CAN I FIND A SEWING MACHINE?
Holy steaming crap. Is this Pool-O-Vision?
100% GRADE-A REALITY, DUDE!
FIVE MINUTES AFTER THE MOUTHY MERC DEPARTS IN SEARCH OF A SEWING MACHINE...
SO I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT DEADPOOL SORT OF... UH... TICKLED YOUR FANCY?
OH, I'M SORRY. DO YOU TWO HAVE SOMETHING GOING?
WHAT? OH, NO. NO NO.
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.


HEY, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN COOPED UP WITH A BUNCH OF STUFFY ACADEMICS, IT'S HARD NOT TO NOTICE WHEN A REAL MAN COMES ALONG. I MEAN, A WOMAN HAS NEEDS.
OKAY, OKAY. HEY, IT'S YOUR BUSINESS, NOT MINE.
MMMMM, AND WHEN I THINK ABOUT THOSE SCARS UNDER THERE, I JUST WANT TO GRAB HIM AND--
OKAY!
DO YOU THINK DEADPOOL CAN ACTUALLY CAPTURE A SUPER FOR OUR TESTING?
I HAVE TO ADMIT, UNDERNEATH ALL THAT STRANGENESS IS A VERY COMPETENT MERCENARY. HE'S SURPRISED ME A FEW TIMES. I THINK HE'S ACTUALLY QUITE PROFESSIONAL.
UH, DEADPOOL SAYS IF HIS PLAN IS GOING TO WORK, HE'S GOING TO NEED A BIG FISHERMAN'S NET AND A SPRAY THAT SIMULATES DEAD BODY STINK.

HOW COME ALL OF OUR PLANS SEEM SO... UNORTHODOX?
Innovative. The word you're looking for is *innovative*.
I'M JUST WORRIED ABOUT LETTING SHORTY DO ALL THE TALKING. THE HEAD IS A LOOSE CANNON.
You worry too much.
HEY, AROUND THE CORNER. THESE ARE THE DUDES WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
YO, DEAD-POOL. YOU'RE LOOKING... UH... DIFFERENT.
CM REKTO AVENIDAST
COOKBOOK BEGGINER
MUSCLES FITNESS

WHASSUP, FELLAS? YEAH, I MADE SOME SWEET ALTERATIONS TO THE COSTUME. PRETTY SWANKY, RIGHT?


NOOOOO. MORE LIKE YOUR BODY IS ALL SCREWED UP.
YEAH, I HAD TO PUT MYSELF BACK TOGETHER AFTER THAT BIG GALACTUS BATTLE. GOT PRETTY MESSY. I GOT ALL... UH... ELONGATED. YOU GUYS WEREN'T THERE OR YOU'D HAVE SEEN ME KICKING SOME ASS.
SO, ANYONE SEEN ANY HUMANS? I'M STARVING MY ASS OFF HERE.
R'TAIL

OH HELL, MAN. DO YOU THINK I'D BE STANDING HERE IF I KNEW WHERE TO GET SOME JUICY SWEET HUMAN MEAT? OH, JUST THE THOUGHT OF BITING INTO A CHOICE SOFT BUTTOCKS.
PLEASE STOP. YOU'RE MAKING ME CRAZY. I'M SO DAMN *HUNGRY*.

I HEARD THERE WERE SOME LIVE HUMANS HIDING OUT IN JERSEY, BUT I COULDN'T FIND THEM. IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE *PLANET* IS PICKED CLEAN.
I LIKE FINGERS. YOU GET A LITTLE CRUNCH IN THERE.
CAN WE TRUST SHORTY TO DO THIS RIGHT? YOU THINK HE KNOWS WHICH ONE TO SINGLE OUT?
Relax. He's a pro. He's *us*.

PSSST. DUDE, IF YOU'RE REALLY HUNGRY, WAIT THREE MINUTES THEN FOLLOW ME.
OKAY, FELLAS, I'LL CATCH YOU LATER. THINK I MIGHT CHECK OUT QUEENS. GOT TO BE SOMEBODY TO EAT SOME-PLACE.
THREE MINUTES LATER...
WELL, GUESS I'LL BE GOING.
JUST STRETCHING MY LEGS.
GOING? WHERE?
WHERE'S THAT LITTLE DWEEB GOING?
WHO CARES? KID WAS NEVER REALLY ONE OF US ANYWAY. FORGET HIM. HE'S USELESS.
I WONDER...

DEADPOOL!
THERE YOU ARE, KID. I WAS THINKING YOU MIGHT STAND ME UP.
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
FLESH, MY BOY. WARM, PINK DELICIOUS FLESH. MEAT!
REALLY? FOOD? HOT DAMN! BUT WHY KEEP IT A SECRET?
GOOD POINT.
THINK ABOUT IT, KID. THOSE GUYS YOU WERE HANGING WITH ARE A BIT OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE. THEY'D SHOVE YOU ASIDE AND KEEP THE MEAT FOR THEM-SELVES.
BESIDES, THEY'RE HOLED UP BEHIND A DOOR WITH A CODED LOCK. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN. YOU CAN DECODE IT. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW ME.
OH, BOY! I'M GONNA EAT UNTIL I BUST! LEAD ON, DEADPOOL. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

FIRST, I'M GOING TO EAT A LEG. THEN A BRAIN, AND THEN A BIG PLATE OF ENTRAILS. OH, BABY, I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT.
NOW!
WHAT THE HELL?
WRAP HIM UP. HURRY!
YOU SONS OF BITCHES! I'LL EAT YOUR GUTS OUT WHILE YOU SCREAM. BASTARDS!
THAT'S GOOD WORK, BOYS. OF COURSE, I ASKED FOR A FISHERMAN'S NET, NOT A CARGO NET, BUT WHAT THE HECK? I'M FLEXIBLE. YOU TOO, SHORTY. NICE JOB.
THANKS! I'LL TAKE MY ACADEMY AWARD NOW. WHAT DO WE DO WITH ZOMBIE MOUSE CLUB HERE?

WHAT-EVER THE HELL YOU'RE DOING, MAKE IT SNAPPY. I DON'T LIKE BEING EXPOSED LIKE THIS. I'M A WALKING BUFFET FOR PETE'S SAKE, AND IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS.
THE PACKAGE IS WRAPPED. WE CAN MOVE OUT.
JUST LET ME HAVE ONE BITE. A FINGER. YOU DON'T NEED ALL TEN. JUST A TOE. ONE LITTLE PIGGY. PLEASE!
UGH. YOU DISGUST ME.
OKAY, LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE AND GO BASK IN THE GLOW OF A JOB WELL DONE. BASKING INCLUDES COLD BEERS BY THE WAY.
BEER SOUNDS GOOD TO ME.
HERE HERE.
AND LET'S NOT FORGET THAT PROFESSOR VERONICA SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A REWARD.
Yowza!
WELL, WELL, WELL.

HEY, WHEN I GO FISHING I NEVER COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED.
AND BRINGING BACK A SPECIMEN WITH NON-COMBAT POWERS HELPS MINIMIZE THE RISK OF HAVING HIM IN HERE. I MEAN HE REALLY IS UTTERLY WEAK AND HELPLESS.
HEY! STANDING RIGHT HERE.
GOOD WORK, STUD.
I KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE, SEXY-PANTS. I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU NEED.
OKAY, NOW THIS HAS TO BE POOL-O-VISION.
It's been a while. Figured we could use one.
AHEM
NOW THAT WE HAVE A FRESH SPECIMEN, WE SHOULD RUN THESE TESTS IMMEDIATELY. I THINK WE'RE CLOSE TO A BREAK-THROUGH.
OF COURSE. BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.
BUT I HOPE I CAN SEE YOU LATER, MR. DEADPOOL. IF YOU'RE UP FOR IT?
She said "up for it." Dude, that means --
WE KNOW!

I'M TELLING YOU, I SAW THEM CARRY CYPHER RIGHT THROUGH THERE.
WHAT THE HELL FOR? WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH HIM?
I DON'T KNOW, AND I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS. ALL I KNOW IS THAT'S THERE'S LIVE EDIBLE PEOPLE DOWN THERE. ARE YOU GOONS IN OR NOT?
DAMN RIGHT.
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M SO HUNGRY I ALMOST TOOK A BITE OUT OF SOME MANNEQUINS I SAW IN A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW.
OKAY, THEN WE NEED SOME KIND OF PLAN. I WAS THINKING WE COULD--
UH...
WHAT'S UP, FELLAS? WORKING HARD...
...OR HARDLY WORKING?
YO, DEADPOOL. YOU'RE LOOKING A LOT LESS... ELONGATED.

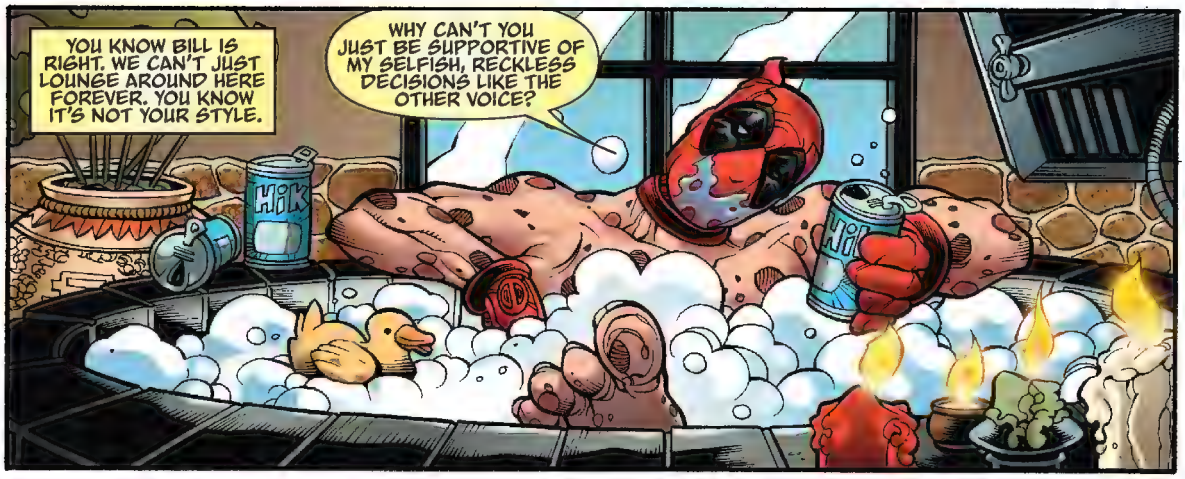
THANKS, I'VE BEEN WORKING OUT.
GUYS, I REALLY SHOULDN'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT HELL, IF I CAN'T TRUST RANDOM STREET ZOMBIES, THEN WHO CAN I TRUST, RIGHT? JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT YOUR HUMAN FLESH EATING NEEDS ARE ABOUT TO BE SOLVED THANKS TO YOURS TRULY. TWO WORDS: DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY. THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY ABOUT THAT.
ANYWAY, I'LL CATCH YOU ZOMBIES ON THE FLIP SIDE. GOT TO GO SEE A MAN ABOUT A HORSE. SERIOUSLY, WE'RE GOING TO EAT A HORSE.
WHAT THE *HELL* IS GOING ON?
NO IDEA.

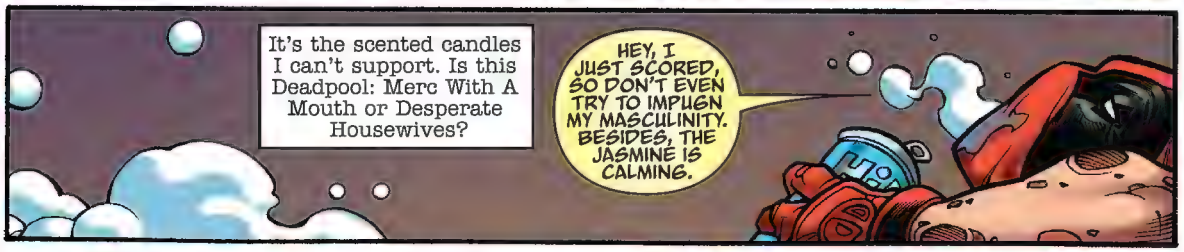
I DON'T THINK YOU NEED THE AXE SPRAY. SHE'S PRETTY MUCH CLEARED YOU FOR LANDING.
HEY, ANY LADY LUCKY ENOUGH TO PLAY AT CLUB DEAD-POOL GETS THE FULL TREAT-MENT.
BESIDES, THAT DEAD BODY STINK SPRAY WAS A LITTLE TOO CONVINCING.
I'M JUST LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO DIG UP SOME DATE THREADS. I MEAN, IF YOU LOOK UP COOL IN THE DICTIONARY, THERE'S A PICTURE OF ME HOLDING ANOTHER DICTIONARY POINTING TO A PICTURE OF MYSELF.
WAIT. WHAT?
Oh, let him talk.
SHOW TIME!
BLIND DATE for BEGGINERS
SAMA KUTRA
BUDS

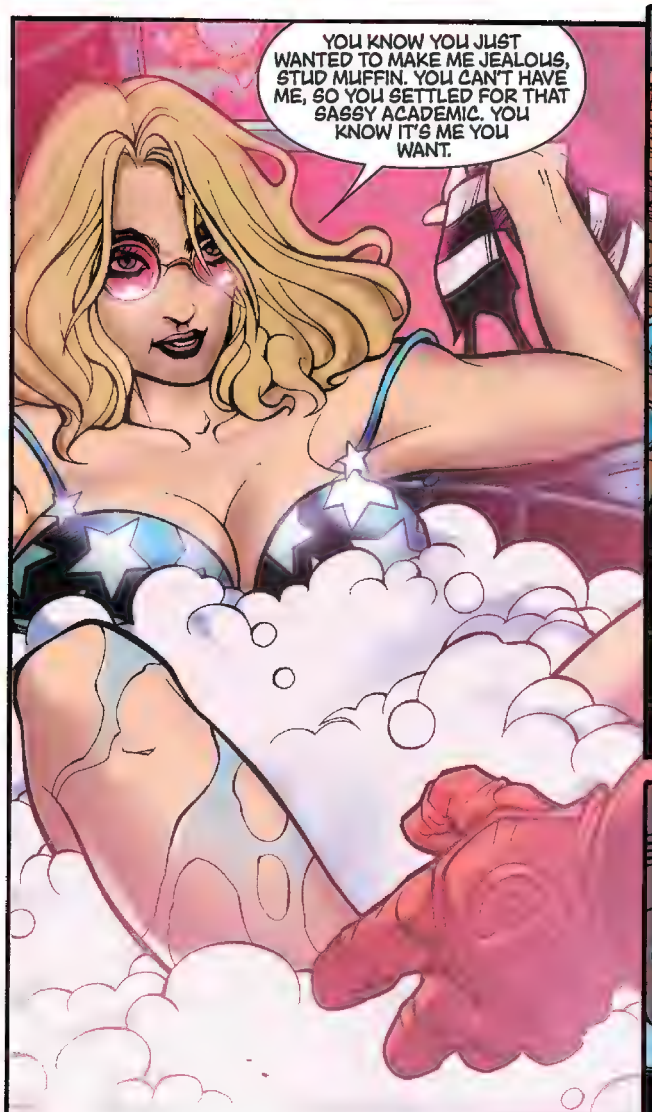
WHY DOES HE SUDDENLY REMIND ME OF JOHN TRAVOLTA IN *SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER?*
I ONLY WATCH PBS.
NICE OUTFIT THOUGH.
REMEMBER, THINK ABOUT BASEBALL.
Think about George Will thinking about baseball.
THAT YOU, MR. DEADPOOL? PLEASE COME IN.
HEY, I KNOW I'M A COUPLE OF MINUTES EARLY, BUT I STRUTTED FASTER THAN I THOUGHT AND -- *WHOA!*
I DON'T MIND IF A MAN'S EARLY, MR. DEADPOOL. IT JUST MEANS HE'S EAGER.

HAVE A DRINK. RELAX.
MUCHAS GRACIAS, MY LITTLE TOSTITO.
IT'S BECOME CONVENTION TO REFER TO ALL SPARKLING WINES AS CHAMPAGNE, BUT IN FACT, TRUE CHAMPAGNE COMES SPECIFICALLY FROM THE CHAMPAGNE REGION OF FRANCE. I USED TO WATCH A LOT OF FOOD CHANNEL IS HOW I KNOW --
OKAY, ENOUGH RELAXING. LET'S GET TO IT.
OKAY, WE NEED ALL OF THIS OFF. EXCEPT THE MASK. YOU CAN KEEP THAT ON.
AND THIS TIME IT'S *NOT* OKAY TO ARRIVE EARLY.

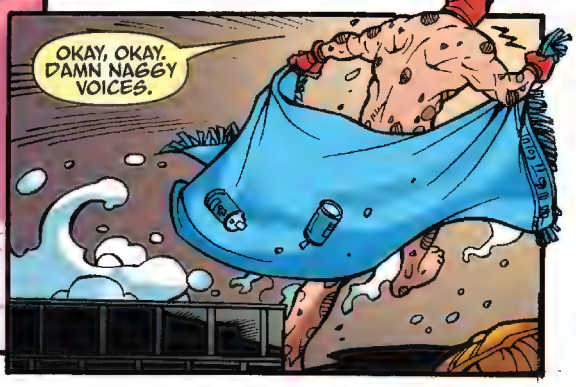
MUCH LATER...
MR. DEADPOOL, HOLD UP A MOMENT. MR. DEADPOOL!
NOT NOW, BILL. I'M BASKING. DON'T HARSH MY BASK.
NOW THAT WE'VE RETURNED THE ZOMBIE HEAD TO ITS HOME DIMENSION AND HELPED THESE FOLKS CAPTURE A ZOMBIE SUPER, I WAS WONDERING WHEN WE'D BE WORKING ON A PLAN TO GET HOME.
ARE YOU NUTS?
FLAPJACKS EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST. ALL THE FRESCA I CAN DRINK. XBOX AND PLAY-STATION, AND THE HOTTEST PIECE OF TAIL ON THE PLANET JUST JUMPED MY BONES. THE UTTERLY DESTROYED ZOMBIE UNIVERSE IS HEAVEN. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
SORRY, BILL, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.
BUT... BUT... BUT...
NOT COOL.


YOU KNOW BILL IS RIGHT. WE CAN'T JUST LOUNGE AROUND HERE FOREVER. YOU KNOW IT'S NOT YOUR STYLE.
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST BE SUPPORTIVE OF MY SELFISH, RECKLESS DECISIONS LIKE THE OTHER VOICE?
HiK


It's the scented candles I can't support. Is this Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth or Desperate Housewives?
HEY, I JUST SCORED, SO DON'T EVEN TRY TO IMPUGN MY MASCULINITY. BESIDES, THE JASMINE IS CALMING.


YOU KNOW YOU JUST WANTED TO MAKE ME JEALOUS, STUD MUFFIN. YOU CAN'T HAVE ME, SO YOU SETTLED FOR THAT SASSY ACADEMIC. YOU KNOW IT'S ME YOU WANT.

HEY, PROFESSOR VERONICA LOVES ME FOR WHO I AM. SHE SAYS MY SCARS ARE A ROADMAP OF A LONER'S EXPERIENCES, THE ROUGH TEXTURE OF LIVING!
Oldest line in the book.
YOU STILL CAN'T JUST LOUNGE AROUND IN BUBBLE BATHS ALL DAY. DR. BETTY AND BILL NEED YOU TO GET HOME.


OKAY, OKAY. DAMN NAGGY VOICES.

SO THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO GO, PROFESSOR VERONICA. MY WORK HERE IS DONE, AND I HAVE OTHER RESPONSIBILITIES.
NO PROBLEM. I'LL COME ALONG WITH A TEAM IN THE MORNING TO ESCORT YOU TO THE SURFACE AND SEE YOU OFF.
PLEASE, PROFESSOR. NO TEARS. NO LONG GOODBYES. THIS IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT -- WAIT. WHAT?
I SAID NO PROBLEM. WE ALL APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, BUT WE UNDERSTAND YOU NEED TO GO.
BUT I... YOU... WE...
LOOK, IT WAS JUST BUSINESS, OKAY. I MEAN I'VE BEEN DOWN HERE A LONG TIME. I'LL KEEP FOR A WHILE NOW.
I'LL GO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR DEPARTURE.
I'LL GO PACK MY THINGS... STUD.
YEAH, YOU DO THAT.
THE NEXT MORNING...
LOOKS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL MORNING TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
GOOD LUCK, AND BE CAREFUL OUT THERE.
AH-HA. I KNEW IF WE WAITED BY THIS RAT HOLE LONG ENOUGH, SOMETHING JUICY WOULD CRAWL OUT.

PUT ON YOUR BIBS, BOYS. IT'S CHOW TIME!

DEADPOOL

MERC WITH A MOUTH

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #10

IN THE ZOMBIEVERSE
SIR, I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE COMING HERE WAS A MISTAKE.
MY WHOLE CAREER HAS BEEN A MISTAKE, ASHCROFT. I CAN'T GO BACK TO A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND WITHOUT THAT DAMN ZOMBIE HEAD.
SO I'M GOING TO COMPLETE THIS MISSION OR GO DOWN IN FLAMES TRYING.
SIR, THE MEN AND I HAVE DISCUSSED IT, AND WE'RE REALLY NOT KEEN ON THE DOWN-IN-FLAMES OPTION.
NEVER FEAR, ASHCROFT. I THINK WE JUST HIT THE JACKPOT.

AH-HA!
WE'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU. HAND OVER THE TALKING HEAD AND NOBODY GETS HURT. MUCH.
UH...
...OH
HOLA.
GULP.
BLAST 'EM!

P-TING!
PING
PING
BA-BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

HEY, THOSE GUYS IN YELLOW ARE HUMAN.
FOOD!
I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST A TACTICAL RETREAT, SIR.
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA.
HAUL ASS!
WELL, NICE OF THESE TWO PARTIES TO KEEP EACH OTHER OCCUPIED.

I HOPE YOU DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT ME. I'M HUNGRY TOO.
YOU WERE SO BIG, I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE.
THAT WAS SARCASM.
LAY OFF THE HUMAN, CRUSHER.
GET THAT MONKEY OFF YOUR BACK. LOOK WHAT A GOOD CITIZEN I AM NOW.
NO THANKS. THAT LITTLE GIRL RIGHT THERE LOOKS TASTY. I'LL START WITH HER.
CHEW ON THIS INSTEAD.

VA-BLOOMM!
KRASH!
NICE TOY. NOW IT'S DINNER TIME.
CAN I BORROW THAT PEA-SHOOTER, PROFESSOR VERONICA? I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SPECIFIC RHETORICAL POINT WITH OUR TALL ZOMBIE FRIEND.
BE CAREFUL WITH IT. IT'S MY FAVORITE. MAKES A LOVELY BOOM.

OH, ONE OTHER SMALL DETAIL.
RUN LIKE HELL!
I'VE HEARD THAT TONE IN HIS VOICE BEFORE, PEOPLE. HE'S ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING DRASTIC. RUN FAST!
YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME TWICE!
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
HE'S SURPRISINGLY RESILIENT.
WE ARE SURPRISINGLY RESILIENT.
Yeah, but this is still going to hurt.

YOU GONNA TRY THAT AGAIN? I'M READY FOR IT THIS TIME. YOUR LITTLE POP-GUN WON'T EVEN KNOCK ME OFF MY FEET.
EASY, BOY. YOU'VE GOT ONE SHOT AT THIS.
SHHHHH. I'M AIMING.
BANG.
HA! YOU MISSED, DUMBASS!

DID I?
WHAT THE--?
DEAD-POOL, YOU SON OF A--

RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE...
KRASH!!
GOOD GOD!

WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK.
WHAT? BACK THERE? TO HELL WITH THAT!
NO, SHE'S RIGHT. THE ENTRANCE TO OUR SHELTER IS BACK THERE. WE'VE GOT TO CHECK.
OUCH.
Here comes the gang. Get a quip ready for them. Maybe something about the shifting real estate market.
I KILLED THE BUILDING.
Good enough.

KOFF KOFF
YOU SURE DID, CHAMP. MURDERED THAT EDIFICE WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE.
TYPICAL. YOU REALLY DO MANAGE TO LEAVE YOUR MARK EVERYWHERE YOU GO, DON'T YOU?
IT'S THE NATURAL RESULT OF MY DYNAMIC PERSONALITY.
AND EXPLOSIVES.
UH, IS THAT GIANT METAL DUDE STILL UNDER THERE? MAYBE WE SHOULD VACATE THE VICINITY.
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN WHO SURVIVES AN ENTIRE BUILDING FALLING ON HIM THAT JUST SENDS THE VIBES TO THE RIGHT PLACES, YOU KNOW?
AH-HA. SHE FINDS US INTERESTING AGAIN.

THE DORK IS RIGHT.
HEY.
THE COLLAPSE OF THAT BUILDING COMPLETELY BURIED THE ENTRANCE TO OUR SECRET HIDEOUT. THERE'S ANOTHER ENTRANCE BUT IT'S HIDDEN AND CODE-LOCKED.
WE NEED TO GET DOWN THERE AND MAKE SURE OUR PEOPLE ARE OKAY.
THANKS. DOESN'T CHARGE EXTRA FOR ROAMING, DOES IT?
TAKE THIS AND STAY IN TOUCH. MAYBE WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER AGAIN.
Yeah, right. She just wants us to stay in contact for a booty-call.
GOOD LUCK, GUYS. DON'T GET EATEN.
WELL, THERE SHE GOES. THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE WHO WILL SLEEP WITH YOU.
No way. We're definitely winning over Dr. Betty. Slowly. Very very very slowly.
YOU REALLY THINK SO?
No.

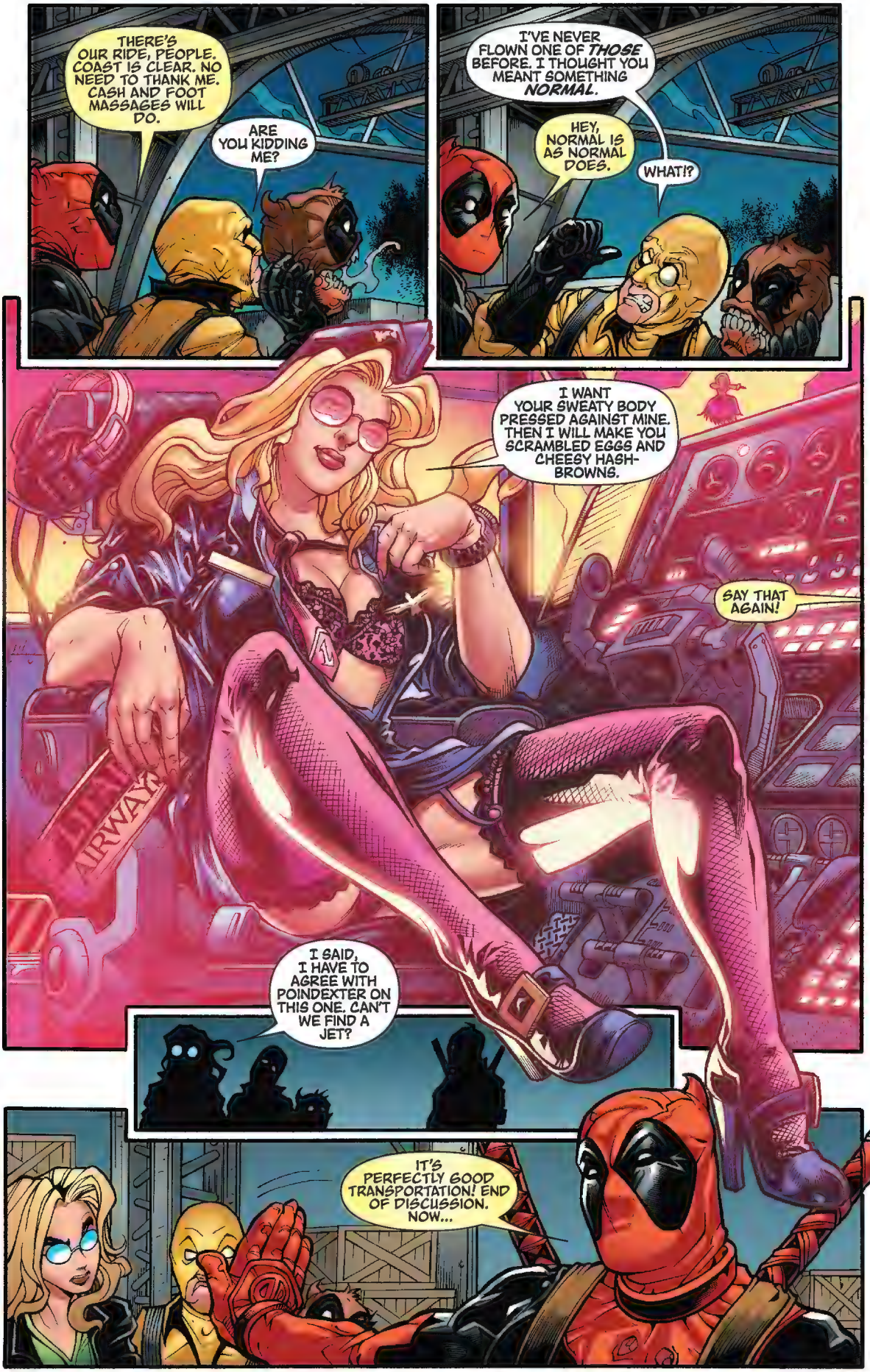
YOU KNOW, I REALLY FELT A LOT SAFER WITH THOSE GUYS AROUND.
THEY TOLD ME THEY NEVER LIKED YOU.
=SIGH=
OKAY, WE'VE BEEN IN THIS CRAPPY UNIVERSE LONG ENOUGH. TIME TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET HOME.
I KNOW. I KNOW.
REMEMBER WHAT SORCERER SUPREME VOO-DUDE SAID: THE DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY THINGY WAS OFF-KILTER WITH TIME AND SPACE.
I'M PRETTY SURE WE CAN CATCH MY UNDECAPITATED SELF BEFORE HE GOES THROUGH THE GATEWAY, TAKE MY BODY BACK, THEN USE THE PORTAL TO GET HOME. ALL WE NEED TO DO IS ARRANGE TRANSPORTATION TO CITRUSVILLE.
BACK TO THE SWAMP? GREAT. I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS WE'LL BE ASSAULTED BY THE GIANT SPINACH MONSTER AGAIN.
Giant spinach monster?
MAN-THING.
Ah.

OKAY, DADDY CAN TAKE A HINT. TIME TO EXERT SOME LEADERSHIP. BILL, IF WE FIND SOME AIR TRANSPORT, A VTOL OR CHOPPER OR SOMETHING, YOU CAN FLY IT, RIGHT?
I SUPPOSE... I MEAN, IT DEPENDS ON THE MODEL OF --
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES.
SO WE STEAL SOME TRANSPORT, HIT THE SWAMP, SUBDUE THE ALTERNA-VERSE ZOMBIE VERSION OF MYSELF, REUNITE SHORTY WITH HIS BODY, AVOID MAN-THING, THEN HOP THROUGH THE PORTAL AND HOPE IT'S NOT ON THE FRITZ.
WHAT COULD GO WRONG?
WHOA. WAIT. THIS PORTAL DOESN'T EXACTLY OBEY OUR COMMANDS EVEN WHEN IT *IS* WORKING.
HOW DO WE KNOW IT WON'T ZAP US OFF TO SOME DIMENSION WHERE WE'RE ALL TROPICAL BIRDS OR AMWAY SALES REPS?
WHEN I CAME THROUGH THE FIRST TIME, IT WAS TO *YOUR* UNIVERSE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CATCH ME A SECOND BEFORE I GO THROUGH... THEN WE GO THROUGH INSTEAD. SHOULD GO RIGHT TO YOUR WORLD AGAIN.
THEN ALL WE NEED TO DO IS FIND AN OPERATIONAL TRANSPORT SOMEWHERE IN THIS BLASTED LANDSCAPE.
I'LL CALL DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE.

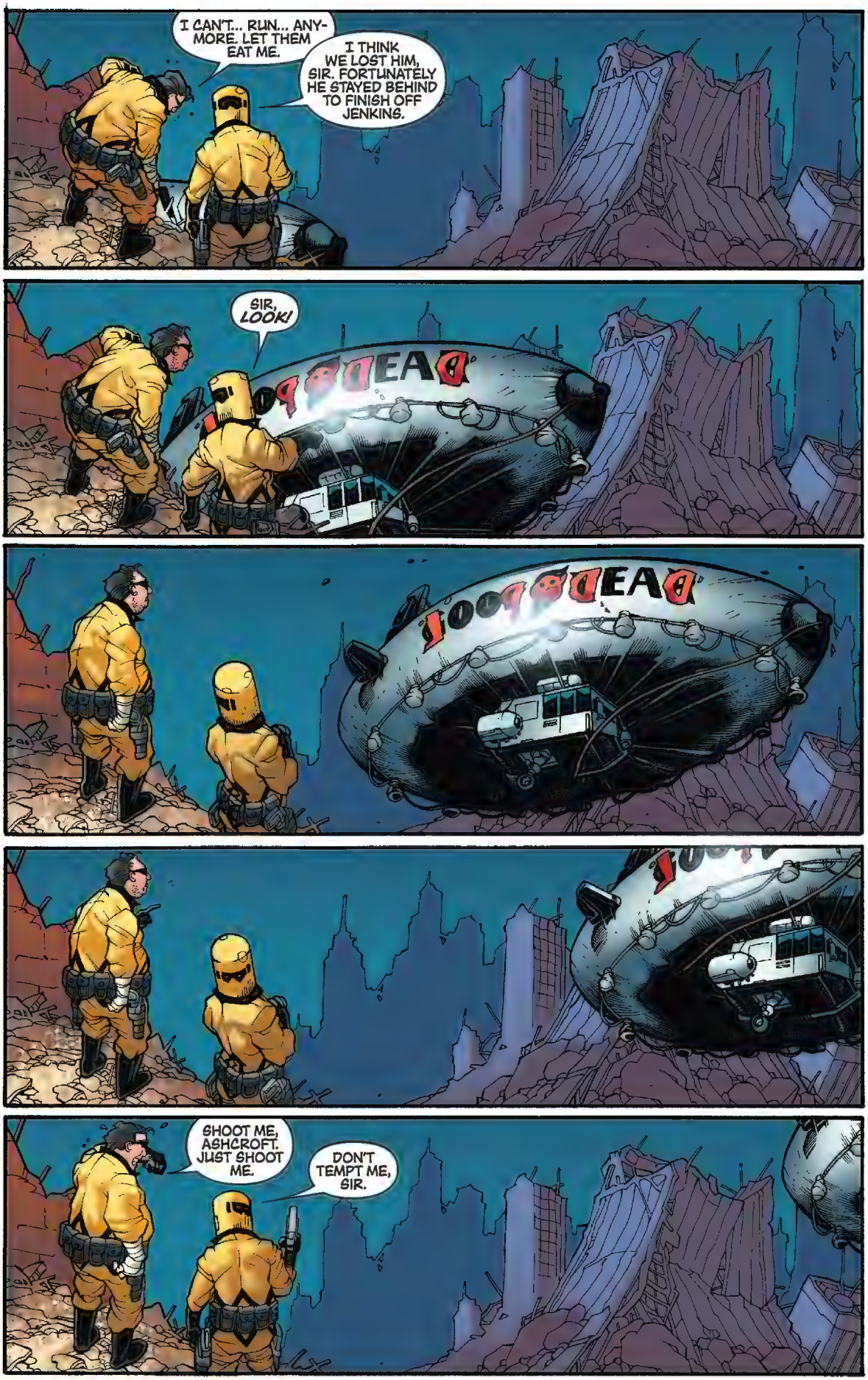
MEANWHILE...
WHO DID WE LOSE? *pant pant*
MANFRETTI AND JOHNSON. ZOMBIES TORE THEM APART WHILE THEY WERE STILL ALIVE.
MY GOD, THE SCREAMING. IT WAS H-HORRIBLE. LIKE A N-NIGHTMARE.
SMAK!
HEY!
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAN. WE'RE NOT LICKED YET.
BLLLLLT!
MMMMM. BLACKENED A.I.M. THUG. DELICIOSO!
BLAST THE EVIL BASTARD BACK TO HELL!

BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!
THE BANQUET CONTINUES!

P-PLEASE! D-DON'T EAT ME---
KRUNCH!
EEEEYAAAAHHHH!
THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE SUCKS, ASHCROFT.
YA THINK? COME ON!
YOU'RE NEXT, FELLAS! THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM FOR DESSERT!


THERE'S OUR RIDE, PEOPLE. COAST IS CLEAR. NO NEED TO THANK ME. CASH AND FOOT MASSAGES WILL DO.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
I'VE NEVER FLOWN ONE OF THOSE BEFORE. I THOUGHT YOU MEANT SOMETHING NORMAL.
HEY, NORMAL IS AS NORMAL DOES.
WHAT!?
I WANT YOUR SWEATY BODY PRESSED AGAINST MINE. THEN I WILL MAKE YOU SCRAMBLED EGGS AND CHEESY HASH-BROWNS.
SAY THAT AGAIN!
I SAID, I HAVE TO AGREE WITH POINDEXTER ON THIS ONE. CAN'T WE FIND A JET?
IT'S PERFECTLY GOOD TRANSPORTATION! END OF DISCUSSION. NOW...

MAN YOUR BLIMP!


I CAN'T... RUN... ANY-MORE. LET THEM EAT ME.
I THINK WE LOST HIM, SIR. FORTUNATELY HE STAYED BEHIND TO FINISH OFF JENKINS.
SIR, LOOK!
SHOOT ME, ASHCROFT. JUST SHOOT ME.
DON'T TEMPT ME, SIR.

KRAK!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU KNEW HOW TO FLY THIS THING.
WHAT!?
UH... GUYS?
WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH

CHAPTER 11

THE WAY OF THE MERCENARY

UH... GUYS? DO SOME-THING!
YOU WANT ME TO BLAST FRY 'EM? I COULD GO FOR SOME BLACKENED HUMAN. SORT OF CAJUN STYLE.
NO! I WANT THEM ALIVE. THEY ALWAYS TASTE BETTER WHEN THEY'RE KICKING A BIT.
OKAY, BILL. I WANT YOU TO DIG DEEP DOWN, TAP INTO YOUR INNER CHUCK YEAGER, AND GET ALL THE SPEED OUT OF THIS HEAP YOU CAN.
FOR GOD'S SAKE! IT'S A BLIMP!

IT'S AN AIRSHIP!
IT'S LIKE FLYING A WHALE'S ASS THROUGH A SKY FULL OF PUDDING!
THAT EXTRA WEIGHT SHOULD FORCE A LANDING. THEN IT'S CHOW TIME!
CRAP! WE'RE HEAVY! I NEED TO FIND A CLEAR PATCH TO PUT US DOWN -- HEY!
NEGATIVE, MR. BILL! WE'RE HITTING THE DRIVE-THRU WINDOW!
KRASHHHH!
KLANG
KLINKLE

DEAD-POOL, YOU SON OF A—
HOT SOUP COMING THROUGH!
THIS IS OUR STOP, PEOPLE. PARK THIS THING ALREADY.
THIS SUUUUUUUCKS.
BETTER HURRY. SHE'S SINKING FAST!
WHERE THE HELL'S HE GOING?
ARE YOU CRAZY!?
HEY, I'M THE GUY IN THE COSTUME. TIME TO DO MY THING.
YOO-HOO! DOWN HERE, HOT STUFF!

I'M NOT SO MUCH WITH THE BANTER, SO I'M JUST GONNA SAY BURN, YOU BASTARD!
ONE ORDER OF DEAD-POOL, MEDIUM RARE, COMING AT YA! AND A SIDE ORDER OF SASS. AS FOR ME...
I'LL HAVE THE SHISH KEBAB!
SHRIKK!

BAM!
L-LOUSY SON OF A B-BITCH. I NEEDED THOSE LEGS. WORST THING IS I'M S-STILL HUNGRY. DAMN IT, I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS. WHY? WHY!?
HEY.
THAT'S MY OTHER SWORD YOU GOT THERE.
SCHWING!

COME OUT, COME OUT, MY LITTLE SNACK CAKES. I GOTS THE FEVER FOR THE FLAVOR OF *YOUR FLESH!*
DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER THAN IT NEEDS TO BE. I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE UP. I'M *WAY* TOO HUNGRY FOR THAT. I'LL BITE YOUR THROAT OUT FIRST. IT'LL BE QUICK. I PROMISE.
DON'T BE A SUCKER, SPORT.
AND WHAT IF YOU GET THEM? WHAT IF YOU STUFF YOUR BIG FROZEN FACE UNTIL YOU'RE READY TO BUST? SO WHAT? YOU'LL BE HUNGRY AGAIN IN AN HOUR. AND THE AGONY STARTS UP AGAIN? THE BURNING, DESPERATE NEED. IT'S PATHETIC. OR YOU CAN KICK THE HABIT. LIKE ME.
I'M SUPPOSED TO ASPIRE TO THE STATUS OF A BODILESS HEAD?
OKAY, THAT'S A POINT FOR YOU.
NO OFFENSE, FREAK SHOW, BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GOING COLD TURKEY TODAY.
AH. IN THAT CASE, YOU SHOULD JUST CONSIDER ME...
A CONVENIENT DIVERSION.

EAT LEAD, FROSTY!
BLAMM!
BA-BLAMM!
BLAMM!
BLAMM!

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. I WAS AN *X-MAN,* FOR CRYING OUT LOUD. YOU GONNA TAKE ME DOWN WITH POP GUNS?
BEAT FEET, POINDEXTER.
NOT SO FAST!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MA'AM!
I'M PUTTING DESSERT ON ICE, AND THEN I'M COMING FOR *YOU,* MY LITTLE ENTRÉE.
OH HELL.
KRISSHCH!
SUCK IT, YOU @%#$*!
BLAM! BLAM!

FWISSH!
HEY!
SON OF A BITCH!
I DON'T MIND THAT YOU MADE ME WORK FOR IT A LITTLE. YOU'LL TASTE ALL THE SWEETER. NOT THAT I NEEDED TO STOKE MY APPETITE. I'M #%$@¢ STARVING MY FROZEN ASS OFF!
I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS.
NO!

BETTY'S UP THERE. SO WHAT'S THE PLAN? BETTER MOVE BEFORE SHE GETS EATEN.
And what has Betty ever done for you? Dude, let's take off, find ourselves a dimensional portal thingy and get the hell home.
You are not a hero. You're a mercenary.
SHE'S OUR FRIEND.
You sad, sorry sap. You *have* no friends.
SHUT UP!
A crazy severed head and a woman who finds you repulsive. These are your friends?
MAYBE IT'S *YOU* THAT KEEPS ME FROM CONNECTING WITH PEOPLE. EVER CONSIDER THAT? JERK.
DAMN IT, COULD YOU STUPID HEAD VOICES JUST SHUT UP FOR A --
-- HEY! LOOK WHAT'S PARKED OVER THERE.
NIFTY.

MEANWHILE...
THAT BUILDING COLLAPSE ALMOST COMPLETELY BLOCKED THE BACK ENTRANCE, AND IT'LL TAKE A WEEK TO CLEAR THE RUBBLE FROM THE FRONT DOOR. DAMN. WE DON'T NEED THIS RIGHT NOW.
WEINSTEIN, CHECK THE REACTOR. MAKE SURE IT'S SOUND.
RIGHT.
THE REST OF US WILL ORGANIZE TEAMS. WE NEED TO GO OVER EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THIS PLACE AND SEE WHAT SORT OF STRUCTURAL DAMAGE WE MIGHT HAVE.
I MUST SAY I'M GLAD WADE WILSON IS ON HIS MERRY WAY. I KNOW HE HELPED US, BUT HE WAS RATHER SOMETHING OF A DISTURBANCE ALSO. THE MAN IS OBVIOUSLY CRACKED. BRINGING A SKYSCRAPER DOWN ON TOP OF US WAS THE LAST STRAW.
NOBODY ASKED YOU, PROFESSOR PORTER.
RUMBLE
WHAT WAS IT? AN EARTH-QUAKE?
SOME UNSCHEDULED DEMOLITION.
OKAY, WE'LL GET HALF OF US INTO CLEAN-UP SQUADS WHILE THE OTHERS --
DO YOU GUYS HEAR SOMETHING?

MAYBE IT *IS* AN EARTH-QUAKE.
PROBABLY JUST RUBBLE SHIFTING OR--
RUMBLE RUMBLE
WHAT THE #@%$*?
RUMBLE RUMBLE
DADDY'S HOME!

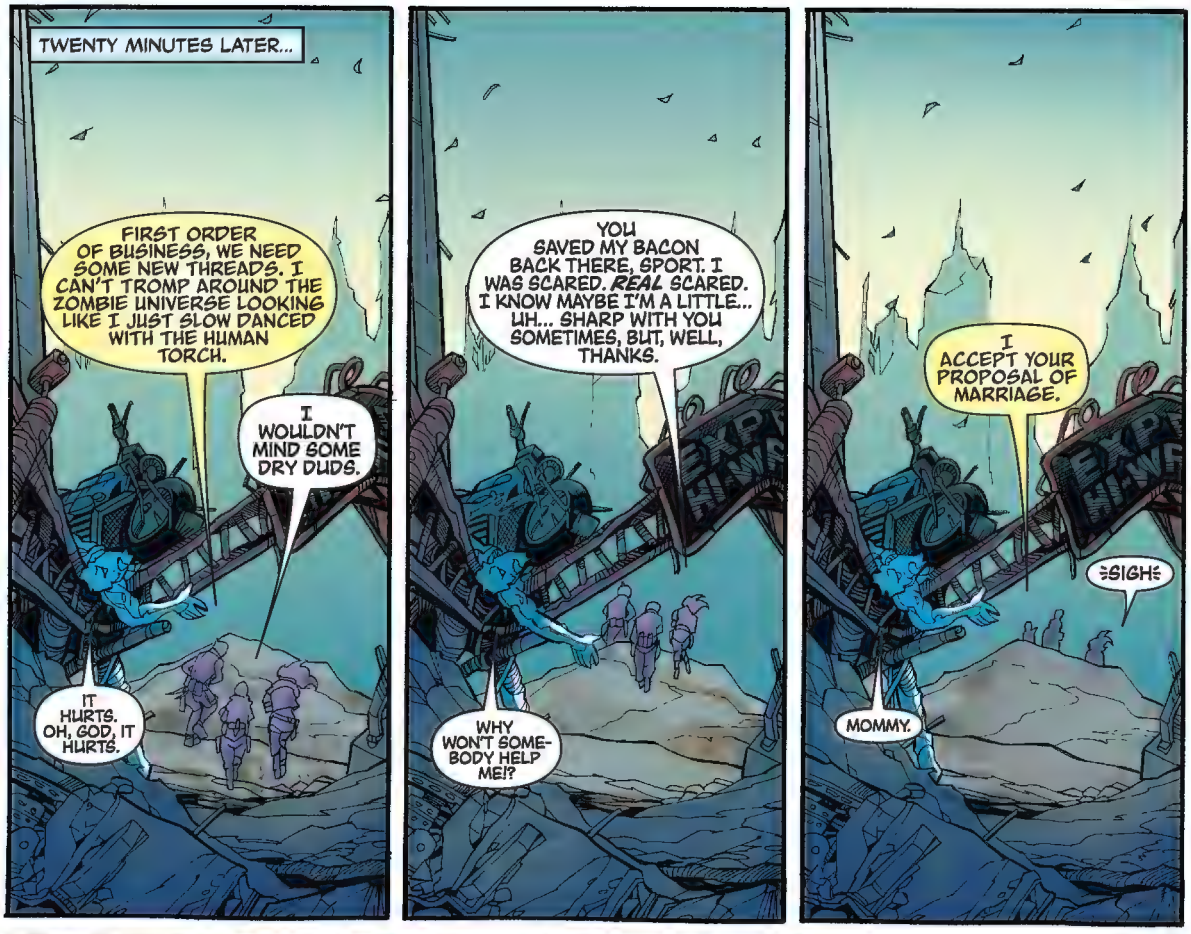
BLAM! BLAM!
IT'S USELESS! LIKE SHOOTING A TANK!
CLEAR OUT! EVERY-BODY CLEAR OUT NOW!
NOT SO FAST, PORKY. YOU LOOK JUICY.
HELP!
MMMMMMMMM
AAARRGGHH!
I'M SEALING IT OFF! AUTO-LOCKS ENGAGING!
BLANG!
I'M COMING THROUGH, AND WHEN I DO, IT'S CHOW TIME, BABY!

YOU'RE WEAK, SNOWBALL. YA CANDY-ASS. JERK.
EH?
I'M TRYING TO ENJOY A MEAL, YOU SORRY, BODILESS HUNK OF CRAP. WHY DON'T YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH?
YOU'RE THE PATHETIC ONE. ALSO YOUR HEAD IS BLOCKY AND FROZEN.
EVERY-THING I SAID BEFORE WAS TRUE. CHOW DOWN ON DR. SASSY PANTS, AND IT WILL TASTE SWEET. BELIEVE ME I KNOW HOW IT IS.
THAT EXQUISITE FIRST BITE WHEN THE WARM BLOOD SPRAYS IN YOUR MOUTH, HITS THE BACK OF YOUR THROAT. THE ENERGY SURGING THROUGH YOU AS SOFT FLESH RIPS AWAY, YOUR MEAL SCREAMING THE WHOLE TIME, THRASHING.
BUT THEN WHAT? YOU'VE GOT A FULL BELLY, SURE. HOW LONG DOES IT LAST? A FEW MINUTES? A LITTLE LESS EACH TIME. UNTIL YOU NEED ANOTHER FIX.
OR YOU CAN SAY IT STOPS NOW. YOU CAN DECLARE YOURSELF IN CHARGE OF YOUR OWN DESTINY. THAT YOU WON'T BE A SLAVE TO HUNGER. OH IT'LL HURT. THE HUNGER WILL GNAW AT YOU LIKE A THOUSAND WHITE-HOT AGONIES.
SO THE REAL QUESTION IS: DO YOU HAVE THE STONES FOR IT, SPORT? DO YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO LOOK THE DEVIL IN THE EYE AND DECLARE YOUR INDEPENDENCE?

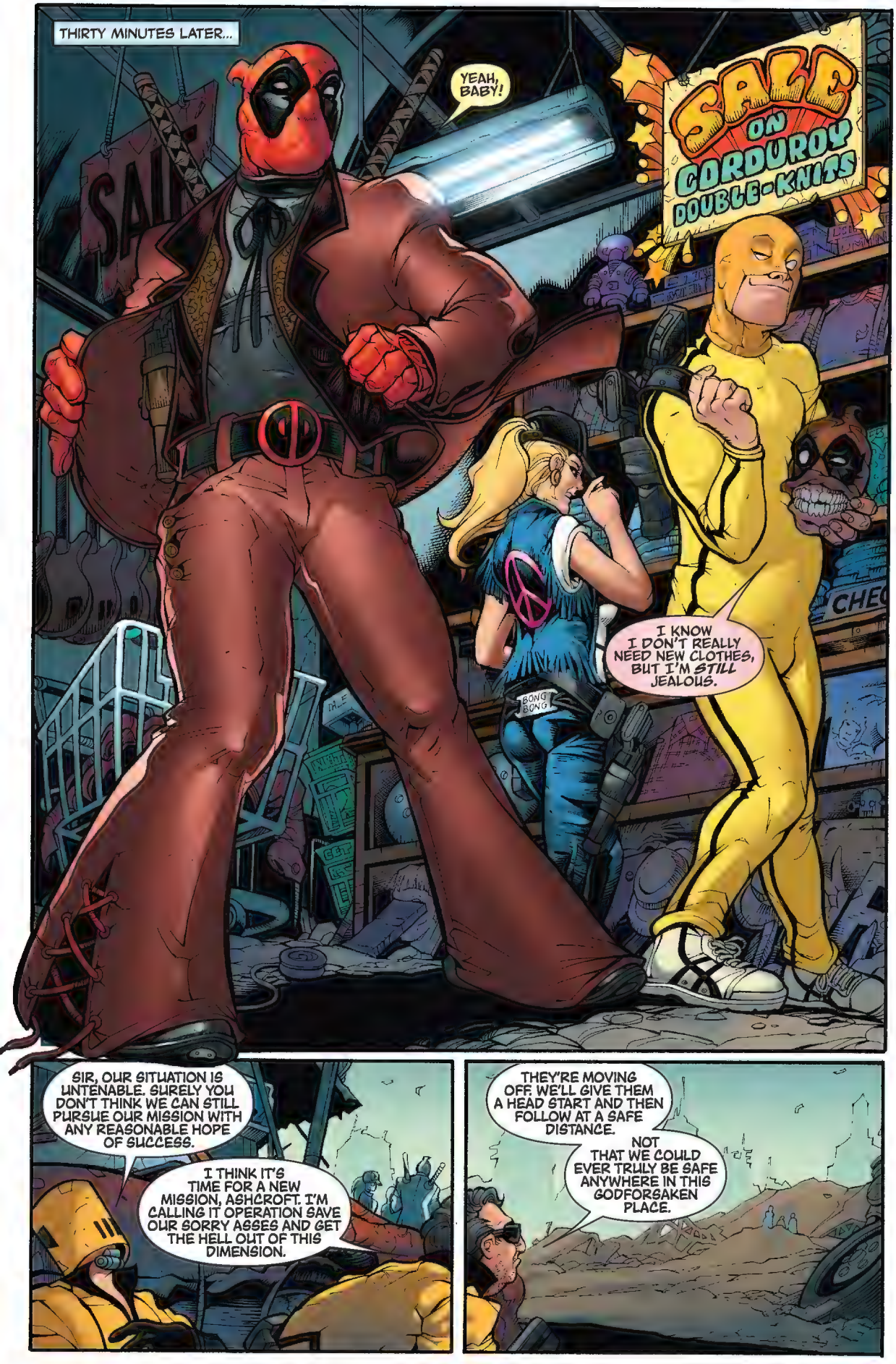
NO! IT'S TOO HARD. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I'VE WANTED TO BE FREE OF THE HUNGER. BUT... I CAN'T. EVERY MOMENT IS UNBEARABLE. I HAVE TO FEED!
DING!
WHAT THE...?
VRRRRRMMMM
SLAMM!
OOF!

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, EVEL KNIEVEL!
DO PEOPLE REMEMBER EVEL KNIEVEL?
People can look it up in Wikipedia if they don't know. Right now, focus on what you're doing.

OH, MY GOD! MY SPINE! I CAN'T FEEL MY LEGS. OH GOD! I CAN'T MOVE!
SOUNDS PAINFUL.
He'll be fine. Let's check on the gang.
KRAK
AAARKRRRGH!
G-GET ME OUT OF H-HERE. I'M F-FREEZING!
THERE'S A FIREMAN'S AX BY THAT FIRE EXTINGUISHER. WE'LL CHIP YOU OUT PRONTO.


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS, WE NEED SOME NEW THREADS. I CAN'T TROMP AROUND THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE LOOKING LIKE I JUST SLOW DANCED WITH THE HUMAN TORCH.
I WOULDN'T MIND SOME DRY DUDS.
IT HURTS. OH, GOD, IT HURTS.
YOU SAVED MY BACON BACK THERE, SPORT. I WAS SCARED. REAL SCARED. I KNOW MAYBE I'M A LITTLE... UH... SHARP WITH YOU SOMETIMES, BUT, WELL, THANKS.
WHY WON'T SOMEBODY HELP ME!?
I ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.
=SIGH=
MOMMY.

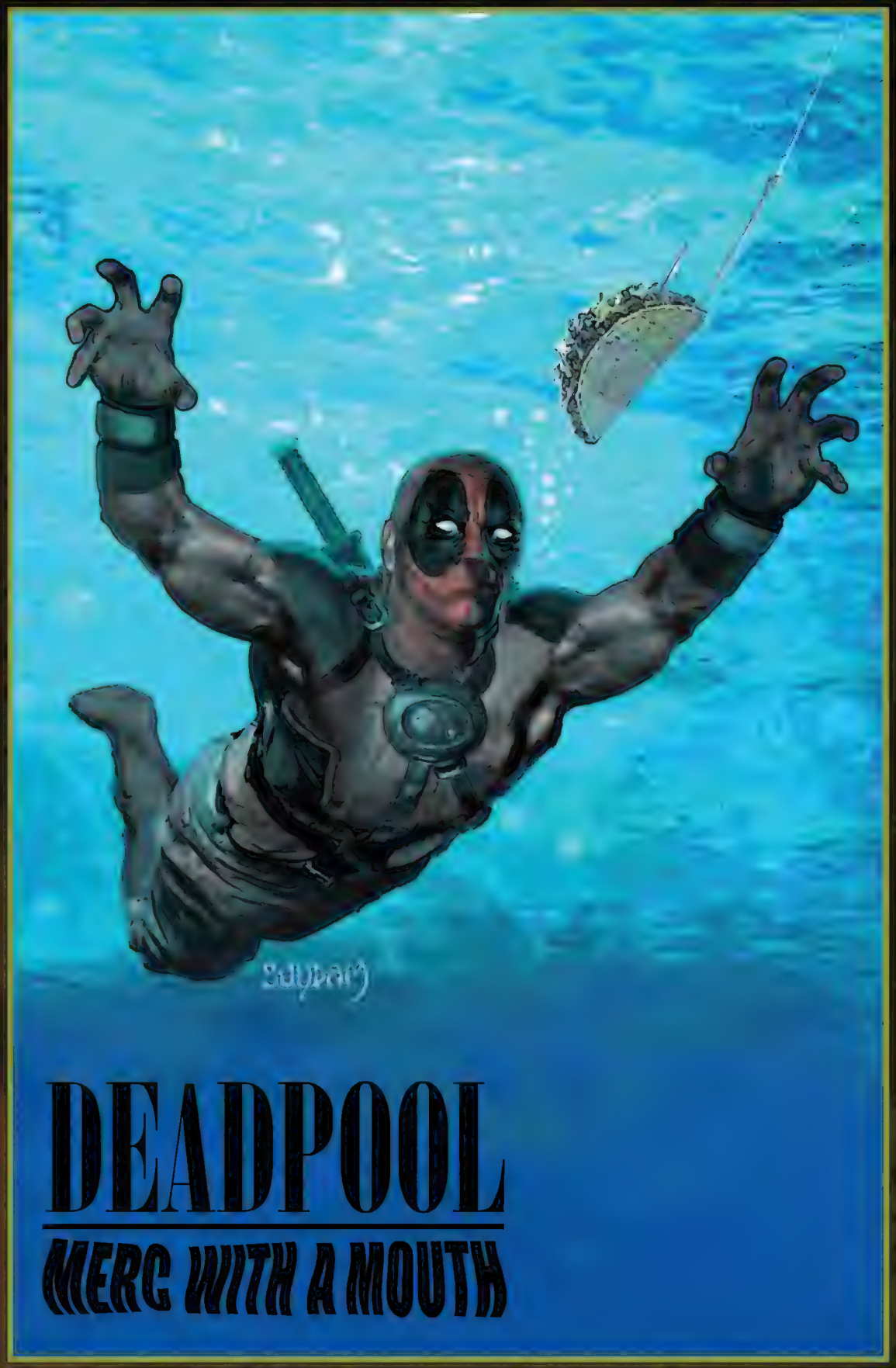
THERE'S A SPOT. I HOPE THEY HAVE A NICE SELECTION IN YELLOW.
SALE!


THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
YEAH, BABY!
SALE ON CORDUROY DOUBLE-KNITS
I KNOW I DON'T REALLY NEED NEW CLOTHES, BUT I'M STILL JEALOUS.
BONG BONG
SIR, OUR SITUATION IS UNTENABLE. SURELY YOU DON'T THINK WE CAN STILL PURSUE OUR MISSION WITH ANY REASONABLE HOPE OF SUCCESS.
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A NEW MISSION, ASHCROFT. I'M CALLING IT OPERATION SAVE OUR SORRY ASSES AND GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS DIMENSION.
THEY'RE MOVING OFF. WE'LL GIVE THEM A HEAD START AND THEN FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE.
NOT THAT WE COULD EVER TRULY BE SAFE ANYWHERE IN THIS GODFORSAKEN PLACE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR. IF WE'RE CHANGING THE MISSION, WHY ARE WE STILL IN PURSUIT OF MR. WILSON?
GUYS? YELLOW GUYS? A LITTLE HELP?
I DOUBT MR. WILSON OR BETTY SWANSON WANT TO SPEND ANY MORE TIME HERE THAN IS NECESSARY. AND WHEN THEY FIND THE WAY HOME, WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND THEM.
MR. WILSON IS A PROFESSIONAL MERCENARY. ONE OF THE BEST.
EVEN NOW HE'S PLOTTING SOME BRILLIANT SCHEME TO GET BACK TO HIS HOME DIMENSION.
WE'RE GOING TO NEED A NEW BLIMP.

UH... TO HELL WITH THAT, SIR.
GOT TO AGREE WITH THE NERD, SLICK. EVEN IF WE'D KEPT THE LAST ONE IN THE AIR, IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN US A ZILLION YEARS TO GET TO THE GATEWAY IN CITRUSVILLE.
BUT... BUT... BUT... WHY YOU GOTS TO DISS THE BLIMP!?
I'M FORCED TO AGREE WITH THE SKIRT, CHAMP. IF WE'RE GOING TO GET THERE AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT TO INTERCEPT ME WHILE I STILL HAVE A BODY BEFORE I GO THROUGH THE GATE, THEN WE NEED TO GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD. FAST.
OH, OKAY. LET ME SEE IF I CAN GET US SOME HELP.
DEADPOOL TO PROFESSOR VERONICA. COME IN, PROFESSOR VERONICA.
THIS IS VERONICA. WHAT'S YOUR SITUATION?
WE LOST OUR RIDE AND NEED A HAND. CAN YOU HELP US ARRANGE SOME TRANSPORT? THE SOONER THE BETTER. I MEAN, I FIGURE YOU'RE JUST DYING TO SEE ME IN MY NEW THREADS ANYWAY, RIGHT? DID I MENTION I GOT NEW THREADS?
I HEAR YOU, DEADPOOL. HAPPY TO MEET YOU IF YOU TRANSMIT YOUR LOCATION. BUT I'M AFRAID IT CAN'T BE IMMEDIATELY. WE'VE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE HERE.
WHEN CAN YOU MEET US?
HOW ABOUT DINNER-TIME?

I'LL BE READY FOR A BITE BY THEN.
EXIT



DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #12

YEAH, I HEAR YOU. THREE BLOCKS UP THEN WEST. ON THE ROOF. GOT IT. OVER-N-OUT.
OKAY, TEAM DEADPOOL, LISTEN UP. OUR LUSCIOUS PAL PROFESSOR VERONICA HAS COME THROUGH FOR US AGAIN. THE NEWS 17 CHOPPER IS ON A ROOF JUST A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE. A TEN-MINUTE WALK.
NO PROBLEM.

NO PROBLEM, HE SAYS. I'M GETTING TIRED OF CRAWLING OVER THE DEBRIS OF THIS DEFUNCT CIVILIZATION. WHAT AM I, SNAKE PLISSKEN?
OKAY, SO IT MIGHT TAKE A LITTLE EFFORT. BUT THE SOONER WE GET OUR MITTS ON SOME AIR TRANSPORT, THE SOONER WE GET TO CITRUSVILLE AND THE NEXUS OF ALL WHATCHA-CALL. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT I'M STARTING TO MISS MY CRAPPY APARTMENT.
AND PLEASE LEAVE THE POP CULTURE REFERENCES TO ME, DR. BETTY.
WATCH IT, KLUTZY.
SIR, I'M AFRAID OUR MISSION GOALS ARE NOW UNTENABLE.
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN OBVIOUS. I DON'T CARE ABOUT CAPTURING THE STUPID HEAD ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO GET OUR SORRY BUTTS BACK HOME.
THEN IF A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND DOESN'T HAVE ME EXECUTED, I CAN START REVISING MY RESUME.
I AM FULLY IN FAVOR OF YOUR ASS-SAVING PLAN, SIR. HOW SHALL WE GO ABOUT IT?
YOU HEARD THEM. THEY'VE GOT A HELICOPTER AND WANT TO GET BACK TO THE DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY. SOMEHOW WE NEED TO TAG ALONG.
SIR, MY GUT INSTINCT IS THAT MR. WILSON WILL NOT INVITE US TO COME ABOARD HIS HELI-COPTER.
YOU'RE HARSHING MY CREATIVITY, ASHCROFT.

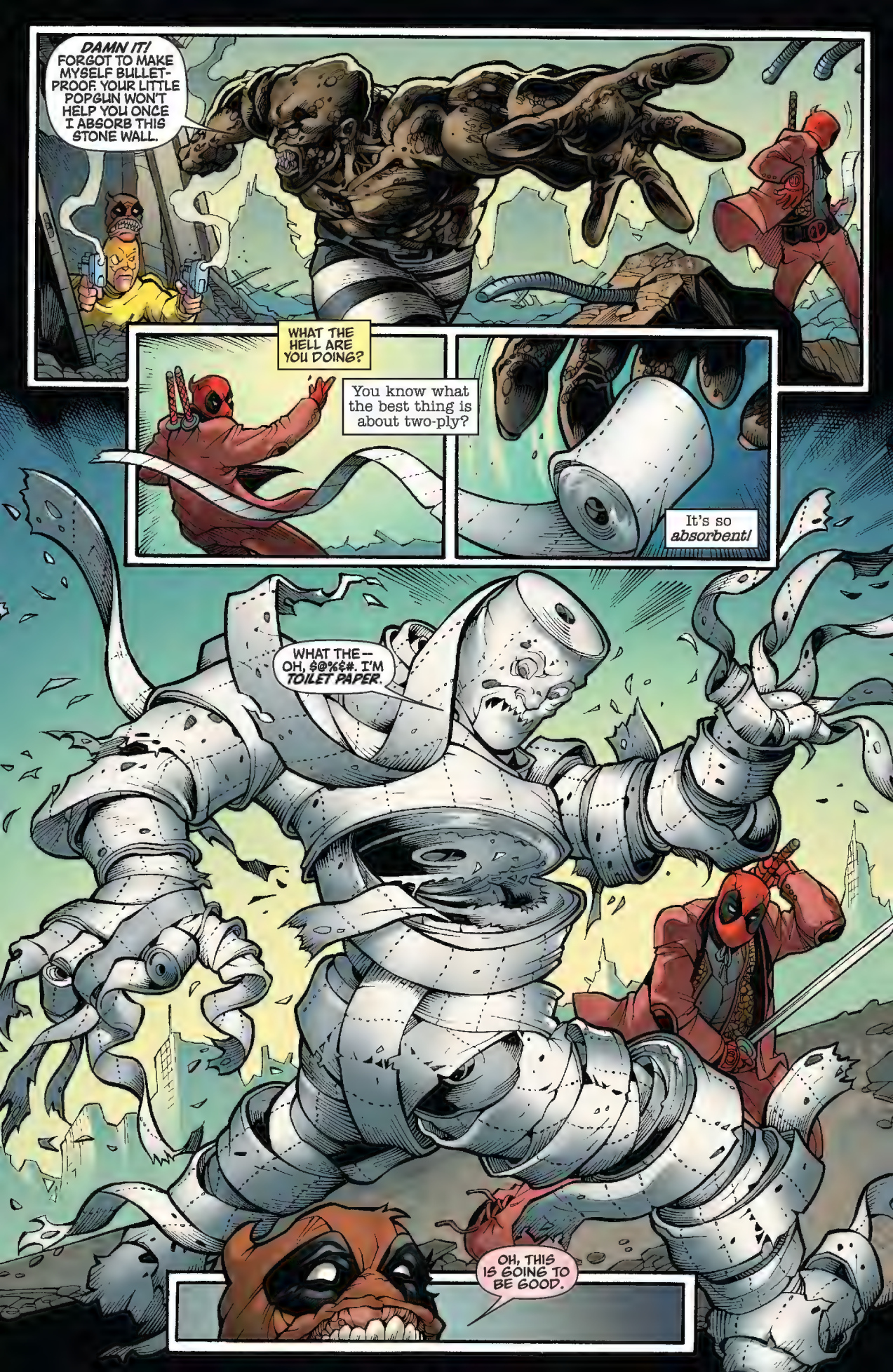
IT'S ALL SET. WE KNOW RIGHT WHERE THEY'RE GOING TO BE. ALL WE NEED TO DO IS SHOW UP FOR LUNCH.
SWEET. MAN, FIRST YOU RESCUE ME FROM THIS UNDERGROUND SCIENCE LAB PLACE, AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SHARE A HUMAN FLESH BANQUET. YOU GUYS ARE TOPS.
SHARE?
SNAP!
COME ON. WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST. WE DON'T WANT OUR FOOD FLYING AWAY IN CASE THAT HELI-COPTER IS ACTUALLY STILL THERE.
DAMN STRAIGHT. THE ONLY REASON I DIDN'T FINISH EATING YOU IS BECAUSE YOU PROMISED ME A BIGGER MEAL. SO LET'S GO GET IT.
GUYS, YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO LEAVE ME LIKE THIS, ARE YOU? GUYS?
AWWWW, YOU GUYS ARE @#%&* JERKS!

OKAY, PEOPLE, I DOUBT THE ELEVATOR WORKS, SO LET'S TAKE THE STAIRS. HEY, I'M THINKING FIFTY FLOORS AT MOST. MAYBE SIXTY.
I HATE YOU.
I APPRECIATE YOUR ALLOWING US A QUICK PIT STOP ON THE TWENTY-THIRD FLOOD, BUT DID YOU NEED TO BRING A SOUVENIR?
HEY, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN WE'LL NEED SOME TWO-PLY. BE *PREPARED*, DR. BETTY. BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE CANADIAN.
OH YEAH.
HEY =PANT PANT= WAIT UP, YOU GUYS. NOT LIKE YOU'RE GOING ANYWHERE WITHOUT ME. =PANT PANT= I AM THE *PILOT*.
SORRY I CAN'T HELP, BUT... YOU KNOW... NO LEGS.
DR. BETTY, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT WHEN WE SEE PROFESSOR VERONICA AGAIN, I'M GOING TO KEEP IT ONE HUNDRED PERCENT PROFESSIONAL. YOU KNOW, TO AVOID ANY AWKWARD MOMENTS OF TENSION.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I KNOW THAT OUR FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN BUDDING INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE --
YOU THINK WE HAVE A FRIENDSHIP?
A GRUDGING ADMIRATION FOR ONE ANOTHER?
NO.

PERHAPS IT'S MORE ACCURATE TO SAY YOUR COOL *TOLERANCE* OF ME IS BUDDING INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE -- *PROFESSOR VERONICA!* LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
OH CRAP.
MY DARLING DEADPOOL. I COULD NOT STAND TO BE AWAY FROM YOU. COME AND KISS ME.
MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.
SNAP OUT OF IT, IDIOT! SHE'S TURNED ZOMBIE!
SAY WHAT?
OH, YOU WANT MY *ATTENTION*, BITCH. THAT JUNK IN THE TRUNK WILL MAKE A TASTY DESSERT AFTER I'M DONE EATING THE MERC.

JUNK IN THE --
-- I'LL BLAST YOUR SCABBY FACE BACK TO HELL, ZOMBIE STRUMPET!
SHOOT HER THIS WAY, DR. BETTY, AND I'LL HACK HER HEAD OFF WITH --
SHADDUP, PUNK.
SMAK!

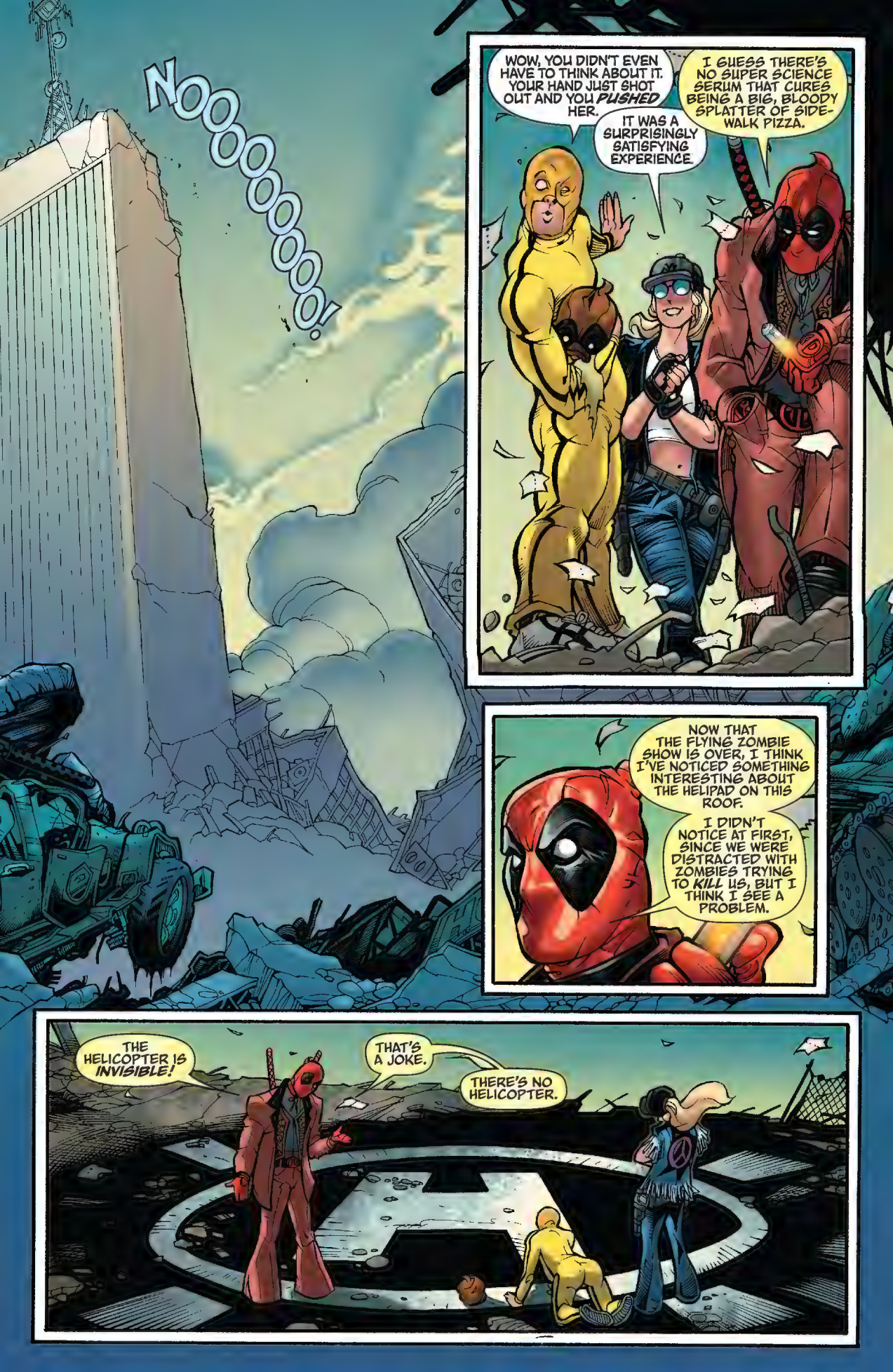
IRUNCH!
OOF
OH, YOU LOOK DELICIOUS, FLESH SO WARM AND PINK. HUNGER SO POWERFUL, THE EXQUISTE PAIN. I LONG FOR THE FEEL OF YOUR WARM BLOOD EXPLODING IN MY MOUTH WITH THE FIRST BITE!
YOU ARE WAY TOO INTO THIS.
DEADPOOL!
YOU KNOW, DR. BETTY, SOME OF US HAVE OUR OWN ZOMBIE PROBLEMS TO DEAL WITH.
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, PIP-SQUEAK. DON'T THINK I FORGOT ABOUT YOU DROPPING THAT BUILDING ON MY HEAD. NOW I'M GONNA FALL ON YOU LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.
EXIT
NICE SHOOTIN', TEX.
AAARRRRGH!
BLAMM BLAMM BLAMM!

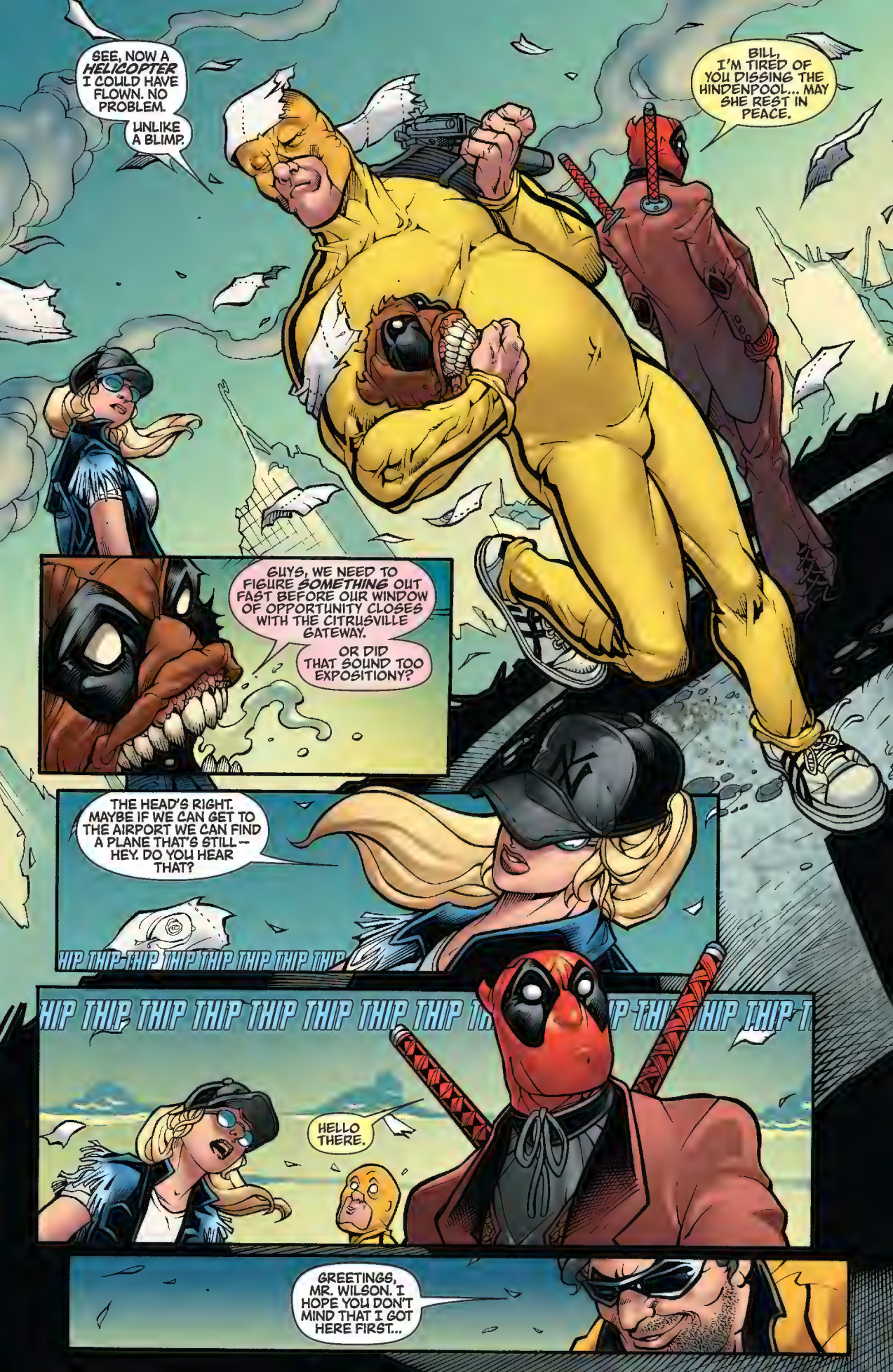

DAMN IT! FORGOT TO MAKE MYSELF BULLET-PROOF. YOUR LITTLE POPGUN WON'T HELP YOU ONCE I ABSORB THIS STONE WALL.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
You know what the best thing is about two-ply?
It's so absorbent!
WHAT THE-- OH, $@%$#. I'M TOILET PAPER.
OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD.

[MARVEL COMICS HAS REMOVED THIS TOILET PAPER JOKE. OUR APOLOGIES.]
SHRRRIP!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WENT THERE.
Dude, even I can't believe you said that.

swish Swash
Swish Swash
FLUSH ONE VILLAIN.
NOW YOU.
WAIT. HOLD ON. LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS.
DEAD-POOL, PLEASE. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN TO EACH OTHER.
YOU'VE *REALLY* LET YOURSELF GO SINCE THEN.
I OVERLOOKED YOUR SCARS! BE FAIR.
HEY! JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE LOW STANDARDS DOESN'T MEAN I DO!
NOW HOW DO YOU WANT IT? A QUICK SWORD SLICE OR DO WE PUSH YOU OFF THIS ROOF?
WAIT! SPARE MY LIFE AND I'LL GIVE YOU *THIS!*

IS THAT GATORADE? BECAUSE I PREFER ORANGE.
IT'S THE ONLY KNOWN VIAL OF SERUM IN THE WORLD THAT CURES THE ZOMBIE VIRUS. ALL I COULD SALVAGE AFTER THE LAB WAS SMASHED. IT NEEDS TO BE TAKEN WITHIN AN HOUR OF INFECTION OR IT'S USELESS. I WOULD HAVE TAKEN IT MYSELF BUT I WAS ALREADY PAST THE FIRST STAGE.
LET ME GO AND IT'S YOURS. OTHERWISE I TOSS IT OVER THE SIDE.
HUH. MIGHT BE GOOD TO HAVE THAT. IT'S A LONG TRIP TO CITRUSVILLE, AND SOMEBODY COULD GET BITTEN.
WORD.
OKAY. NO SHOOTING, NO DECAPITATION, NO TOSSING ME OFF THE BUILDING. PROMISE?
YEAH, YEAH. I *PROMISE*.
DR. BETTY DIDN'T PROMISE.


NOOOOOOOO!
WOW, YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT. YOUR HAND JUST SHOT OUT AND YOU *PUSHED* HER.
IT WAS A SURPRISINGLY SATISFYING EXPERIENCE.
I GUESS THERE'S NO SUPER SCIENCE SERUM THAT CURES BEING A BIG, BLOODY SPLATTER OF SIDEWALK PIZZA.
NOW THAT THE FLYING ZOMBIE SHOW IS OVER, I THINK I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING INTERESTING ABOUT THE HELIPAD ON THIS ROOF.
I DIDN'T NOTICE AT FIRST, SINCE WE WERE DISTRACTED WITH ZOMBIES TRYING TO *KILL* US, BUT I THINK I SEE A PROBLEM.
THE HELICOPTER IS *INVISIBLE!*
THAT'S A JOKE.
THERE'S NO HELICOPTER.


SEE, NOW A HELICOPTER I COULD HAVE FLOWN. NO PROBLEM.
UNLIKE A BLIMP.
BILL, I'M TIRED OF YOU DISSING THE HINDENPOOL... MAY SHE REST IN PEACE.
GUYS, WE NEED TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT FAST BEFORE OUR WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY CLOSES WITH THE CITRUSVILLE GATEWAY.
OR DID THAT SOUND TOO EXPOSITIONY?
THE HEAD'S RIGHT. MAYBE IF WE CAN GET TO THE AIRPORT WE CAN FIND A PLANE THAT'S STILL -- HEY. DO YOU HEAR THAT?
HIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP
HIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP THIP
HELLO THERE.
GREETINGS, MR. WILSON. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THAT I GOT HERE FIRST...

...AND BORROWED YOUR HELICOPTER.
IT EVEN HAS A FULL FUEL TANK.
NEWS 17
HEY, WE HAD DIBS ON THAT. RESPECT DIBS!
WE NEED EACH OTHER, WILSON. YOU NEED A RIDE, AND MY MAN AND I NEED YOU TO GET US THROUGH THAT SWAMP GATEWAY. HOW ABOUT IT, WILSON? DO WE HAVE A BARGAIN?
FINE. JUST LAND THE DAMN THING.
LET'S LET BYGONES BE BYGONES. WE HAVE A DEAL, RIGHT? YOU PROMISED TO GIVE US A RIDE.
THAT'S TWO PROMISES IN ONE DAY. WELL, WHY NOT? I PROMISE TO GIVE YOU A RIDE.

TEN MINUTES LATER...
ARE YOU ENJOYING THAT RIDE I PROMISED YOU?
YOU'RE A *LUNATIC!* FOR GOD'S SAKE PULL US UP! PULL US UP!
THIS IS SO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. YOU'RE NOT THE COMMANDER OF ANYTHING ANYMORE. WE'RE NOT PARTNERS EITHER. YOU WANT ME TO PULL YOU UP AND GET YOU TO THE GATEWAY? THEN YOU DO AS I SAY. NOT NEGOTIABLE.
ANYTHING!

I'M =PANT PANT= GETTING TOO OLD =PANT PANT= FOR THIS.
AND YOU DRINK TOO MUCH.
AND YOU COULD PROBABLY STAND TO LOSE A FEW POUNDS.
AND YOU SMELL LIKE OLD CIGARETTES AND FRIED BOLOGNA.
WAIT, THAT'S NOT REALLY RELEVANT, IS IT? FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT WE WERE JUST RANDOMLY INSULTING YOU.
GUYS, WE GOT A FAST CHOPPER HERE, BUT SHE'S NOT BUILT FOR LONG RANGE.
I'M CHECKING FOR LIKELY AIRPORTS ALONG THE WAY, SO WE CAN REFUEL. WE'RE CUTTING IT CLOSE, BUT I THINK WE CAN MAKE IT BEFORE ZOMBIE DEADPOOL GOES INTO THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES.
NOW ALL WE NEED TO DO IS DEVISE A PLAN TO GET MY BODY BACK. IT'LL BE GOOD TO SCRATCH AGAIN.
YES, BUT FIRST, WE MUST DEVISE A WAY TO PASS THESE LONG HOURS OF AIR TRAVEL. =AHEM=
TWO-HUNDRED-FIFTY THOUSAND CANS OF FRESCA ON THE WALL TWO-HUNDRED-FIFTY THOUSAND CANS OF FRESCA! TAKE ONE DOWN, PASS IT AROUND...
SIR, PERHAPS THIS WAS A BAD IDEA.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
VALDOSTA REGIONAL AIRPORT
...LEAVING ONE CAN OF FRESCA ON THE WAAAAAAALLLLLL!!!
AND THAT'S HOW YOU SING THAT SONG. I KEPT WAITING FOR YOU GUYS TO JOIN IN.
HOW'S THAT REFUELING COMING?
JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, MR. WILSON.
FOUND A COUPLE OF FULL VENDING MACHINES INSIDE, SO AT LEAST WE CAN EAT.
AND BEFORE YOU ASK, NO THERE WASN'T ANY #€$% FRESCA.
HANDS OFF THOSE FUNYUNS!
ASHCROFT...
...I HAVE AN IDEA.

SIR, I BEG YOU, *PLEASE* DON'T HAVE AN IDEA.
I THOUGHT WE WERE LICKED, ASHCROFT, BUT WE CAN STILL COMPLETE OUR MISSION AND PERHAPS SAVE FACE WITH A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND.
LOOK HOW LAX THEY ARE. THEY THINK THEY HAVE US WHIPPED. THEY'D NEVER EXPECT A SUDDEN BOLD MOVE. AND BETTY SWANSON HAS MARKED THE LOCATION OF THE NEXUS ON THE MAP. WE DON'T *NEED* THEM ANYMORE. WE CAN GRAB THAT HEAD AND *STRAND* THEM HERE.
FLAMMABLE
SIR, WILSON WILL *KILL* US!
I DIDN'T KNOW MILKY WAY CAME WITH RAISINS.
THOSE AREN'T RAISINS.
SIGH I'M GOING TO CHECK ON THE REFUELING.
OUR CONVERSATION EARLIER WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN UNFORTUNATE ZOMBIE ATTACK, DR. BETTY.
WITH DANGER ALL AROUND US, DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD DECLARE OUR FEELINGS FOR ONE ANOTHER BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE?*
WHAT?
I DIG YOU OKAY, AND YES, PART OF IT IS THAT YOUR GLASSES REMIND ME OF THIS REALLY HOT LIBRARIAN FROM A VIDEO I RENTED ONE TIME, BUT IT'S *MORE* THAN THAT. YOU'RE TOUGH AND RESOURCEFUL. NOT A LOT OF CHICKS COULD TAKE THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE IN STRIDE AS WELL AS YOU HAVE.
I DON'T KNOW, DEADPOOL. YOU DO AND SAY *EVERY-THING* WRONG, AND YET SOMEHOW IT ALL WORKS. YOU IMPRESS ME IN A WAY THAT I NEVER EXPECTED.

SHE DIDN'T VOMIT. THIS IS A HUGE STEP FORWARD.
Pour on the charm, champ. Remember, chicks love knock-knock jokes.
ARE YOU STILL A LOYAL AGENT OF A.I.M. OR NOT?
GEE, FELLAS, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I'VE BEEN JUST SORT OF SWEPT UP IN EVENTS. FRANKLY I FIGURED EVEN IF WE DID GET HOME, WE WOULD ALL BE FIRED.
WRONG. WE'VE GOT A PLAN TO COMPLETE OUR MISSION AND WE NEED YOU TO SOLDIER UP, MISTER. NOW WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?
HEY, I JOINED A.I.M. AS A PILOT FOR THE BENEFITS AND UNIFORM ALLOWANCE. I DIDN'T EXPECT SO MUCH GUNPLAY AND EXPLOSIONS, AND I SURE AS HECK DIDN'T EXPECT ZOMBIES. IF I WASN'T FIRED I WOULD PROBABLY QUIT ANYWAY.
SORRY, SIR, BUT I'M OUT.
I... SEE.
ASHCROFT.
KLUNK!

PLUS I CAN DO LIKE A HUNDRED PUSHUPS IN A MINUTE. NO LIE. I CAN SHOW YOU RIGHT NOW.
MAYBE THIS CONVERSATION WAS A BAD IDEA.
A ZOMBIE POSSE! LIKE FIFTY OF THEM, COMING AROUND THE TERMINAL AND HEADING THIS WAY.
WE'LL SLOW THEM DOWN AND GIVE BILL ENOUGH TIME TO CRANK UP THE CHOPPER. LET'S MOVE!
SNATCH!
HEY, HEY, EASY ON THE MERCHANDISE, BIG GUY!

THERE'S A LOT LESS SWARMING HERE THAN I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE.
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
OH, HELL.
HEY! SHOULDN'T WE BE ON THAT CHOPPER?
OH, MY GOD, THEY'RE STEALING THE HEAD.
HA!
IN YOUR FACE, MR. BIG SHOT MERCENARY! I GOT THE PRIZE, AND YOU AND DR. SWANSON CAN COOL YOUR HEELS FOREVER IN THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE. SO LONG, SUCKERS.

JUST ME AND YOU NOW, DR. BETTY. IT'S UP TO US TO REPOPULATE THE EARTH.
WILL YOU SHUT UP AND *THINK* OF SOMETHING!?
AS FOR YOU, KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE.
I JUST WANT TO GET YOU THROUGH THE GATEWAY AND HAND YOUR UGLY MUG OVER TO A.I.M. HIGH COMMAND.
I REALLY HATE TO FALL OFF THE WAGON, BUT YOU HAVE THIS COMING.
YEEEEEEOOOOW!!!
CHOMP!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?
RIGHT NOW THE ZOMBIE VIRUS IS RACING THROUGH YOUR BLOODSTREAM. IF YOU WANT TO LIVE...
...YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH ME.

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #13

"HUNGRY HUNGRY DEADPOOL"

THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS. THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS. THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS. NOT WITH A BANG...
"...BUT WITH A WHIMPER."
OH *PLEASE* PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE GIVE ME THE SERUM!
I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT YOU STOLE OUR CHOPPER AND LEFT US TO DIE IN THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE.
AND THAT WAS *WRONG*. TOTALLY AND COMPLETELY WRONG.
WE SEE THAT NOW.
BUT LOOK WHAT THAT LITTLE ZOMBIE HEAD BASTARD DID TO ME. I *NEED* THAT SERUM BEFORE THE VIRUS TURNS ME INTO SOME FLESH-EATING FREAK!
OH, GOD, *HELP* ME!

OH, YOU WANT THIS? THE ONE AND ONLY DOSE OF ANTI-ZOMBIE POTION IN THE ZOMBIE UNIVERSE? LET'S START THE BIDDING AT FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.
YOU'VE GOT IT ON YOU, RIGHT?
DON'T GIVE IT TO THE FAT JERK!
YEAH! HE HIT ME WITH A WRENCH.
AND I WOULDN'T MIND EATING THE REST OF HIM NOW THAT I HAVE THE TASTE AGAIN.
HAVE MERCY!
MERCY? YOU MUST BE THINKING OF SOME OTHER DEADPOOL.
TELL YOU WHAT. YOU PROMISE TO BE MY SLAVE FOREVER AND BRING ME BREAKFAST IN BED EVERY MORNING, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SERUM.
THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU!
GLUG GLUG GLUG
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY GAVE IT TO THE SON OF A BITCH.
YES, I'M RATHER SURPRISED, TOO.
=BLECH=
NOT VERY TASTY. THE FLAVOR IS DISTURBINGLY... FAMILIAR.

NOW THAT WE'VE UNZOMBIED YOU, LET'S PLEASE ALL GET ABOARD DEADPOOL AIRWAYS. YOUR STEWARDESS WILL BE AROUND TO TAKE YOUR DRINK ORDER NEVER. SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP AND ENJOY THE RIDE.
BILL TELLS ME HE *THINKS* THE FUEL WILL STRETCH ALL THE WAY TO CITRUSVILLE WITH THIS LAST FILL-UP, AND SINCE WE HAVE A VERY NARROW WINDOW TO GET THROUGH THE NEXUS OF A WHATCHACALL, WE'RE GONNA GO FOR IT.
FULL SPEED AHEAD, MR. BILL.
AND SO THEY JOURNEYED TO THAT UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY, FROM WHOSE BOURN NO TRAVELLER RETURNS.
WHAT ARE YOU, THE NARRATOR?
Thought I'd class it up a little for the final issue.
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE DRAGGING THESE TWO SCHMUCKS ALONG.
HEY!
ZOMBIE FODDER, MILADY. IF THE SHAMBLING FLESH EATERS ARE CHEWING ON *THEM*, IT'LL GIVE US TIME TO ESCAPE.

RELAX. I ONLY MEAN IN A CASE OF EXTREME CONVENIENCE.
I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT A REFERENCE FROM THE A.I.M. ORGANIZATION FOR YOUR NEXT MERCENARY ENTERPRISE, MR. WILSON. WE HIRED YOU TO RETRIEVE THE DEADPOOL ZOMBIE HEAD SO IT COULD BE TURNED INTO A BIOLOGICAL WEAPON. INSTEAD YOU BETRAYED US AND HAVE BEEN NO END OF TROUBLE.
UH...
WE ALL APPRECIATE THE RECAP, SPARKY, BUT I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT THAN ANOTHER BLOT ON MY PERMANENT RECORD.
=GROAN=
GENTLEMEN, I FEEL... A BIT... STRANGE.
NOT GOOD.
AAAAAAAND THAT'S RIGHT AT THE EIGHTEEN MINUTE MARK.

AND, PRAY TELL, JUST WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, MY DEVIANT LADDO?
I NEEDED TO KNOW HOW LONG FROM THE INITIAL BITE IT TOOK FOR SOMEBODY TO START SHOWING ZOMBIE SIGNS. YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK I WAS GOING TO GIVE THE ONLY DOSE OF SERUM IN EXISTENCE TO *THIS GUY*, DID YOU?
BILL, FLY US OVER A NICE STRETCH OF HIGHWAY.
WHY YOU SON OF A--
--WAIT. IF IT WASN'T SERUM, THEN WHAT DID I *DRINK*?
WELL, UH, I HAD LIKE *TWENTY* CANS OF MOUNTAIN DEW BACK AT THE AIRPORT, AND *MAN* MY BLADDER WAS READY TO POP.
THAT'S IT! YOU WANTED A ZOMBIE, WELL YOU GOT ONE, BUDDY. I'M GONNA EAT YOUR GIZZARD OUT, CHEW ON YOUR ENTRAILS AND SUCK ON YOUR BRAIN. I'M GONNA EAT YOUR HEART! YOUR LUNGS, YOUR--

ENOUGH ALREADY!
SHUV!
NEWS 17
C-5X
NOOOOOOO!
AH. NOTHING SPLATS A BODY BETTER THAN A NICE SOLID PIECE OF ASPHALT.
SPLATT!

I QUIT.
BUCK UP, PAL. HE NEVER TREATED YOU RIGHT ANYWAY.
SO... ANY REASON I SHOULDN'T SEND YOU FLYING OUT AFTER HIM?
UH... ZOMBIE FODDER?
WELL PLAYED, SIR.
SO *WHY* DID YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE ZOMBIE VIRUS TO TAKE EFFECT?
OH, DON'T ASK HIM THAT.
SO I CAN PLAN ACCORDINGLY WHEN I INTENTIONALLY *INFECT* MYSELF, OF COURSE.
I *KNEW* I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW THAT.
AND WHAT, YOU ASK, IS DEADPOOL'S FIENDISHLY CLEVER PLAN? WELL YOU SHOULD ASK, DEAR READERS. STAY TUNED!
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING ANYWHERE, DOOFUS. IT'S ONLY PAGE SEVEN.

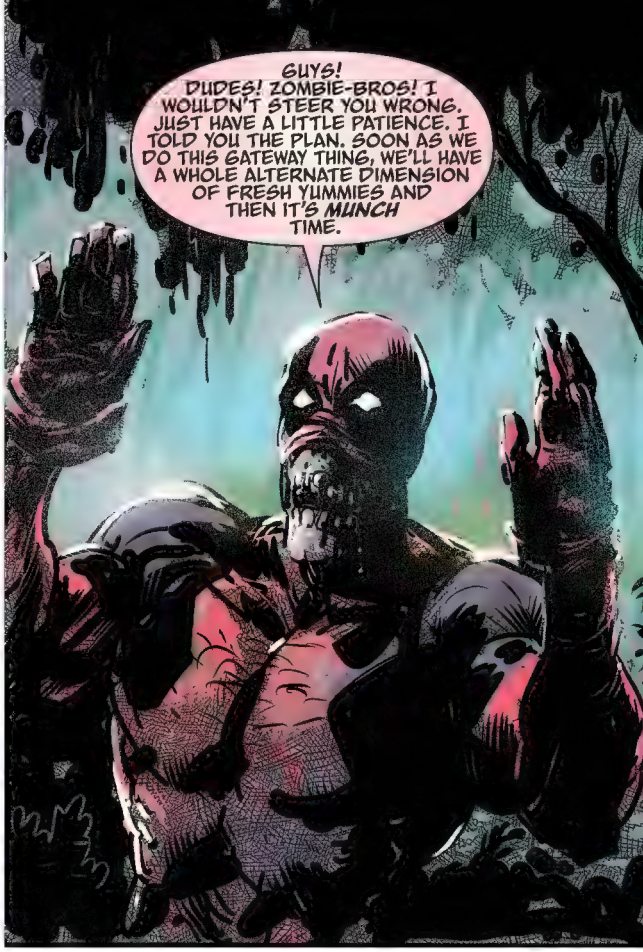
ONE FUEL TANK LATER...
UH... GUYS?
Thip Thip SPUTTER Thip Thip Thip Thip Thip SPUTTER!
THE TANK IS BONE DRY. WE'RE GOING DOWN.
HOW SOON?
NOW!
DO I HAVE TIME TO PUT MY SEATBELT ON OR--
SHLOOSH-
KWOOSH
WAAAST
LAWD

#$@^%.
I'M TIRED OF THIS CRAP. WHEN I FINALLY GET HOME I'M GOING TO LIE ON THE COUCH FOR THREE DAYS IN A ROW, EATING DORITOS AND WATCHING *MISS CONGENIALITY* OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
BONG BONG
YES, DR. BETTY, WE ALL KNOW SANDRA BULLOCK SOOTHES THE ACHES OF THE WORLD, BUT WE CAN'T REST YET.
GATHER WHATEVER GUNS AND AMMUNITION WE STILL HAVE. WE'VE GOT TO BE CLOSE. WE'LL HOOF IT THE REST OF THE WAY.
THIS ALL *REALLY* SEEMS FAMILIAR.
OF COURSE IT DOES, IDIOT. WE *CRASHED* IN THE *SAME* DAMN SWAMP IN THE *OTHER* DIMENSION.
THUS DID BILL STUMBLE UPON THE WISDOM OF THE UNIVERSE. THE WHEEL SPINS AS THE WORLD TURNS. ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE SHALL HAPPEN AGAIN. THOSE WHO DO NOT LEARN FROM HISTORY ARE DOOMED TO REPEAT--
WE CAN *HEAR* YOU, YOU STUPID HEAD!
YEESH. TAKE A CHILL PILL, EYE CANDY.

OKAY, PUT A SOCK IN IT, PEOPLE. TIME TO MARCH THROUGH THE SWAMP.
AGAIN.
I'M SORT OF WORRIED ABOUT *ALLIGATORS*. SAVAGE BIG LIZARDS. I'VE HEARD FLORIDA SWAMPS ARE LOUSY WITH THEM.
AND SNAKES.
AND LEECHES.
STOP IT! I ALREADY HAVE ENOUGH TO STRESS ABOUT!
THE LAST THING I NEED IS A BUNCH OF WORRIES ABOUT WHAT MIGHT BE LURKING OUT HERE.

MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SWAMP...
KLANK!
DAMN IT, DEADPOOL! YOU INVITED US ALONG TO EAT. NOT TO GET EATEN!
OH, BOO HOO. CAN'T YOU JUST ENJOY THE LOCAL WILD-LIFE?
SLASH
CHAPTER 7: SWAMP TREK REPRISE

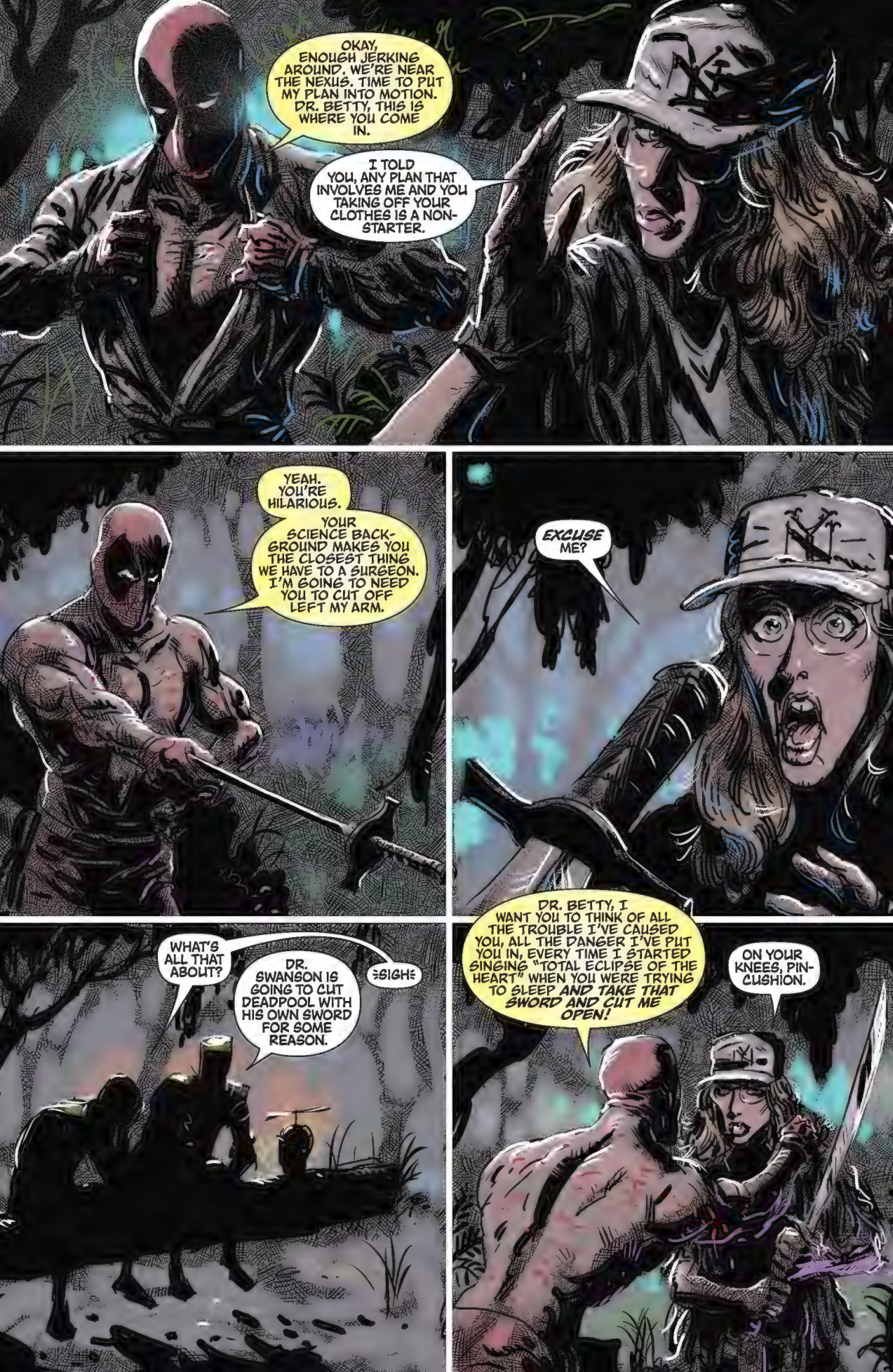
NO.
WE AIN'T HERE FOR NO NATURE WALK. YOU PROMISED US REAL HUMAN *MEAT*.


GUYS! DUDES! ZOMBIE-BROS! I WOULDN'T STEER YOU WRONG. JUST HAVE A LITTLE PATIENCE. I TOLD YOU THE PLAN. SOON AS WE DO THIS GATEWAY THING, WE'LL HAVE A WHOLE ALTERNATE DIMENSION OF FRESH YUMMIES AND THEN IT'S *MUNCH* TIME.

BUT I RAN INTO THAT ARMADILLO GUY BACK IN THE CITY. SAID HE WAS HUNTING DOWN A.I.M. AGENTS TO EAT AND THAT BIG BALD LUMMOX CREEL HAS GONE MISSING. I SMELL SOMETHING'S UP. SO I NEED *YOU* GUYS TO WATCH MY BACK.

PREHISTORIC REPTILES ARE THE LEAST OF OUR CONCERNS.

I'M NEVER GOING TO BE DRY AGAIN.
OKAY, FIVE MINUTES REST THEN WE HEAD OUT AGAIN.
JUST ENOUGH TIME FOR A CONVERSATIONAL INTERLUDE WHERE WE EXPLORE THE OBVIOUS SEXUAL TENSION BETWEEN US.
NO.
MAN, DO I MISS THE SPACE STATION. I MEAN IT WAS CRAMPED, BUT ALWAYS HOT SHOWERS, THREE SQUARES A DAY.
THERE WAS THIS VENDING MACHINE DOWN ON C DECK THAT HAD ZINGERS.
I LOVE ZINGERS.
LITTLE DID THEY KNOW THAT HEADPOOL HAD ONCE AGAIN DEVELOPED THE CRAVING FOR HUMAN FLESH.
YES, BITING THE A.I.M COMMANDER'S FINGER HAD RESPARKED THE OBSCENE DESIRE TO FEED, AND NOW HEADPOOL SPENT HIS EVERY WAKING MOMENT IMAGINING THE SOFT FLESH BENEATH THEIR YELLOW NERD OUTFITS.
YEAH, I KNOW I SAID THAT OUT LOUD.
SO WHAT?


OKAY, ENOUGH JERKING AROUND. WE'RE NEAR THE NEXUS. TIME TO PUT MY PLAN INTO MOTION. DR. BETTY, THIS IS WHERE YOU COME IN.
I TOLD YOU, ANY PLAN THAT INVOLVES ME AND YOU TAKING OFF YOUR CLOTHES IS A NON-STARTER.
YEAH. YOU'RE HILARIOUS.
YOUR SCIENCE BACK-GROUND MAKES YOU THE CLOSEST THING WE HAVE TO A SURGEON. I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO CUT OFF LEFT MY ARM.
EXCUSE ME?
WHAT'S ALL THAT ABOUT?
DR. SWANSON IS GOING TO CUT DEADPOOL WITH HIS OWN SWORD FOR SOME REASON.
:SIGH:
DR. BETTY, I WANT YOU TO THINK OF ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE CAUSED YOU, ALL THE DANGER I'VE PUT YOU IN, EVERY TIME I STARTED SINGING "TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART" WHEN YOU WERE TRYING TO SLEEP AND TAKE THAT SWORD AND CUT ME OPEN!
ON YOUR KNEES, PIN-CUSHION.

OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OW OOOOOWWWW!
DR. BETTY, YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS TOO MUCH.
WELL, THAT WAS COMPLETELY HORRIBLE. I NEVER WANT TO DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT AGAIN.
OKAY ≠PANT PANT≠ NOW I NEED YOU TO ≠PANT PANT≠ SLICE A HUGE HOLE IN MY SHOULDER.
OH, COME ON!

DR. BETTY, I'M GOING TO START HEALING SOON, SO SCREW YOUR COURAGE TO THE STICKING PLACE AND *HACK AWAY!*

THIS IS *SO* NOT IN MY JOB DESCRIPTION.

THWAK!

YEEEEEEEOOOOOWWW!

OKAY. THAT STINGS.
DR. BETTY, I HAVE ONE LAST THING FOR YOU TO DO, AND YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THE MED KIT WE BROUGHT FROM THE HELICOPTER. WE MIGHT ALSO NEED EVERY-ONE'S SHOE LACES. BUT FIRST...

BRING ME THE SEVERED HEAD OF ZOMBIE DEADPOOL!

OKAY, THERE IT IS. LET'S GO THROUGH AND FIND SOMEBODY FRESH TO EAT.
NOT SO FAST, MR. HURRY-PANTS. I'M GOING TO GO OUT AND SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR. YOU GUYS WATCH MY BACK. SPRING OUT AND SURPRISE ANY-ONE WHO TRIES TO HASSLE ME.

MWAARRRRRR.

THERE HE IS!
I DON'T KNOW, DEADPOOL. EVEN FOR YOU, THIS PLAN IS... ODD.
DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT IT, DR. BETTY.

TIME FOR SOME HOT DOUBLE-DEADPOOL ACTION!
WHY THE &#@%$ AM I FACING BACK-WARDS?!

YOU KNOW, I'M USUALLY A DIFFICULT GUY TO SHOCK. BUT *THIS* IS... INTERESTING.
LESS TALKING. MORE SLASHING.
MWWWAAARRR!
WHOA, BIG SHAGGY SWAMP DUDE COMING UP ON OUR SIX.
OH, THAT'S WHY I'M FACING BACKWARDS, GUARDING THE REAR... SO TO SPEAK.
COME ON. LET'S GET IN ON THIS!

IT'S GO TIME, POINDEXTER! BRING YOUR YELLOW FRIEND.
SHE TALKING TO YOU OR ME?
I DON'T THINK IT MATTERS.
MWAAARGH!
KLANG
BA-BLAMM BLAMMO BLAMM
BULLETS DON'T SEEM TO BOTHER THEM!
I'M OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS!

CHAPTER 3: BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE ME SOME VOODOO?
HOLD! CEASE HOSTILITIES.
OH, GOOD... IT'S... DR. VOODOO.
HOORAY.
THROUGH THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES HAVE I SENSED MY COUNTER-PART IN ANOTHER DIMENSION.
HE WAS HERE, IN THIS VERY SPOT, BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE THIN CURTAIN BETWEEN WORLDS. AND MY HUNGER FED MY IMAGINATION.
PICTURE IT. AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE OF FRESH HUMAN FLESH. AND I HUNGER SO VERY VERY MUCH.
AND SO YOU CAN BET YOUR SWEET ASS I'M GOING THROUGH THIS GATEWAY AND LOCKING IT BEHIND ME.
I MUST FEED, AND I WILL HAVE THE NEW DIMENSION ALL TO MYSELF!
BULL$%@#!
GET HIM!

SHKLING!

KRRRISHZZ!

BLAMM BLAMM!

I CAN'T STAND IT! I'VE GOT TO EAT!
I'VE GOT TO EAT RIGHT NOW!!!
SMAK!
NOT GOOD!
NOOOOOOOOOO! MY GOD, I AM ZOMBIE FODDER.
I'M ZOMBIE FODDER!!!
CHOMP GOBBLE GOBBLE
MWARRRAGH!
SWAK!
SPINACH MONSTER IS ROTTING OFF THE BONE.
SHRED HIM, HOT PANTS!
BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM!
MY PLEASURE.
SPLAT
BLAP
THUNK!

NOW IT'S A LITTLE MORE FAIR. ONE HEAD VERSUS ONE HEAD.
WHOA!
SHWIK!

TOO BAD YOU GOT THAT MESSED UP ARM. A NICE TRICK IF YOU'RE SURROUNDED, BUT NOT MUCH HELP IN A ONE-ON-ONE DUEL!
KLANG!

CONGRATS ON THE FULLY FUNCTIONING LIMBS. BUT I GOT SOMETHING YOU DON'T.
OH, YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
FRIENDS.

WELL, THEY LOOK DELICIOUS.

BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!

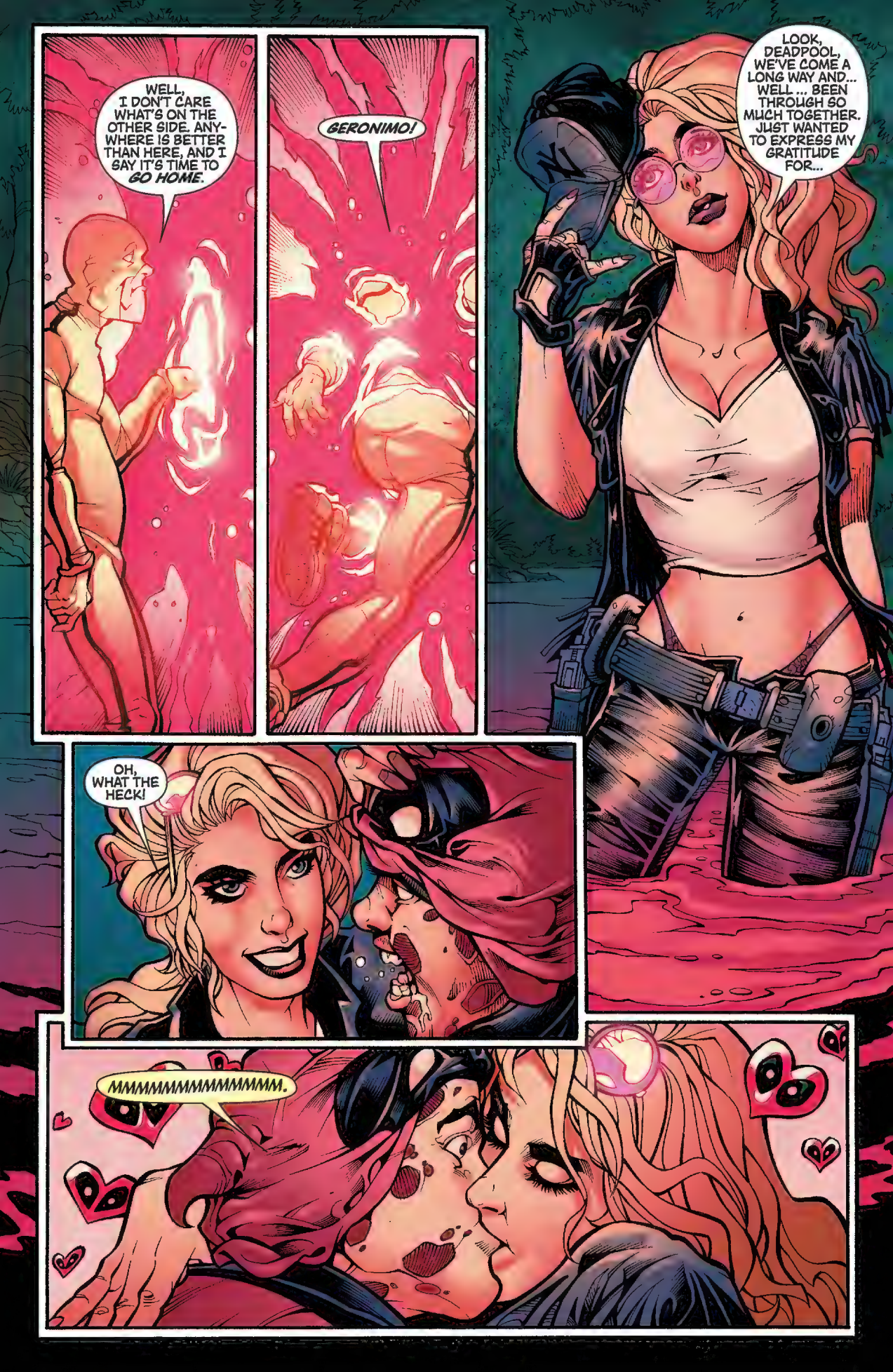
IF HE CLOSES THE NEXUS, WE'LL NEVER GET IN ON ANY OF THAT SWEET FLESH ON THE OTHER SIDE.
RUSH HIM!
I DON'T THINK SO.
BZZRRAASH!
AND NOW TO LEAVE THIS DIMENSION FOR MORE FERTILE FEEDING GROUNDS.
ONLY A FEW MINOR LOOSE ENDS TO TAKE CARE OF FIRST.

LOOSE ENDS? WHO? *US?* NO NO NO. I WAS JUST TELLING MY PALS HERE HOW YOU SHOULD *TOTALLY* GO THROUGH THE NEXUS GATEWAY *COMPLETELY* UNHINDERED BY US AND EAT EVERYBODY IN MY HOME DIMENSION.
BON APPETIT.
NICE TRY. HOLD STILL, DEADPOOL, AND I'LL MAKE YOUR DEATH QUICK BEFORE FEEDING ON YOUR PRETTY BLONDE FRIEND.
AAARRRGH!
KRUNCH!
I *TOLD* YOU THIS PLACE IS LOUSY WITH GATORS!
NOBODY EVER LISTENS TO ME.
AH, THE CIRCLE OF LIFE.

I WAS COUNTING ON MY HEALING FACTOR TO EXTEND MY SAFE PERIOD AFTER ADDING SHORTY TO MY SHOULDERS. IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO TAKE THIS SERUM. I CAN ALMOST FEEL THAT ZOMBIE VIRUS WORMING AROUND INSIDE ME.
SO THAT'S IT THEN? WE MADE THE JOURNEY, DEFEATED THE BAD GUYS. NOW WE LEAP THROUGH THE GATEWAY HOME? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
WORKS FOR ME.
AHEM!
FORGETTING ANYTHING?
A DEAL'S A DEAL, SHORTY. YOUR PLAN BROUGHT US HERE...
...SO THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS REUNITE YOU WITH THE REST OF YOUR BODY.

WHOA! I CAN FEEL IT! HEALING FACTOR KICKING IN FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE, LIKE MY BODY AND HEAD HAVE MISSED EACH OTHER.
YES! I'M WHOLE AGAIN. ARMS AND LEGS. AND A BELLY! AND I WANT TO FILL THAT BELLY!
BECAUSE I'M HUNGRY AGAIN, BABY!
BACK TO THE BUFFET UNIVERSE! GONNA EAT UNTIL I BURST!
HUH.
I FREELY ADMIT I DID NOT SEE THAT COMING.

BACK IN OUR BELOVED HOME DIMENSION...
LET THE FEAST BEGIN!
OH, HEY. FORGOT ABOUT THESE GUYS.
CHAPTER 4: A KISS TO BUILD A DREAM ON
NOT AGAIN! NO NO NO!
IT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER AGAIN EXACLTY LIKE BEFORE. OH, CRUEL FATE, WHY DOTH THOU MOCK ME?!
WHAT? TOO DRAMATIC? I CAN PULL IT BACK A LITTLE.
NOT THE #@$*% BOAT AGAIN!!!
I SEE NOW THAT I HAD THIS COMING.


WELL, I DON'T CARE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE. ANYWHERE IS BETTER THAN HERE, AND I SAY IT'S TIME TO GO HOME.
GERONIMO!
LOOK, DEADPOOL, WE'VE COME A LONG WAY AND... WELL... BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH TOGETHER. JUST WANTED TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE FOR...
OH, WHAT THE HECK!
MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

THIS MEANS WE'RE GETTING MARRIED, RIGHT?
YOU CAN BUY ME DINNER.
VIZZZ

ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #1

"MARLEY'S HUNGRY DEATH"

STAVE 1:

Marley's Hungry Death

Death had lost its grip, to begin with. There was no more denying that.
It seemed to have vanished into the night or danced away with some stealthy nymph and forgotten its duties. I cannot question Death any more than I could a doornail, which seemed to me the only thing described as dead.
Whatever the reason, Death had, for lack of a better explanation, left this world.
HOS TAL THE POOR
This must be distinctly understood, or nothing meaningful can come of the story I am going to relate.
It was a cold, biting winter. The city clocks had just chimed but three, yet it was already quite dark, indoors and out.
The fog came pouring in at every crack and keyhole, so dense that although someone could be standing opposite you they would appear as a mere phantom.
One might have thought Nature was brewing something sinister on a large scale.
Such a person would have been correct.

Those that witnessed it firsthand were forever changed. Their ears would never forget the sounds of the screams, nor could their eyes see anything but the horror that lay before them, ever again.

That is, assuming of course, that they would ever resemble anything human after the experience.

Once the places of union workhouses, prisons, and poorhouses, those halls were now home to Death's lost children. Those left behind in life. Those who could not die, yet whose ranks grew with but a scratch, or more likely, a bite.

For these poor souls, if indeed they were still in possession of such a thing, were overwhelmed in the absence of Death as they had been in life. They were beset with incurable want and their stomachs were always empty, no matter how much they tried to fill themselves.

This is what earned such outcasts of society the name of having the "Hungry Death."

I BELIEVE, MISTER SANDS, THAT IT IS SAFE TO ASSUME WE ARE, INDEED, NO LONGER SECURE WITHIN THESE HALLS!

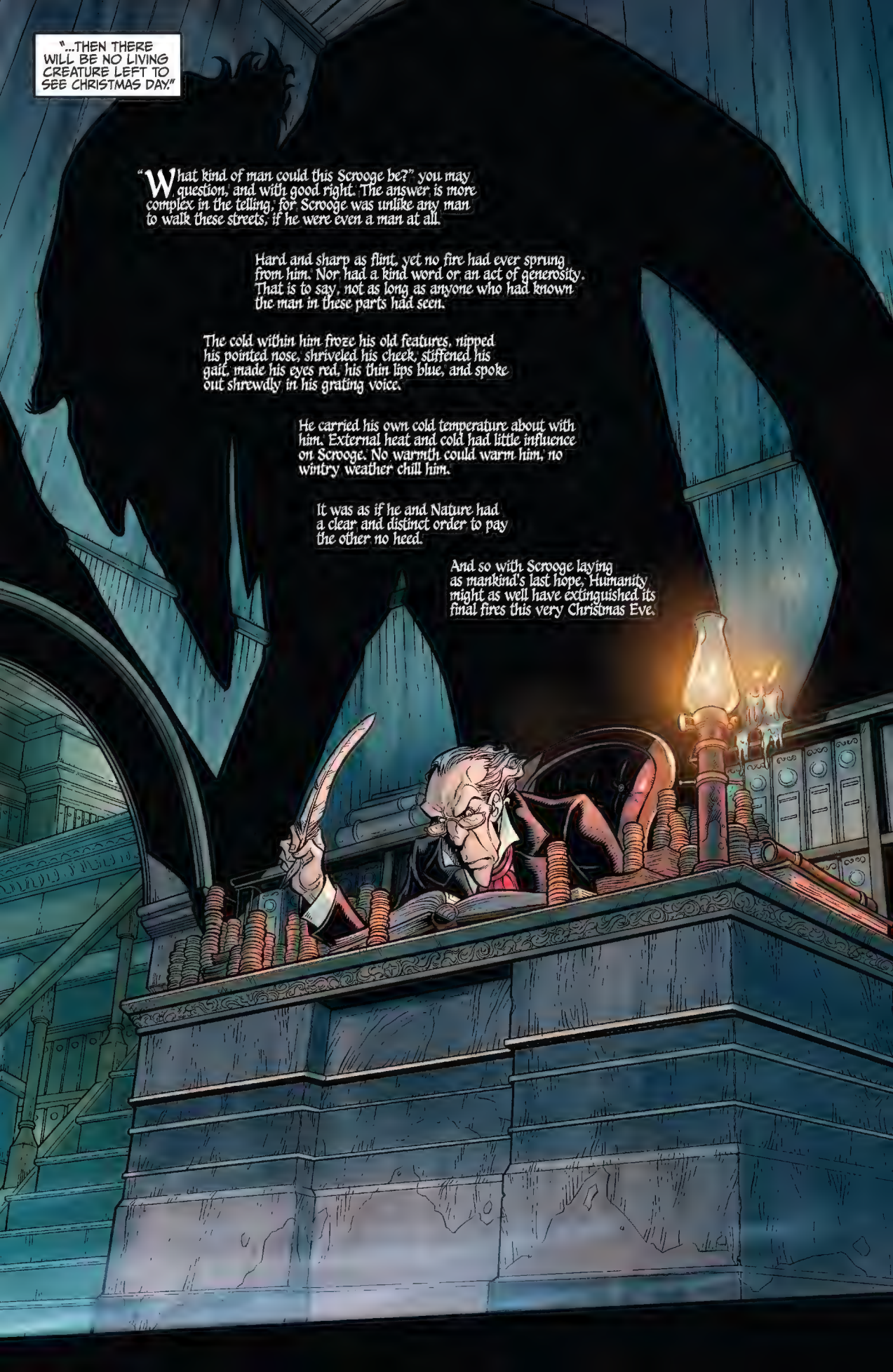
MISTER JEFFERS, I DO NOT BELIEVE EVEN THE HALLS **THEM-SELVES** ARE SAFE!

I FEAR WHAT MAY HAVE BECOME OF OUR FELLOWS IN OTHER INSTITUTES IF THE TRAVESTIES HAPPENING WITHIN OUR OWN IS ANYTHING BY WHICH TO MEASURE.

YOU WILL FORGIVE ME IF I FEAR FOR OUR OWN ABOVE ALL ELSE AT THE MOMENT.

A FAIR ASSESSMENT.

THE COFFERS ARE EMPTY AND THE CUPBOARDS RUN DRY.
INDEED, THERE IS NOTHING MORE WE CAN OFFER, AND SO THEY TURN ON THE LIVING.
WE MUST PUT OUR TRUST IN ONLY ONE PLACE NOW, THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH--
PROPRIETOR. AS OUR RECORDS INDICATE, ONE OF THE FIRST VICTIMS TO CONTRACT THIS HUNGRY DEATH FELL INTO OUR HALLS SEVEN YEARS AGO THIS VERY DAY.
LEAVING ONE.
THE *ONE* MAN, THEN, WHO COULD BE IN POSSESION OF ENOUGH WEALTH AND SUPPLIES TO KEEP THIS FROM GROWING FURTHER.
AND IF HE DECLINES US, WHAT THEN?
WE MUST PRAY THAT THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS MAY MOVE HIM.
WHICH LEADS US BACK TO MY QUESTION, GIVEN WE ALREADY KNOW WHAT HIS ANSWER WILL BE.
IF WE ARE TURNED AWAY BY EBENEZER SCROOGE? IF THESE MASSES CONTINUE TO SWELL AND OVERRUN...


"...THEN THERE WILL BE NO LIVING CREATURE LEFT TO SEE CHRISTMAS DAY."
"What kind of man could this Scrooge be?" you may question, and with good right. The answer is more complex in the telling, for Scrooge was unlike any man to walk these streets, if he were even a man at all.
Hard and sharp as flint, yet no fire had ever sprung from him. Nor had a kind word or an act of generosity. That is to say, not as long as anyone who had known the man in these parts had seen.
The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice.
He carried his own cold temperature about with him. External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm him, no wintry weather chill him.
It was as if he and Nature had a clear and distinct order to pay the other no heed.
And so with Scrooge laying as mankind's last hope, Humanity might as well have extinguished its final fires this very Christmas Eve.

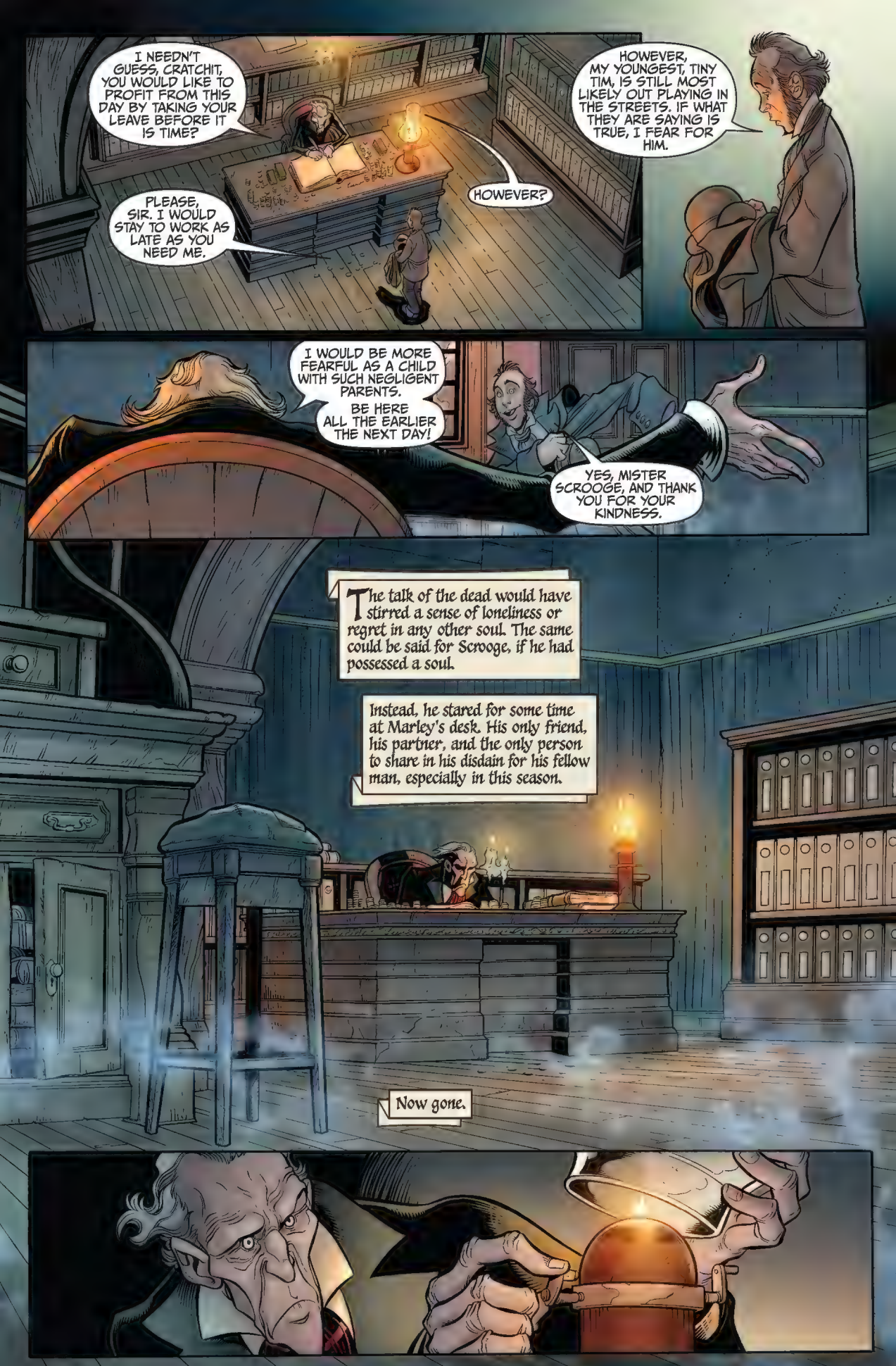
A MERRY CHRISTMAS, UNCLE!
BAH! HUMBUG!
CHRISTMAS A HUMBUG, UNCLE? YOU DON'T MEAN THAT, I'M SURE.
I'M SURE I DO, NEPHEW.
EVERY IDIOT WHO GOES ABOUT WITH "MERRY CHRISTMAS" ON HIS LIPS SHOULD BE BOILED WITH HIS OWN PUDDING AND BURIED WITH A STAKE OF HOLLY THROUGH HIS HEART!
AND I SUPPOSE YOU SHOULD FIND YOURSELF RICH ENOUGH IN SPIRIT AND HAPPINESS TO BE CONTENT WITH THAT, ALL ACCOUNTING TO A CHRISTMAS CHEER.
FOR WHAT REASON SHOULD YOU, AMONG ALL OTHERS, BE SO DISMAL?
IN THESE TIMES, YOU ARE SWIMMING IN ALL THINGS THAT CAN BE COUNTED AS MATERIAL WEALTH.
BUT OF COURSE, DEAR UNCLE. IT IS THE ONLY TIME I KNOW OF, IN THE LONG CALENDAR OF THE YEAR, WHERE MEN AND WOMEN SEEM TO OPEN THEIR HEARTS FREELY AND THINK OF PEOPLE BELOW THEM AS FELLOW PASSENGERS TO THE GRAVE, EQUALS ON THE JOURNEY.
HEAR, HEAR!
I WOULD ENCOURAGE ANY WHO SEEK TO SPREAD SUCH NONSENSE TO SPEED ALONG THEIR JOURNEYS AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE!
COME DINE WITH US ON THE MORROW, UNCLE. I HATE TO THINK THAT ON CHRISTMAS, OF ALL DAYS, YOU WOULD CONTINUE TO TAKE YOUR SUPPER ALONE.
YOU THROW YOUR DOORS OPEN TO ALL STILL, MASTER FRED? EVEN WITH THE RUMORS THAT THE STREETS ARE NO LONGER SAFE?
THE SPIRIT OF THIS SEASON SHOULD BE SPREAD FAR AND WIDE, WITH HEARTS AND DOORS OPEN TO ALL.
THE VERY SOUND OF THAT GIVES ME THE NOTION TO LOCK MY DOORS UNTIL SUCH DRIVEL IS WIPED FROM EVERY MOUTH FOR ALL TIME.

MOTHER WOULD HAVE WANTED YOU THERE. IT IS FOR HER AS MUCH AS MY OWN DESIRE TO SEE YOU HAPPY THAT I SHALL CONTINUE TO INVITE YOU.
AND IT IS BECAUSE OF HER I SHALL NEVER ATTEND!
YOU KNOW HER NAME IS NEVER TO BE UTTERED IN MY PRESENCE.
I NEVER KNEW HER, DYING AS SHE DID IN BRINGING ME INTO THIS WORLD.
YOU ARE THE CLOSEST THING TO HER I SHALL EVER KNOW.
TALK OF CHRISTMASES AND LAUGHTER ALL YOU WISH, NEPHEW FRED.
OF YOUR MOTHER MAKE NO MISTAKE; IN ME YOU WILL FIND NOTHING THAT RESEMBLED HER.
AND THAT IS THE LAST I'LL SPEAK ON THE MATTER.
I AM SORRY, WITH ALL MY HEART, TO FIND YOU SO RESOLUTE, FOR SUCH DARKNESS TO FALL OVER YOU.
GOOD AFTERNOON.
I HAVE MADE THIS TRIAL IN HOMAGE TO YOUR SISTER, MY MOTHER, MAY HER NAME NEVER BE KEPT FROM CROSSING MY LIPS. I SHALL KEEP MY CHRISTMAS HUMOUR TO THE LAST. SO, TOO, SHALL MY OFFER STAND, UNCLE.

AND SAFE TRAVELS TO YOU, SIR!
AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, MISTER CRATCHIT.
GOOD AFTERNOON! AND MAY THIS BE THE LAST TIME THOSE WORDS MUST BE SPOKEN THIS DAY, OR ELSE YOU SHALL FIND YOURSELF SEEKING NEW EMPLOYMENT, CRATCHIT.
MISTER SCROOGE? PARDON OUR RATHER DISHEVELED ENTRANCE ON THIS CHRISTMAS EVE, BUT WE ARE VERY MUCH IN NEED OF YOUR AID.
SCROOGE IS GONE. CAN YOU NOT READ THE SIGN?
THIS IS SCROOGE AND MARLEY'S AND WITH MISTER SCROOGE GONE, I BELIEVE YOUR BUSINESS HERE IS UNDONE. GOOD AFTERNOON.
MISTER SCROOGE, FOR THAT *IS* YOUR NAME, REGARDLESS OF THE SIGN, WE HAVE COME TODAY BECAUSE THERE ARE THINGS AFOOT I'D BEST NOT SAY THIS CLOSE TO DUSK, FOR RISK OF FRIGHTENING THE LAST RAYS OF THE SUN AWAY.
FEAR? IS THAT WHAT TINGES YOUR VOICE? AT LAST, SOMEONE WITHOUT THAT RIDICULOUS HIGH-PITCHED STRAINED TIDINGS OF GOOD CHEER TO EVERYONE HE SEES.
THERE IS MUCH FEAR IN THE STREETS THIS DAY. AND WITH GOOD CAUSE. THE VOICES OF THE POOR AND FORGOTTEN ARE RISING, SOON THEY WILL WASH THROUGH THIS TOWN, AND NO ONE WILL BE SAFE.
ARE NOT THE WORKHOUSES AND PRISONS STILL IN OPERATION?
NO, SIR, THEY ARE NOT.
WE HAVE RUN THROUGH EVERY OPTION AND IT IS NO LONGER WITHIN OUR MEANS TO HELP THEM.
I AM QUITE SORRY, SIR, BUT NOTHING COULD PREPARE US FOR THIS.
THE POORHOUSES, PRISONS, YOUR TAXES, INDEED EVERY AVAILABLE FARTHING HAS BEEN CONSUMED.

ALL BY THE HUNGRY DEATH.
OUR WALLS ARE NOT ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THEM. THEY NEED SUSTENANCE AND WE NEED HELP TO KEEP THEM AT BAY.
BUT NONE WILL SET FOOT THERE NOW, THEY WOULD RATHER HIDE OR DIE BY THEIR OWN HANDS.
IF THEY WOULD RATHER DIE, THEY HAD BETTER DO IT, AND DECREASE THE SURPLUS POPULATION!
THESE *ARE* THE "SURPLUS POPULATION," MISTER SCROOGE. THE VERY PEOPLE YOU HAVE CONTINUED TO TURN YOUR BACK ON.
THEY HAVE BEEN GROWING IN RANKS FOR THESE PAST SEVEN YEARS. HURRIED ALONG BY YOUR FORMER PARTNER.
SPEAK NOT OF JACOB MARLEY! HE WAS A FAR GREATER MAN THAN YOU TWO QUIVERING BEGGARS BEFORE ME. HE HAS BEEN DEAD THESE SEVEN YEARS AND NOW YOU CHOOSE TO PLAY UPON HIS MEMORY?
WHERE WERE YOU, WHERE WERE ANY OF YOU WHEN HE DIED? IT WAS I WHO SIGNED HIS WITNESS OF DEATH AND I ALONE WHO STOOD BY HIS GRAVE AS HE WAS COMMITTED TO THE GROUND. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO INVOKE HIS NAME IN YOUR CAUSE!

IF THAT IS YOUR ANSWER, THEN SO BE IT. BUT EVEN YOU CANNOT LIE ABOUT THE *TRUE* FATE OF JACOB MARLEY.
I SUPPOSE WE GAVE OUR BEST EFFORTS.
SO SHALL THIS COUNTING HOUSE BE MARKED.
&
SCROOGE
&
AND NOW WE GO, I SUPPOSE, DOOMED TO BECOME A PART OF THE SURPLUS POPULATION, SENTENCED TO THIS BY ANOTHER MAN'S GREED.

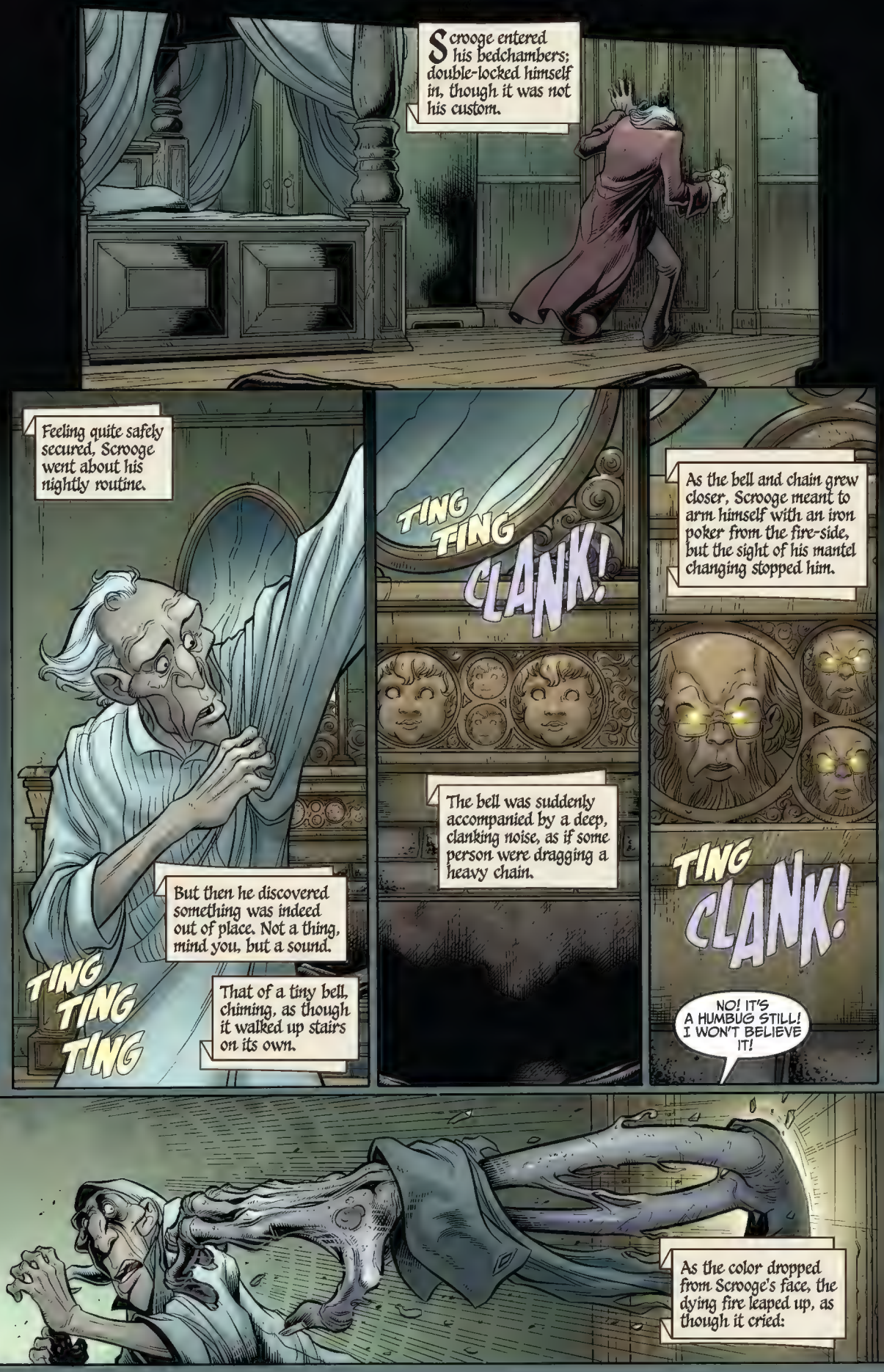

I NEEDN'T GUESS, CRATCHIT, YOU WOULD LIKE TO PROFIT FROM THIS DAY BY TAKING YOUR LEAVE BEFORE IT IS TIME?
PLEASE, SIR. I WOULD STAY TO WORK AS LATE AS YOU NEED ME.
HOWEVER?
HOWEVER, MY YOUNGEST, TINY TIM, IS STILL MOST LIKELY OUT PLAYING IN THE STREETS. IF WHAT THEY ARE SAYING IS TRUE, I FEAR FOR HIM.
I WOULD BE MORE FEARFUL AS A CHILD WITH SUCH NEGLIGENT PARENTS.
BE HERE ALL THE EARLIER THE NEXT DAY!
YES, MISTER SCROOGE, AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS.
The talk of the dead would have stirred a sense of loneliness or regret in any other soul. The same could be said for Scrooge, if he had possessed a soul.
Instead, he stared for some time at Marley's desk. His only friend, his partner, and the only person to share in his disdain for his fellow man, especially in this season.
Now gone.

Scrooge entered his usual melancholy tavern to take his usual meloncholy meal and read all of the daily newspapers.
HAVE I MISSED SOME NEW STATUTE THAT PROCLAIMED EVEN TAVERNS MUST CLOSE IN OBSERVANCE OF THIS RIDICULOUS SEASON?
SURELY YOU HEARD, MISTER SCROOGE. THE NIGHT ISN'T SAFE. THERE'S RUMBLINGS OF TERRORS ROAMING THE STREETS. YOU'D BEST GET HOME.
ONLY THE DEAD WILL BE CAUGHT OUTSIDE THIS CHRISTMAS EVE!
Stepping outside, even Scrooge could not ignore the fact that where there should be carriages and carolers, the streets were empty.
The fog that had been rolling in was growing thicker, extinguishing the gas lamps, leaving entire sections of the street in a misty darkness, the buildings looking as though they were ghosts of their former selves.
And so Scrooge was left alone, a hunger growing in his stomach.
So intent was he that Christmas Eve had ruined his rigid daily life, he failed to notice the fog that enveloped the streets parted before him as he walked.
It was as though even Nature feared to touch Ebenezer Scrooge.

The house in which Scrooge lived was befitting of his own nature.
Let it be known that, on this night when there should have been carolers and shoppes finishing up with nearly forgotten gifts, there was not a soul to be seen.
Which is why it was so peculiar to Scrooge that he heard his name, carried on the wind.
I needn't remind you that Scrooge held no love for Christmas in what remained of his heart, but even he couldn't help but notice some oddity.
Where there should have been bright holly and evergreen ivy twisted into wreaths and hung on doors, there were boards nailed to every entrance.
WHO WOULD'VE TAKEN THESE FOOLS AS BEING SMART FOR ONCE? WELL TO GUARD YOUR HOMES FROM THE HOOLIGANS GOING DOOR TO DOOR, SINGING WITHOUT INVITATION.
The flames on the lamps lining this row had all but flickered out.
He paid this no mind for darkness is cheap and Scrooge liked it. Or so he thought.
MARLEY?
HUMBUG.
RRKRAGH!
GOOD GOD!

THOOOOM!
Why he should have seen such a face on the door knocker was a mystery to Scrooge. Save for the mention of his partner's name this afternoon, he had not given Jacob Marley a single thought in seven years.
-OOOOM!
-OOOOM...
-OOOM...
CLINK
CLINK
CLINK
FOOLISH NONSENSE. TALK OF THE DEAD SWIRLING THE STREETS. NO PLACE FOR IT HERE IN THESE WALLS.
BAH!
HUMBUG?

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six up a good old flight of stairs, but to witness such a very thing coming down them is another matter entirely.
Something even Scrooge could not quite call a humbug.
Though the hearse was perhaps but a vision from some undigested bit of meat, there was something about the decayed mare leading the charge that chilled Scrooge.
A chill that emanated from a childhood wound that now felt as raw as the day he'd come by it.


Scrooge entered his bedchambers; double-locked himself in, though it was not his custom.
Feeling quite safely secured, Scrooge went about his nightly routine.
But then he discovered something was indeed out of place. Not a thing, mind you, but a sound.
That of a tiny bell, chiming, as though it walked up stairs on its own.
TING TING TING
TING TING CLANK!
The bell was suddenly accompanied by a deep, clanking noise, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain.
As the bell and chain grew closer, Scrooge meant to arm himself with an iron poker from the fire-side, but the sight of his mantel changing stopped him.
TING CLANK!
NO! IT'S A HUMBUG STILL! I WON'T BELIEVE IT!
As the color dropped from Scrooge's face, the dying fire leaped up, as though it cried:

"I know him: Marley's Ghost!"
...

HOW NOW! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
WHO ARE YOU, TO COME IN-- TO COME THROUGH MY DOOR IN SUCH A MANNER, WEARING A DISTORTED MOCKERY OF A FACE I ONCE KNEW?
YEARRRRGH!
ASK ME WHO I WAS.
WHO WERE YOU THEN?
IN LIFE I WAS YOUR PARTNER, JACOB MARLEY.
AND IN-- IN DEATH?
THERE IS NO DEATH!

MERCY! DREADFUL CREATURE, WHY DO YOU TROUBLE ME?
YOU WHO STILL WALK THE EARTH WITH A MERE SLIVER OF LIFE IN HIM, DO YOU BELIEVE IN ME OR NOT?
I DO! I MUST!
BUT WHY DO SUCH AS YOU I HAVE WITNESSED TONIGHT COME TO ME?
IT IS REQUIRED OF EVERY MAN TO WALK ABROAD, LIVING AMONG HIS FELLOWMEN.
AND IF THAT SPIRIT GOES NOT FORTH LIVING IN LIFE, IT IS CONDEMNED TO DO SO WITHOUT THE COMFORT OF THE GRAVE.
DOOMED TO WANDER, AND TO SPREAD AMONG THOSE WITHOUT BASIC SOLACE AND NEEDS!
TELL ME, WHY?
BECAUSE OF YOU, EBENEZER SCROOGE!
ME? HOW COULD I HAVE CURSED ANYONE, MUCH LESS MY DEAR FRIEND, TO SUCH A FATE?
I HAVE KEPT WELL AWAY FROM OTHERS AND THEIR LIVES, WHILE YOU WERE A GOOD MAN OF BUSINESS, JACOB.
MANKIND SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY BUSINESS!
NOW... IT IS MY FEAST.

SPEAK COMFORT TO ME, OLD JACOB MARLEY. SURELY THERE IS SOME HELP IN FINDING YOUR ETERNAL REST.
I CANNOT. REST WAS ONCE FOR OTHER MEN, MEN WHO LIVED UNTIL THEY WERE TIRED.
I NEVER LEFT THE COUNTING-HOUSE; SPENDING MY DAYS THERE WITH YOU AND MY WEALTH ON NO ONE.
IT WAS YOU AND I THAT SPREAD THIS TO THE ABODES OF THE POOR. DISEASE, RATHER THAN COMFORT.
THAT CAN CHANGE, WITH A SIMPLE STROKE OF A PEN. IF IT IS THE POOR THAT NEED MONEY THEN THOSE PORTLY MEN WHO CAME ROUND EARLIER SHALL HAVE THEIR COFFERS FILLED BY MORN.
YOU WILL HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT PROMISE AS SOON AS IT HAS LEFT YOUR LIPS. YOU ARE AS YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN.
I AM HERE TONIGHT TO WARN YOU, THAT YOU HAVE YET ONE FINAL CHANCE TO ESCAPE MY FATE; TO HELP THOSE, INCLUDING MYSELF, LOOSEN THESE SHACKLES AND END THE CEASELESS HUNGER BEFORE IT DEVOURS EVERY-ONE.
YOU WERE ALWAYS A GOOD FRIEND TO ME. THANK'EE!
YOU WILL BE HAUNTED BY THREE SPIRITS.
I--I THINK I'D RATHER NOT.
YEAAAAAGH!

EXPECT THE FIRST WHEN THE BELL TOLLS ONE.
TING
COULDN'T I JUST TAKE THEM ALL AT ONCE, AND HAVE IT OVER, JACOB?
TING
LOOK TO SEE ME NO MORE. YOU MUST SET FOOT ON YOUR OWN JOURNEY TO DISCOVER YOUR ROLE IF THERE IS TO BE REST ETERNAL RESTORED.
WHY ME? WHAT COULD I HAVE EVER DONE TO SET IN MOTION THE THINGS YOU HAVE TOLD ME THIS NIGHT?
LOOK THAT, FOR MANKIND'S SAKE, YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAS PASSED BETWEEN US!
LEST YOU FORGET, I OFFER YOU THIS.
TING TING
PLEASE, JACOB, I HAVE SEEN PLENTY ALREADY.
WHY MUST YOU SHOW MY EYES THINGS THEY KNOW I CANNOT BEAR TO SEE?

THE FOG IS AS DEEP AS IT EVER WAS, YET NOW IT STIRS, AS THOUGH IT WERE A LIVING THING.
YET IT IS DEATH.
GOD HELP US, EVERY ONE.

ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #2

"THE BEGINNINGS OF THE HUNGRY DEATH"

STAVE 2:

The Beginnings of the Hungry Death

Ebenezer Scrooge was not dead.
Though he gazed around the room with his ferret eyes, trying to pierce the darkness, the only truth he could hold to was that he was not dead.
An idea he never imagined to be so preposterous.
Given the night's events, he did have reason to hesitate at the window which last showed him a ghastly scene.

Certainly not the sight that greeted him this moment.
HAH! A HUMBUG, INDEED!
As he made his way back to his bed to seek comfort in his sheets, he found only the chiming of the quarter hours to mark the passing of his thoughts.
DONG
The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought.
DONG
DONG
Had he seen the undying visage of his former partner, Old Jacob Marley?
Or had it all been a dream?
A BIRD? A BIRD! AND NOTHING ELSE!
Scrooge had been forewarned of three Spirits coming this night.
And although he was certain he'd not unlatched the window, the appearance of the bird never occurred to the man to be a herald of any kind.
SQUAWK!

For not the first time, but possibly the last, Scrooge was humbled, and quite terrified, to find he was wrong.

It was a strange figure-- alive: yet, not so alive as like a corpse.
It lived countless lifetimes in a mere moment before Scrooge's very eyes, as though neither death nor life wanted to claim it.
And still it drew closer to Scrooge.
It settled upon a form as it reached as close to Scrooge as I am now to you, and I am standing in the dark, past the corner of your eye.
SP-SPIRIT? ARE YOU THAT WHICH WAS FORETOLD TO ME?
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.
LONG PAST?
NO. YOUR PAST.
WHILE I AM HONORED THAT SUCH A SPIRIT WOULD CHOOSE TO VISIT ME ON THIS EVE, I BELIEVE IT WOULD MORE BENEFIT MY WELFARE TO HAVE A SOLID NIGHT'S SLEEP.
TAKE HEED, EBENEZER SCROOGE, FOR I AM HERE FOR YOUR RECLAMATION!

NOW RISE! WALK WITH ME.
I AM QUITE CERTAIN THE NIGHT AIR IS FAR TOO COLD FOR PEDESTRIAN PURPOSES. MEN SUCH AS MYSELF ARE MORE ACCUSTOMED TO BED AT THIS HOUR THAN WALKING ABOUT IN ONE'S NIGHTCAP.
ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING, IF YOU WILL, I AM OF THE SUSPICION THAT MY MIND IS SLIGHTLY FEVERED AT THIS MOMENT.
BEAR BUT A TOUCH OF MY HAND, AND ALL THAT YOU HAVE SET IN MOTION SHALL BE REVEALED.

YOU RECOLLECT THIS PLACE?
Though he had the nose, the eyes, and the hearing of an old man, he was now conscious of a thousand odours floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, long forgotten.
REMEMBER IT? I COULD WALK THESE STREETS BLINDFOLDED!
WHY, THERE IS OLD MISTER CRAIG AND HIS PIES. AND YOUNG CHARLIE. STRANGE THAT HE HASN'T GROWN AN INCH IN ALL OF THESE YEARS.
THESE ARE BUT SHADOWS OF THE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN.
I WAS A BOY HERE. GOOD HEAVEN! OVER THIS HILL? IS IT THERE STILL?
AS IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN. THOUGH YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN IT FOR SO MANY YEARS.
TELL ME, EBENEZER SCROOGE, WHY IT IS YOU RUN TO THIS PLACE?
'TIS NOTHING, SPIRIT. MERELY AN ABANDONED SCHOOLHOUSE, THE BOYS LONG GONE FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.
LOOK UPON THE SCENE CLOSER.

THE SCHOOL IS NOT QUITE DESERTED.
A SOLITARY CHILD, NEGLECTED BY HIS FRIENDS, STILL REMAINS.
YET NOT ALONE.
ORSON!
ORSON! PLEASE, BOY. YOU MUSTN'T FIGHT IT! IF THE FARMHAND FINDS YOU IN THIS STATE, HE WILL PUT YOU DOWN.
WHAT IS IT THAT MADE A YOUNG BOY STRUGGLE SO TO SAVE ANOTHER LIFE?
IS IT THE CARE YOU ONCE FELT FOR EVERYTHING AROUND YOU THAT CAUSES YOU TO AVERT YOUR GAZE NOW?
OR CAN YOU NOT BEAR TO WITNESS WHAT THIS MOMENT BEGAT?

ORSON! WHAT POSSESSED YOU?
YOU FELT FEAR THAT DAY. THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR YOUNG LIFE, YOU TRULY FEARED. WHAT WAS IT; A DISEASE? A DAEMON? WHAT CROSSED YOUR MIND WHEN YOU FIRST LOOKED UPON THAT WOUND?
A RABID HORSE BITE. NOTHING MORE.
AND STILL TODAY YOU CONTINUE YOUR LIE. THE SECRET YOU KEEP LOCKED TIGHTLY AWAY. THE FEAR YOU NEVER THOUGHT WOULD SPREAD IF YOU HELD IT CLOSE TO YOUR HEART AND FROZE IT.
The words, the very warning and hint of things to come, however, fell on deaf ears.
The moment of realization cracked like a mirror before the reflection could fully form, broken by a sound that brought forth distinctly different emotions from both Scrooge and his younger self.
A voice that floated on the wind, carrying a song for the elder and a fright for the younger.
DEAR, DEAR BROTHER!

FRAN! MY LITTLE FAN! LOOK, SPIRIT!
I'VE COME TO BRING YOU HOME, BROTHER! HOME, HOME, HOME AT LAST! FOR EVER AND EVER! FATHER IS SO MUCH KINDER THAN HE USED TO BE.
AND CHRISTMAS! WE'RE TO BE TOGETHER ALL THE CHRISTMAS-- EVERY CHRISTMAS-- LONG!
HOME.
COME, BROTHER, SHOW ME WHAT YOU ARE HIDING WHICH KEEPS YOU FROM GREETING ME WITH A HUG.
PLEASE, LITTLE FAN, IT IS NOTHING. LET US LEAVE THIS PLACE AND GO HOME AS YOU SAID.
THE PAST IS THE PAST.
I CAN ONLY SHOW YOU WHAT YOU HAVE LONG FORCED YOURSELF TO FORGET.
BE IT PAIN OR JOY, THESE EVENTS MUST GO UNCHANGED.
SPIRIT, IF EVER YOUR INTENT TO BRING ME ON THIS JOURNEY WAS TO ALTER ANY MOMENT, LET IT BE THIS!
NOTHING! HOWEVER DID YOU GET SUCH A WOUND? LET ME CLEAN IT FOR YOU--
EBENEZER!

YOU PROTECTED HER AS BEST YOU COULD; AS ANY BROTHER WOULD HIS YOUNGER SISTER.
IN DOING SO, YOU BROUGHT HER INTO YOUR LIE, YOUR FEAR.
ALWAYS A DELICATE CREATURE, WHO SEEMED TO FEND OFF A CREEPING DARKNESS WITH A SINGLE LIGHT IN HER. BUT SHE HAD A LARGE HEART.
SO SHE HAD. AND I'LL NEVER SAY OTHERWISE! GOD FORBID IT!
SHE DIED A WOMAN, IN BIRTHING A CHILD WITH GOLDEN LOCKS. SOME SAY THE LIGHT WHICH KEPT HER LIVING PASSED ON TO THE BOY. THAT WITH HIM, HIS MOTHER'S LIVING LIGHT SHONE ALWAYS.
YOUR NEPHEW, FRED.
ENOUGH! I CARE NOT TO RELIVE SUCH MOMENTS, THANK YOU.
HOW CAN A MAN SECOND-LIVE A MOMENT HE NEVER LIVED FIRSTLY?
YOU HAD LONG LEFT YOUR FAMILY FOR ANOTHER LIFE.

If any contemporary of Scrooge could see him now they would have rubbed their eyes to look 'gain, so bright was the old man's smile at the sight before him.
Such a feast and merriment the world had ne'er seen, at least not in Scrooge's experience.
At the center, beating Christmas Cheer as a heart does blood to the entire body to warm it, was Scrooge's old master and his wife, a glow beaming from them as if the holiday itself began with the pair, spreading out to the world.
WHY IT'S OLD FEZZIWIG! BLESS HIS HEART; IT'S FEZZIWIG, ALIVE AGAIN!
So moved by the striking up of "Sir Roger de Coverley" from the artful dog of a fiddler, Scrooge couldn't help but fall in line, dancing as though his feet had forgotten they ever had a notion to merely walk.
I AM BEGINNING TO TIRE OF THESE SILLY FOLK, DICK.

DICK WILKINS! BLESS ME, YES. MY OLD FRIEND.
A SMALL MATTER TO MAKE THESE "SILLY FOLKS" SO FULL OF GRATITUDE. THE AFFAIR WAS SPENT BUT A FEW POUNDS OF YOUR MORTAL MONEY: THREE, FOUR PERHAPS.
THE COST OF SUCH AN AFFAIR, YEAR AFTER YEAR. YET FEZZIWIG NEVER GIVES PAUSE TO DEBATE HOSTING.
WHY SHOULD HE? LOOK AROUND! TISN'T THE COST BUT THE FEELING IT GIVES THAT MATTERS.
AND WHAT OF THE FEELING IT GIVES THE COSTER? TO BE OUT SUCH MONEY WITH NO RETURN FROM THOSE WHO'D TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS MEAGER WEALTH?
OW! EBENEZER, YOU MUST KEEP YOURSELF MORE KEMPT!
DICK, MY APOLOGIES! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BECOME SO HEATED IN MY ARGUMENT.
HO! WHAT KEEPS MY YOUNG APPRENTICES IN A CORNER? CONSPIRING, NO DOUBT, ON WHICH PIE TO FILL YOUR BELLIES?
COME! DANCE! IT WILL MAKE YOU HUNGER ENOUGH SO YOU NEEDN'T CHOOSE, LADS!
I SHALL JOIN YOU MOMENTARILY, SIR.
'TWASN'T LONG AFTER THAT DICK WILKINS LEFT THE COUNTING HOUSE, CLAIMING FATIGUE.
OFT DID I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF HIM. STRANGE THAT I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.

SEE HIM ONCE MORE YOU SHALL, THEN. TO LAY TO REST THE QUESTION THAT HAS LAIN DUST-RIDDLED IN THE CORNER OF YOUR MIND.
ANOTHER CHRISTMAS.
THE FEZZIWIGS. BUT I REMEMBER NOT THIS.
YOU HAD LEFT TO FIND YOUR OWN FORTUNE.
AND IN MY WAKE? SURELY THIS MUST BE AFTER THE CELEBRATION, AS THERE ARE SLEEPING LOUTS ABOUT.
NO, EBENEZER. NOT SLEEPING AT ALL.
YET, IN YOUR WAKE, IS A TRUTH YOU UNKNOWINGLY SPOKE.
YOUR YOUNG PARTNER HAD NOT GROWN FATIGUED. BUT BY YOUR VERY HAND, YOUR FEAR, AND YOUR SECRET, HE HAD GROWN HUNGRY.

"AND HIS HUNGER SPREAD."

PLEASE! I HAVE NO MORE TO GIVE YOU! ALL MY WEALTH IS SPENT AND MY CUPBOARDS BARE.

HAD WE ANY MORE, GLADLY WE WOULD GIVE!

GRANT US MERCY!

AYE, SPIRIT, GRANT THEM AND MYSELF MERCY! SPARE ME SUCH VISIONS!

CLOSE YOUR EYES, AS YOU HAVE FOR SO LONG, YET NOTHING CHANGES.

NOT EVEN THIS NEXT CHRISTMAS.

THIS, SPIRIT? MUST, OF ALL MOMENTS, YOU SHOW ME THIS?
BELLE.
YES. THE WOMAN YOU SWORE TO CHERISH FOR ALL OF TIME. YET WHEN THE DAY CAME, WHY DID YOU BREAK THE OATH YOU WERE WILLING TO TAKE?
DO YOU REMEMBER?
HOW SHE CRIED THIS DAY.
YOU FOOL! LOOK UP! LOOK AT WHAT YOU HAVE!
I KNOW WHAT YOU ASK OF ME.

YET IT MATTERS LITTLE. TO YOU, VERY LITTLE. ANOTHER IDOL HAS DISPLACED ME. A GOLDEN ONE.
AND IF IT CAN CHEER AND COMFORT YOU IN TIME TO COME, AS I WOULD HAVE ALL MY DAYS, I HAVE NO JUST CAUSE TO GRIEVE.
THIS IS THE COST OF THE WORLD, THEN? THE WORLD WHICH BRINGS DOWN HARDEST ON THE POOR. YOU WOULD HAVE ME CONDEMN THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH AND FACE SUCH A WORLD?
YOU FEAR THE WORLD TOO MUCH.
ONE BY ONE, I HAVE SEEN YOUR ASPIRATIONS CHANGE, FALL OFF UNTIL A SINGULAR PASSION--*GAIN*--CONSUMES YOU.
THE ONE I LOVED WOULD KNOW THESE ANSWERS!
WHAT THEN? I AM NOT CHANGED TOWARDS YOU.
AM I?
AM I?
YOU ARE ANOTHER MAN NOW.

WE WERE YOUNGER, POORER--AND NONE THE LESS HAPPIER FOR IT--WHEN WE MADE OUR LOVE A PACT.
THAT HAS CHANGED. I RELEASE YOU FROM IT. WITH A FULL HEART, FOR THE LOVE OF HIM YOU ONCE WERE.
HAVE I SOUGHT RELEASE, BELLE?
FREE ME, AS I HAVE YOU!
MAY YOU BE HAPPY IN THE LIFE YOU HAVE CHOSEN!
SPIRIT, SHOW ME NO MORE! WHY DO YOU DELIGHT TO TORTURE ME?
IT IS NOT I WHO TORTURES YOU.
MY TIME GROWS SHORT. ONE SHADOW, ONE CHRISTMAS MORE YOU MUST SEE.

As Scrooge and the Spirit appeared in this promised final shadow, the man was overcome with the imperfectly tumultuous sounds that filled these halls.
There must have been more doors than Scrooge could count, for that would mean looking upon them.
And the wailing was not forty prisoners moaning like one, but every man, woman, and child behind those locked doors each screamed with the strength of forty.
SPIRIT, I BEG YOU ONCE MORE.
I HAVE SEEN THESE TERRIBLE CONDITIONS AND UNDERSTAND THAT I MUST HAVE TURNED MY BACK ON THEM AS WELL.
BUT BEYOND THAT, WHAT COULD ONE MAN HAVE DONE?
I KNOW NOT WHO THAT MAN IS, NOR DO I CARE ABOUT HIS FATE IF HE BE MAD ENOUGH TO WALK THESE HALLS!
IT IS NOT HIS FATE THAT WILL MOST CONCERN YOU.
MY DEAREST? 'TIS CHRISTMAS. I CAME, AS I PROMISED.
IT'S YOUR EDMUND, BELLE.
BELLE? NO. NOT MY BELLE.
SHE WENT ON TO MARRY AND RAISE A FAMILY, JUST AS SHE WANTED. TELL ME THIS IS SO, SPIRIT! DON'T MAKE ME LOOK.
I SAW AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS THIS AFTERNOON. I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HE WAS ONCE YOUR FRIEND, AS YOU'VE SPOKEN OF HIM OFTEN, EVEN BEFORE WE MARRIED.
SSSSSSSSCROOGE?

BELLE? NO! PLEASE, I--!!
WHAT IS THIS UNHOLY TRICK? SPIRIT, SURELY THIS IS A MISTAKE, A DIVERGENCE WHERE NATURE HAS LOST ALL SENSE OF CONTROL!
THIS IS NO TRICK, EBENEZER SCROOGE. NOR IS THIS A MISTAKE OF NATURE.
IT IS NATURE MADE BY YOUR VERY HANDS.
NO. NO MORE. REMOVE ME.
I DEMAND YOU RETURN ME, SPIRIT!
NO! HAUNT ME NO LONGER!

I'LL NOT SEE THESE HORRID VISIONS YOU SHOW ME ANY LONGER!
LIES, FOR ALL I KNOW!
NO MORE OF YOUR TRICKERY!
LIES AND TRICKERY THESE ARE NOT. VISIONS OF THE TRUE PAST YOU HAVE SEEN.
AS YOU NOW LOOK UPON MY TRUE FACE!
NO. YOU CANNOT BE! MY BELLE WOULD NEVER BECOME SUCH A CREATURE!
BE GONE FROM MY SIGHT, IMPOSTER!

With one of Marley's foretold visions gone, Scrooge could only wonder, and fear, what possibly could follow.
He was right to be afraid.

ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #3

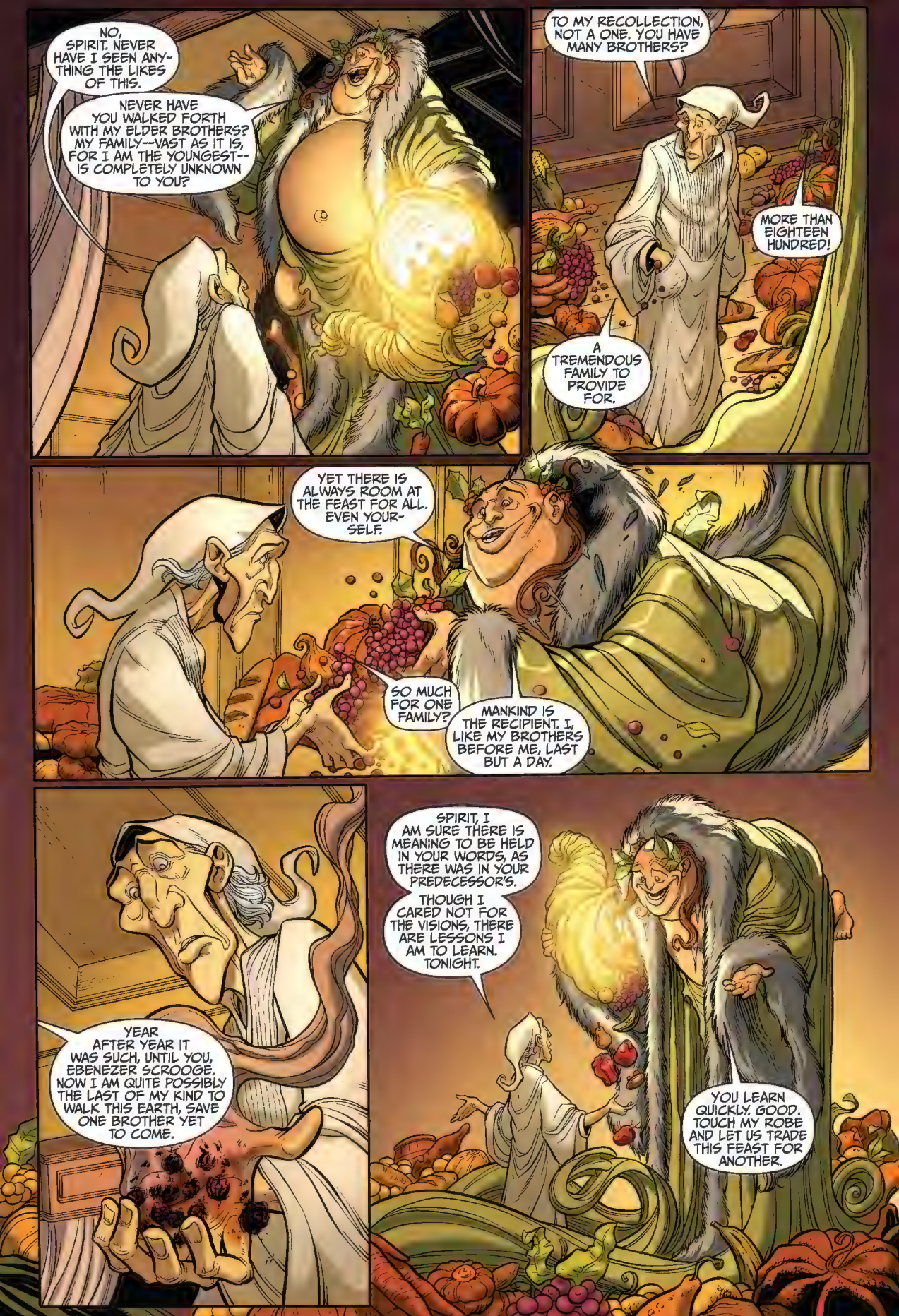
"A CHRISTMAS FEAST FOR THE PRESENTLY HUNGRY DEAD"

STAVE 3

A Christmas Feast For the Presently Hungry Dead

Ebenezer Scrooge needed no bell's toll to expect another midnight visitor.
Jacob Marley, having correctly dispatched one other-worldly messenger, would surely have kept his word on the arrival of the impending Spirit.
Scrooge meant to be ready, not wishing to be taken by surprise, nor cry out as he had at the previous specter's appearance.
Without much difficulty, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances.
And that nothing between a baby and a rhinoceros would have astonished him much.
Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing.
And Nothing had been his silent companion for some time now.
When that void was filled with a light and a voice, Scrooge nearly forgot it would come from a being not like you or I.
EBENEZER SCROOGE! COME OUT, AND KNOW ME BETTER, MAN!
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. LOOK UPON ME!

YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE OF ME BEFORE!


NO, SPIRIT. NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANY-THING THE LIKES OF THIS.
NEVER HAVE YOU WALKED FORTH WITH MY ELDER BROTHERS? MY FAMILY--VAST AS IT IS, FOR I AM THE YOUNGEST--IS COMPLETELY UNKNOWN TO YOU?
TO MY RECOLLECTION, NOT A ONE. YOU HAVE MANY BROTHERS?
MORE THAN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED!
A TREMENDOUS FAMILY TO PROVIDE FOR.
YET THERE IS ALWAYS ROOM AT THE FEAST FOR ALL. EVEN YOUR-SELF.
SO MUCH FOR ONE FAMILY?
MANKIND IS THE RECIPIENT. I, LIKE MY BROTHERS BEFORE ME, LAST BUT A DAY.
YEAR AFTER YEAR IT WAS SUCH, UNTIL YOU, EBENEZER SCROOGE. NOW I AM QUITE POSSIBLY THE LAST OF MY KIND TO WALK THIS EARTH, SAVE ONE BROTHER YET TO COME.
SPIRIT, I AM SURE THERE IS MEANING TO BE HELD IN YOUR WORDS, AS THERE WAS IN YOUR PREDECESSOR'S.
THOUGH I CARED NOT FOR THE VISIONS, THERE ARE LESSONS I AM TO LEARN. TONIGHT.
YOU LEARN QUICKLY. GOOD. TOUCH MY ROBE AND LET US TRADE THIS FEAST FOR ANOTHER.

Gone were the punch, poultry, turkey, puddings, sausages, holly, and mistletoe in an instant, as the surroundings passed away.
Scenes of jovial snow shoveling--something which Scrooge never understood there to be any joy in--faded out with fires and feasts.
They seemed to float through Scrooge and his guide rather than the other way around, as it should have been.
HUNTER'S
TEA
As the sky grew darker, the streets began to meld with the void that had become the night.
SPIRIT, YOU SHOW ME VISIONS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT, AS IS YOUR NAME?
"NAY, SCROOGE. I'VE SHOWN WHAT WORLD I *SHOULD* HAVE BEEN BORN INTO.
Gone were candles and girls in Christmas bonnets. No smoke rose from fireplaces, no presents at their hearths. Absent were sounds of chestnuts popping and the scents of cinnamon and nutmeg.
All of this would have brought a bemused smile to Scrooge's lips; but, looking upon his guide's face, he knew to keep sober his appearance.
"INSTEAD, *THIS* IS WHAT MY LEGACY IS TO BE, IN GREAT--IF NOT ALL-- PART TO YOU."

NO FOOLISH PRATTLING, NO INCESSANT SINGING, AND NOT A SINGLE MERRY CHRISTMAS ON A PERSON'S LIPS.
IF I HAVE CONVINCED MY FELLOW MEN THAT CHRISTMAS IS A HUMBUG, THEN SURELY YOU MUST BE SHOWING ME MY PROUDEST MOMENT!
WILL YOUR EYES NEVER SEE BEYOND THAT CROOKED NOSE?
YOU ARE A FOOLISH MAN, AND ONE FOR WHOM I SHOULD FEEL PITY.
BUT YOU DO NOT DESERVE PITY! YOU DESERVE TO SEE THE *TRUTH!*
WITNESS WHAT NOW FALLS FROM THE LIPS OF MEN.
DONNNG DONNNG DONNNG
FATHER, WE BEG MERCY!
MY CHILDREN, THAT I COULD LET YOU IN!
THE STEEPLE SOUNDS NOT TO BECKON THE FLOCK, BUT TO WARN THEM. WE ARE FILLED.
THERE IS NO SAFE PLACE FOR REFUGE THIS NIGHT.
THIS IS NO CHRISTMAS, NOR IS THIS A MOMENT OF PRIDE!
MOTHER?
QUIET, JUSTIN.
TING TING TING

THIS IS HORROR.
AND THIS, EBENEZER SCROOGE, IS NO HUMBUG.
TIM?
THAT VOICE!
YOU KNOW IT?
I SHOULD SAY I KNOW IT AS WELL AS ANY OTHER. THAT VOICE PRATTLES AROUND MY SHOP LOOKING FOR DAYS OFF AND OTHER WAYS TO BLEED ME DRY OF MY MONEY.
NOW IT IS ANOTHER'S BLOOD HE FEARS FOR.
TINY TIM? WHERE ARE YOU, MY SON?!

WHAT SORT OF DWELLING IS THIS, THEN?
THE MOST IMPORTANT, A POOR ONE.
WHY A POOR ONE MOST?
BECAUSE THEY NEED IT MOST.
WHAT HAS EVER GOT YOUR PRECIOUS FATHER, THEN? AND TINY TIM!
TIS HARDLY CHRISTMAS AFTER COMMITTING YOUR SISTER MARTHA MONTH LAST TO THE HOSPITAL. POOR MARTHA. POOR HUNGRY MARTHA.
SOMTHING'S COMING, MOTHER!
QUICK, CHILDREN! REMAIN STILL AS THE GRAVE, AND HOPE IT IS YOUR FATHER.
D-DEAR? CHILDREN?
BOB? GOD BLESS ME, HAVE YOU TINY TIM?

GOD BLESS US...EVERY... ONE...

BELINDA, CLEAR THIS SO PETER AND YOUR FATHER CAN LAY TIM OUT.
CHILDREN GET THE CLEANEST RAGS YOU CAN FIND.
HOW DID YOU FIND HIM?
HE WAS NEAR THE CHURCH. THAT'S WHERE I FOUND HIS CRUTCH.
I HEARD HIM, THEN, HIS LITTLE VOICE, SINGING. HE WAS TRYING TO LULL THESE CREATURES WITH A CHOIR SONG.
I WAS TOO LONG IN ASKING MR. SCROOGE FOR MY LEAVE.
THAT ODIOUS, STINGY, HARD, UNFEELING MAN, MR. SCROOGE!
TIS HIS FAULT THEN!
NO, DEAR, WE MUSTN'T SPEAK THAT WAY ABOUT HIM. HE PUTS THE FOOD ON OUR TABLE.
THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST, HE IS, INDEED.
SPIRIT, TELL ME IF TINY TIM WILL LIVE.

I SEE A VACANT HOUSE, SAVE ONE LONE FIGURE AT THE TABLE, BROKEN AS THE CRUTCH THAT LIES BEFORE HIM.
IT IS NOT TINY TIM, BUT HIS FATHER, YOUR ASSISTANT.
BOB CRATCHIT *WILL* DIE. AND TINY TIM...
TINY TIM CAN *NEVER* DIE!
KAFF!
BUT WHY SHOW CONCERN FOR ONE WHOM YOU'VE NEVER MET WHEN THERE ARE HUNDREDS INCREASING THE RANKS OF THE SURPLUS POPULATION?

Without another word of warning from the Ghost, the nightly travelers found themselves in many places, yet all at once.

From bleak and desert moors, where monstrous masses of stones lay like the grave-markers of giants...

High atop, nestled in with the sea watch-men who tried with their might to keep the fire lit...

To huts that sat on the brim of the deep, dark coal mines below...

And tossed on the deck of the ships that wade the stormy seas.

In all these places and more, the Spirit of Christmas Present found the light which once shone so brightly within him, pouring out to share in his mirth, was now waning.

Save for one place...

SPIRIT, WE HAVE RETURNED, BUT I KNOW NOT THIS HOUSE.
WHO ARE THESE FOOLS THAT SO BRAZENLY DRAW ATTENTION AND EXPOSE THEMSELVES TO THIS?
SHOULD NOT THEY BE BOARDED SAFELY INSIDE LIKE THE REST?
HELP..?
KNOCK KNOCK
"A FOOL, INDEED, AS YOU HAVE CALLED HIM MORE THAN ONCE THIS DAY.
"BUT TELL ME THIS: WHO IS THE MORE FOOLISH, THE MAN WHO WOULD OPEN HIS DOOR TO ALL..."

"OR THE UNCLE WHO KNOWS NOT HIS OWN NEPHEW'S HOME?"
It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious and healing as laughter and good humour.
HO! WELCOME, FRIEND. INSIDE, YOU'LL FIND ALL YOU NEED.
AND A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!
If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him too.
FRED?
PERHAPS HIS OFFER OF WARMTH AND MERRIMENT ON THIS NIGHT WAS EXTENDED TO ALL WHO NEED SUCH NURTURING IN THEIR SOULS.
BUT, HOW, SPIRIT? IF I AM TO WITNESS THESE EVENTS AND HAVE HOPE OF CHANGING THEM, I MUST UNDERSTAND THE EXACT MEANS BY WHICH THIS CHANGE CAN OCCUR.
THE LIGHT OF YOUR SISTER IS IN HIM...

AS IT MUST BE FOUND IN YOU.
MY SISTER'S NAME IS NOT TO BE MENTIONED, SPIRIT.
AS I TOLD THE ONE WHICH CAME BEFORE YOU, SHE WAS THE MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL, AND NE'ER SHALL THERE BE ANOTHER LIKE HER.
KAAAFF!
THEN ALL ARE DOOMED.
SPIRIT, HAVE YOU GROWN ILL OR ARE YOUR KINDS' LIVES SO SHORT?
MY LIFE ON THIS GLOBE ENDS TO-NIGHT.
MY BROTHER, WHOSE COMING I CAN FEEL EVEN NOW, WILL BE THE LAST OF OUR KIND LEST YOU LOOK UPON ME AND HEED THESE WORDS, AS YOU HAVE THOSE SPIRITS BEFORE ME.
I AM YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT THIS NIGHT, BUT THERE IS ONLY SO MUCH MINE EARTHLY EYES CAN BEAR.
LOOK HERE, EBENEZER SCROOGE!

ARE--ARE THEY YOURS, SPIRIT?
THEY ARE MAN'S!
THE BOY IS IGNORANCE AND THIS GIRL IS WANT. BEWARE THEM BOTH.
HAVE THEY NO REFUGE OR RESOURCE?
"ARE THERE NO PRISONS? NO WORKHOUSES?"

I KNEW NOT WHAT I SAID THEN, SPIRIT.
FORGIVE ME AND FREE THESE POOR CREATURES!
THEY ARE MAN'S TO FREE. TO COMFORT.
THEY ARE THE SURPLUS POPULATION, SEARCHING FOR THAT WHICH FEW POSSESS, AND THOSE THAT DO, CAN'T SEEM TO PART.
AND IF MAN YOU TRULY BE IN HEART, FORBEAR THAT WICKED "CAN'T" UNTIL YOU HAVE DISCOVERED *WHAT* THE SURPLUS IS, AND *WHERE* IT IS.
MUST THIS BURDEN FALL SOLELY ON MINE SHOULDERS?
EBENEZER SCROOGE, THIS BEGAN WITH YOU AND ON YOUR SHOULDERS IT MUST END.
YOU WILL DECIDE IF ALL MEN SHALL LIVE, OR ALL MEN SHALL DIE.

AS I DIE NOW!

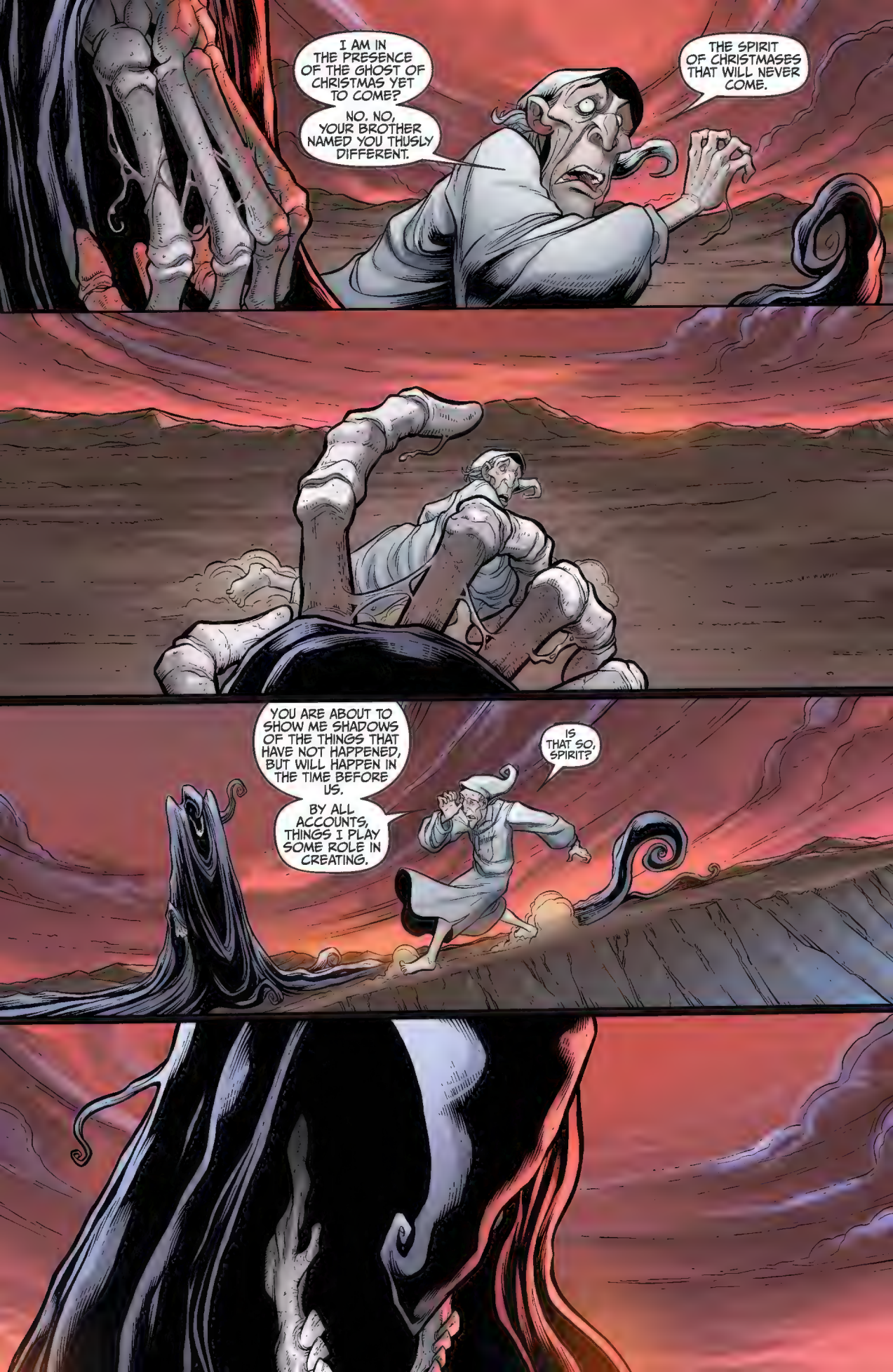
Scrooge knew he would not awaken from this, safe in the comfort of his soft bedsheets.
Old Jacob Marley's prediction demanded one final Spirit.
Scrooge, now quite versed in the comings and goings of Spirits, understood this to be a simple fact--
Here was not a Thing in which to seek comfort.

ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #4
"THE LAST CHRISTMAS OF EBENEZER SCROOGE"

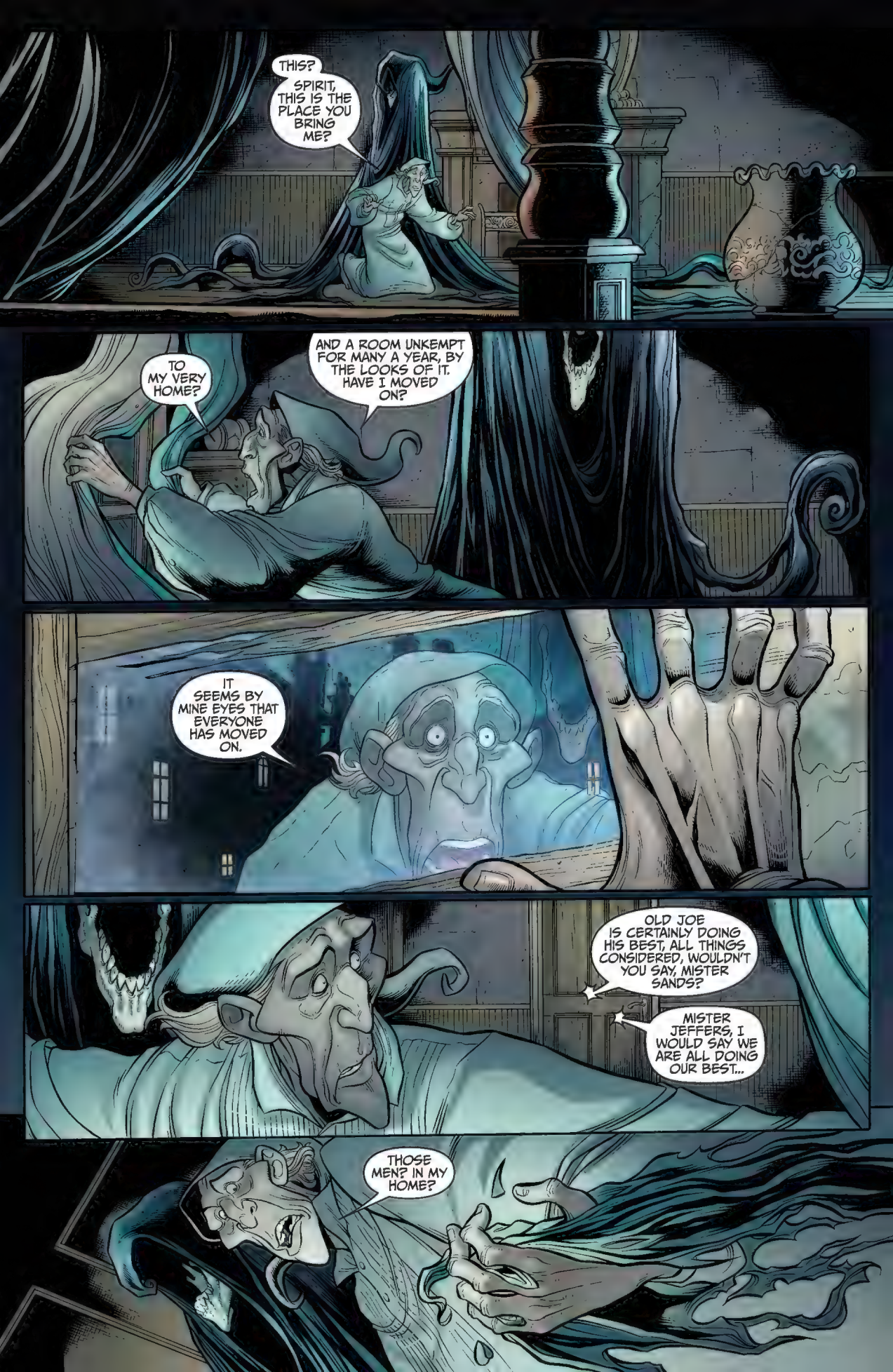
STAVE 4

The Last Christmas of Ebenezer Scrooge

There were no words that fell, no eyes that pierced his skull, not even a scent on the air that surrounded Scrooge from this final, terrible Phantom.
For that, and for that alone, Scrooge was grateful.


I AM IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME?
NO. NO, YOUR BROTHER NAMED YOU THUSLY DIFFERENT.
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMASES THAT WILL NEVER COME.
YOU ARE ABOUT TO SHOW ME SHADOWS OF THE THINGS THAT HAVE NOT HAPPENED, BUT WILL HAPPEN IN THE TIME BEFORE US.
BY ALL ACCOUNTS, THINGS I PLAY SOME ROLE IN CREATING.
IS THAT SO, SPIRIT?

GHOST OF THE FUTURE, I FEAR YOU MORE THAN ANY SPECTER I'VE SEEN!
BUT AS I KNOW YOUR PURPOSE IS TO DO ME GOOD, AND AS I HOPE TO LIVE TO BE ANOTHER MAN FROM WHAT I WAS, I ACCOMPANY YOU.
WILL YOU NOT SPEAK TO ME?
WILL YOU NOT SPEAK?
LEAD ON THEN, SPIRIT.
LEAD ON...


THIS?
SPIRIT, THIS IS THE PLACE YOU BRING ME?
TO MY VERY HOME?
AND A ROOM UNKEMPT FOR MANY A YEAR, BY THE LOOKS OF IT. HAVE I MOVED ON?
IT SEEMS BY MINE EYES THAT EVERYONE HAS MOVED ON.
OLD JOE IS CERTAINLY DOING HIS BEST, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, MISTER SANDS?
MISTER JEFFERS, I WOULD SAY WE ARE ALL DOING OUR BEST...
THOSE MEN? IN MY HOME?

WE MUST TRY AS WE MIGHT, GIVEN WHAT LITTLE RICHES LEFT WITH WHICH WE HAVE TO WORK!
INDEED! A PROPER POINT.

THAT IT THEN?
I AM AFRAID SO, MRS. DILBER.
VERY WELL! THAT WILL HAVE T'BE ENOUGH. WHO'S THE WORSE FOR THE LOSS OF THESE?
NOT THE DEAD, THAT'S FOR SURE.
I CAN ONLY HOPE THE OTHERS HAVE FARED WELL. OR AT LEAST GONE WITH LITTLE PAIN.
I BELIEVE IT WAS FORTUNE INDEED THAT SMILED UPON *ALL* THIS TIME. FOR ONE MAN TO HOARD SO MUCH IN A LIFETIME.
FOR US TO STAVE OFF THE END OF OUR OWN DAYS? I SUPPOSE ONE COULD CALL THAT FORTUNE.
SPIRIT? IF THESE MEN ARE IN MY HOUSE, IN WHOSE HOME DO I RESIDE?

CERTAINLY NOT THIS ONE. THIS IS OLD BOB CRATCHIT'S HOME.
FATHER?
BOOM! BOOM!
OH! YOUR FELLOW SPIRIT FORETOLD OF THIS. POOR TINY TIM. HE LIVES YET?
BOOM! BOOM!
BUT WHAT OF THE REST OF HIS FAMILY?
FATHER? WHY CAN'T GOD BLESS ME, FATHER?
CRRRACK!

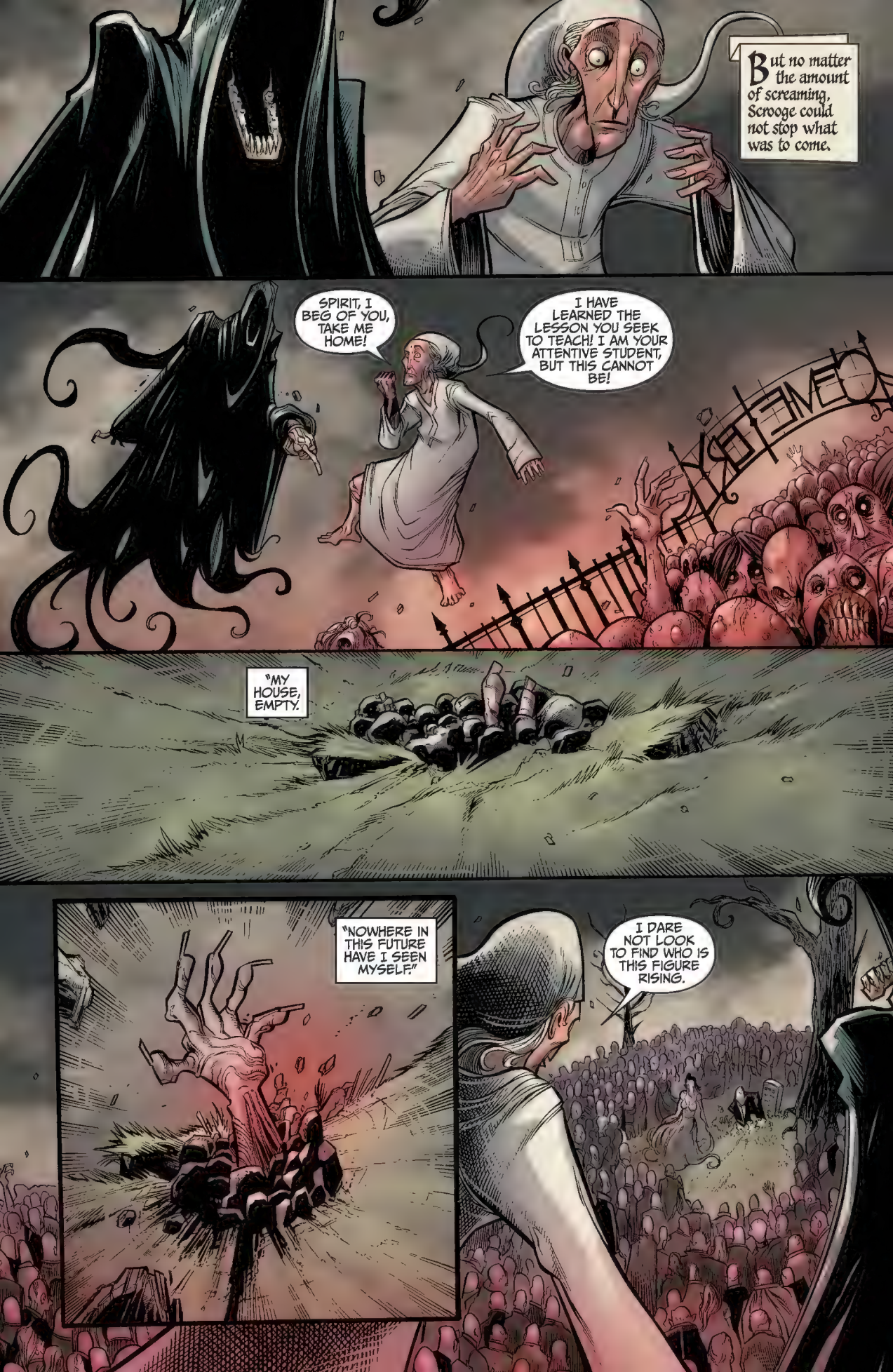
HE WON'T BLESS US, FATHER. ANY ONE.

NO.
MY BOY, I WOULD BLESS YOU IF IT WERE IN MY POWER.
ALL OF YOU.
MY FAMILY.
NO!!!

"AND HE TOOK A CHILD, AND SET HIM IN THE MIDST OF THEM."
HOW, SPIRIT? HOW COULD ANY MAN ALLOW SUCH HORROR AS THIS TO TRANSPIRE?
IF YOU AND YOUR KIND CANNOT STOP SUCH DEEDS, THEN WHAT KIND OF MAN STANDS A CHANCE?

OWWWWWWWLLL
HE COMES.
Whatever Scrooge had prepared himself to see, it is with great certainty I can tell you that this was not in his imagination.

The Hungry Dead, the Surplus Population, had become the entire population.
No coffer could feed them, no fire warm them.
They were beyond such things, to the point where they had become the unliving embodiments of Want and Ignorance.
With a craving they could not understand.
CEMETERY
A single mind now, with no one to stand and scream halt.
FEB 1812
Though as they converged upon a single grave, one man could think only of that word.
Halt! Please, Dear God, halt this.


But no matter the amount of screaming, Scrooge could not stop what was to come.
SPIRIT, I BEG OF YOU, TAKE ME HOME!
I HAVE LEARNED THE LESSON YOU SEEK TO TEACH! I AM YOUR ATTENTIVE STUDENT, BUT THIS CANNOT BE!
"MY HOUSE, EMPTY.
"NOWHERE IN THIS FUTURE HAVE I SEEN MYSELF."
I DARE NOT LOOK TO FIND WHO IS THIS FIGURE RISING.

I HUNGER...

EBENEZER SCROOGE

THAT MAN CANNOT, NAY, MUST NOT BE ME!
I AM NOT THE MAN I WAS! I WILL NOT BE THE MAN I MUST HAVE BEEN BUT FOR THE LESSONS OF THIS NIGHT!
ARE THESE THE SHADOWS OF THINGS THAT WILL BE, OR ARE THEY OF THINGS THAT MAY BE, ONLY?
WHY SHOW ME THIS IF I AM PAST ALL HOPE?
MY LITTLE FRAN? COME TO TAKE ME FROM THIS, PLEASE!

THAT IS NOT TO BE, IS IT, SPIRIT? SHE *WAS* MY HOPE, AT ONE TIME. YET I MISSED HER.
NAY, WORSE. I MISSED MY MOMENT TO SPARE HER.
SHE WAS THE ONLY SOURCE OF LIGHT IN MY DARK LIFE. THE ONLY JOY.
AND I POISONED HER.
MY FEARS AND LIES SPREAD LIKE THE BLACK PLAGUE. FROM ME, TO FRAN, TO DICK AND BELLE, EVEN TINY TIM.
I *AM* THAT MAN IN THE GRAVE. AND HAVE BEEN FOR QUITE A MANY YEAR.
THIS IS THE SECRET WHICH FESTERS MY HEART.
THAT A SIMPLE BITE FROM A CREATURE I TRIED TO SAVE AS A YOUTH SO HARDENED MY RESOLVE TO BELIEVE NO ONE MAN CAN EVER HELP HIS FELLOWS.
THAT HE CAN ONLY STARVE THEM OF LOVE, AFFECTION, WEALTH, COMFORT.
THAT MAN CAN ONLY KILL.
Beloved Sister

YOUR NATURE AND THOSE OF YOUR PREDECESSORS INTERCEDE FOR ME, AND PITY ME.
ASSURE ME THAT I MAY YET CHANGE THESE SHADOWS BY AN ALTERED LIFE. AND, SPIRIT, IN SO DOING I MAY SAVE LIVES.
THE COURSE OF A MAN'S LIFE FORESHADOWS CERTAIN ENDS, TRUE. BUT IF A MAN DEPARTS HIS COURSE, THE ENDS WILL CHANGE.
SAY IT IS THUS WITH ME, SPIRIT. HEAR ME AND SAY IT IS THUS!
HEAR ME, DAMNED SPIRIT! SPEAK IT!

I WILL HONOR CHRISTMAS IN MY HEART, AND TRY TO KEEP IT ALL THE YEAR.
I WILL LIVE IN THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.
I MUST.
OR ALL WILL DIE.

ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #5

"THE END OF IT"

STAVE 5

The End of It

THERE'S THE DOOR, BY WHICH THE GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY ENTERED.
THERE'S THE CORNER WHERE THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT SAT. AND THE WINDOW WHERE I SAW THE POOR, WANDERING HUNGRY SOULS.
IT'S ALL TRUE, IT ALL HAPPENED.
THE CURTAINS ARE HERE, EVERYTHING IS AS I LEFT IT.
I AM HOME.
T'WOULD STAND TO REASON THE SHADOWS OF THE THINGS THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN MAY BE DISPELLED.
THEY WILL BE.
I *KNOW* THEY WILL!

No bright, jovial stirring. No piping to dance. No bells to announce the day. The sun itself, which should be golden by now, hung o'er the day as a deep red wound.
In the place of Christmas were sights of the Hungry Death's victims, prowling through the fog, as they had when Jacob Marley last stood beside his friend.
THE SPIRITS OF ALL THREE SHALL STRIVE IN ME. I SWORE IT ON MY KNEES, JACOB MARLEY, ON MY KNEES!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
THE SPIRITS HAVE DONE IT ALL IN ONE NIGHT.
OLD SCROOGE HAS BUT THE DAY.

IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY...

I HAVEN'T MISSED IT.

MISTER JEFFERS AND MISTER SANDS! A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU BOTH!
MISTER SCROOGE?
YES, THAT IS MY NAME, AND I FEAR IT MIGHT NOT BE PLEASANT TO YOU. NOR WILL WHAT I AM ABOUT TO ASK OF YOU.
BUT I BEG OF YOU, LISTEN TO BOTH REQUESTS IF YOU WILL DO ME THAT GOOD-NESS.
MY DEAR MR. SCROOGE! ARE YOU SERIOUS?
LORD BLESS ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO SUCH--
DON'T SAY ANYTHING, PLEASE. COME AND SEE ME AT THE APPOINTED TIME AND PLACE?
YES, OF COURSE.
THOUGH WE MAY NOT LIVE TO SEE IT.
YOU SHALL LIVE, KIND SIRS. AND BE WELL FOR IT!

RAP
RAP
RAP
WHO WOULD BE COMING AROUND ON THIS OF ALL--
OH!
FORGIVE MY INTRUSION, MADAME.
MISTER SCROOGE.
DO YOU HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF THE DANGER YOU HAVE PUT US IN BY MERELY OPENING THE DOOR?
PLEASE, DEAR. LET HIM IN.
FORGIVE MY WIFE, MISTER SCROOGE. YOU SEE, IT'S OUR SON--
TINY TIM.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISTER SCROOGE.

MY DEAR BOY, THIS OLD MAN WILL DO ALL HE CAN TO MAKE IT SO.
MRS. CRATCHIT, IF YOU WOULD KINDLY GATHER YOUR CHILDREN AND THEIR COATS.
BOB, PLEASE HELP ME LIFT THIS BRAVE YOUNG MAN UP. WE MUST BRING HIM TO A PLACE WHERE HE MAY FIND HELP AND COMFORT.
GO OUTSIDE? ARE YOU MAD?
YES I AM, DEAR LADY. MAD WITH THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS...
"...AND THE MIRACLES THAT AWAIT US THIS DAY!"
ARE--ARE YOU SURE *THIS* IS THE PLACE WHERE MY SON WILL FIND REST?
REST, AND MUCH MORE, MY FRIEND!
MERRY CHRISTMAS! PLEASE, ENTER AS MY MOST WELCOME GUESTS.
AND BLESS MY SOUL, WHO IS THIS AT MY DOOR?

IT'S I. YOUR UNCLE SCROOGE. WILL YOU FORGIVE ME, FRED?
THERE WAS NEVER ANYTHING TO FORGIVE.
THEN LET US MAKE YOUR DEAR MOTHER PROUD.

COME OUT, MY FRIENDS, AND SHOW THESE PEOPLE WHAT HAS BEEN MISSING FOR FAR TOO LONG.
WHAT LOVE AND COMPASSION CAN DO WHEN SPREAD AMONG YOUR FELLOW MAN.
MISTER SCROOGE, YOU PROMISED A DANCE IF I WALKED.
AND A DANCE YOU SHALL HAVE, MY WONDERFUL, PRECIOUS LAD!
I'M AS GIDDY AS A DRUNKEN MAN! I AM LIGHT AS A FEATHER, AND HAPPY AS AN ANGEL!
HALLO HERE! JUST AS I ASKED.
WHOOP! HALLO! COME ON THEN!
WHATSAY WE DANCE TOGETHER?

And dance they did, spreading joy, wealth and food to the Hungry Dead around them as they marched.
Their dance brought forth all of the Hungry Dead freed by Messers Jeffers and Sands on Scrooge's order.
The goodwill that poured forth from Scrooge's hands and the very light that grew in his warming heart seemed to abate the hunger that had plagued the poor souls following him. The miracle of the Christmas Spirit was beginning to spread, with Scrooge at its center.
By the time they had reached their destination, those who were nearest Scrooge had become enraptured by his Christmas joy, forgetting momentarily the danger that surrounded them.
ENOUGH!
The Earth, however, remained unimpressed, as though it knew a long-sought-after resident had finally come home.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY! A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL THE WORLD!
THOSE WORDS HAVE SCARCELY PASSED MY LIPS, AND CERTAINLY NOT IN A GOOD MANY YEAR. THAT IS MINE OWN SHAME.
AS IS THE MISERLY WAY I HAVE TREATED ALL OF YOU. MY FEAR, MY SECRETS AND MY HATRED HAVE BROUGHT US ALL TO THIS PLACE.
I HAVE BEEN SHOWN THE ERROR OF THESE WAYS, GIVEN ONE LAST, DIVINE CHANCE TO CORRECT THIS PATH, AND I SWORE I WOULD NOT SQUANDER SUCH A GIFT.
IT IS MY FAILINGS THAT HAVE BROUGHT SUCH IGNORANCE AND WANT UPON YOU; A DISEASE THAT LEAVES THE SOUL HUNGRY FOR MORE THAN THIS LIFE CAN POSSIBLY OFFER.
THIS HUNGRY DEATH HAS ROBBED YOU OF BOTH LIFE AND THE GRAVE.
KNOW THIS: I AM TRULY SORRY.
IN MY PLEDGE TO KEEP THE SPIRITS OF CHRISTMASES PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE IN MY HEART, I SWEAR THIS UNTO YOU ALL...

YOU WILL HUNGER NO MORE!!!

UNCLE! IT WORKED! THE SICKNESS IS ABATING THESE POOR SOULS.
IT IS MY HOPE THAT WE HAVE SAVED MORE THAN WE HAVE LOST.
EB-- EBENEZER?
EBENEZER!
BELLE! YOU--YOU WERE SAVED!
YES, EBENEZER. SAVED BY YOU.
YOU ARE ANOTHER MAN, ONCE MORE.
THE MAN I LOVED...
MY BEAUTIFUL BELLE. DON'T LEAVE ME. NOT AGAIN.

Scrooge was better than his word.
In rekindling the light within him, embracing his family and the love they brought him even beyond the grave, and spreading the Christmas spirit, he gave new hope and life to those whose lives were recently changed by the Hungry Death.
And to the long-suffering, he gave them the final rest they craved for so many years.
He did it all, and infinitely more.
MY FRIENDS! THE DAY TURNS TO NIGHT! WE HAVE SEEN MANY HAPPY REUNIONS AND BID FAREWELL TO LOVED ONES.
YET CHRISTMAS DAY LIVES STILL FOR A FEW MORE HOURS.
I WOULD BE HUMBLED AND HONORED IF YOU WOULD JOIN ME IN A CELEBRATION, THE LIKES OF WHICH YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN.
THE FIRST OF MANY, I PRAY!

It was a Christmas Day that was never forgotten. On a day which changed the course of history, though no one save Scrooge knew of any alternative, Ebenezer Scrooge became known to be as good a man as any good old city, town, or borough knew in the good old world.

Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh.

His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

It is said that a good heart can give joy, but a good sacrifice is eternal.
With that knowledge, Scrooge began to make peace with his fate, assured that this was indeed the first of many Christmases for these fine, new friends.
THANK YOU, MISTER SCROOGE. 'TIS A CHRISTMAS I HOPE TO REMEMBER ALWAYS!
IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR YOU, MY GOOD LAD.
But not for Scrooge.
YOU SAVED MY BOY. FOR THAT I AM FOREVER IN YOUR DEBT.
BAH! SPEAK NOT OF DEBTS, BOB CRATCHIT.
YOUR STRUGGLING FAMILY SHALL WANT FOR NOTHING FROM THIS DAY FORWARD.
YOU HAVE SAVED ME IN MORE WAYS THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW, THANKFULLY.
NOW, HELP AN OLD MAN TO HIS BED.
YOU LOOK WEARY, UNCLE. SHALL I SEND THE REST HOME?
NO! LET THEM ENJOY THIS DAY YEAR ROUND IF IT SO PLEASES THEM.
HEH. "MY KIND CAN LAST BUT ONLY A DAY..."

FRED, PLEASE SEE TO MY AFFAIRS. ENSURE THE MEN WHO RUN THE HOSPITALS AND WORKHOUSES HAVE ALL THEY NEED.
BOB, YOU SHALL HAVE THIS HOUSE AND ALL THAT COMES WITH IT. MAY IT BRING YOU JOY FOR YOUR BEAUTIFUL FAMILY.
AND TINY TIM, MAY YOUR VOICE ALWAYS SING AND YOUR LAUGH BE CARRIED ON THE WIND, REMINDING ALL WHAT IT IS TO HAVE THE SPIRIT AND INNOCENCE OF YOUTH.
OLD JACOB MARLEY. THANK YOU.
NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I HAVE A VERY DEAR FRIEND I'D LIKE TO SEE.
From that day forward, it was always said of him that Ebenezer Scrooge knew how to keep Christmas well.
May that truly be said of all of us!
And so, as Tiny Tim observed...
EBENEZER
SCROOGE
BELOVED BROTHER, UNCLE, AND FRIEND
A VERY GOOD MAN INDEED

God Bless Us,
Every One...

MARVEL ZOMBIES DESTROY! #1

"ZOMBIE INVADERS!"

A.R.M.O.R.

ALTERNATE REALITY MONITORING & OPERATIONAL RESPONSE

C'MON, YOU CRUMB BUMS!
PUT YOUR BACKS INTO IT!
ALL TOGETHER NOW!
I CAN'T WIN THIS WAR--
ALL...

...ALONE.
NO!
NO...
NUH... WHUZZAT--?

BEUH. DAMN DREAMS.
APARTMENT OF DUM DUM DUGAN, WWII VET, FORMER HOWLING COMMANDO, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
ALWAYS WAKING ME UP WHEN ALL I--
WAKE UP FASTER!
WHAT IN THE BLAZES?!
YOU FIGHT BETTER IN YOUR SLEEP THAN YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE AWAKE, DUGAN!
JUMPIN' JEHOSHAPHAT!
HUAK!
CRASH

WELL, AIN'T THIS A PLEASANT SIGHT TO WAKE UP TO, *HOWARD THE DUCK.*
THOSE PINHEADS AT A.R.M.O.R. STILL LETTING A REJECT FROM *DUCKWORLD* PLAY SOLDIER?
AND HOW IS S.H.I.E.L.D. THESE DAYS? LET ME GUESS, YOU WERE HAVING THAT NIGHTMARE AGAIN ABOUT HAVING TO CLEAN OUT NICK FURY'S EYE SOCKET?
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A NIGHTMARE?
YOU WERE SCREAMING YOUR LUNGS OUT!
I BUSTED IN, WHICH DIDN'T WAKE YOU--AND YOU STILL MANAGED TO WRESTLE ME DOWN!
YOU TELLIN' ME THAT WAS A HAPPY DREAM?
WHAT DO YOU WANT, HOWARD?

I WANT A STACK OF FIFTIES, PEACE ON EARTH, AND FOR MY GIRLFRIEND TO CALL ME BACK.
NOT NECESSARILY IN THAT ORDER.
JUST SHY OF THAT, WHAT I WANT IS YOUR TIME, YOUR ATTENTION, AND THE RIGHT ATTITUDE.
YOU GOT PLENTY OF YAP WITHOUT MUCH POINT.
THEN LISTEN TO THIS, MR. CPL. TIMOTHY DUGAN--
EVERYONE CALLS ME DUM DUM.
OKAY.
EARS OPEN, *DUMMY*. I'M HERE TO COLLECT YOU FOR AN EYES-ONLY ASSIGNMENT THAT--
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD LISTEN TO A *STUFFED DUCK* IN A *STUFFIER SUIT*.
MAY I PRESENT YOU WITH THE ONLY REASON THAT MATTERS.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
A FORMAL INVITE FROM THE MAN ON HIGH.

NAZIS. ZOMBIE NAZIS.
THE WORST OF TWO UNQUENCHABLE HUNGERS.
THIS VIDEO IS FROM A UNIVERSE WHERE NAZIS WON WORLD WAR II...
...BY BECOMING THE UNSTOPPABLE UNDEAD.
SOMEWHERE DURING THEIR DEMENTED RESEARCH INTO NORSE MYTHOLOGY AND OCCULT SCIENCE, THEY CAME ACROSS THE MEANS FOR REALIZING AN ACTUAL THOUSAND-YEAR REICH.
PLAY
LOCK
EVERLASTING STURM AND DRANG.
SCENARIOS DON'T GET MUCH MORE DIRE THAN AN ENEMY WHO WANTS TO TURN EVERYTHING TO ASH AND IS HALFWAY THERE THEMSELVES.

THEY CONQUERED THE ENTIRE PLANET, BUT LIKE ANY FASCIST WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN SCHNITZEL...
THEY AREN'T SATISFIED WITH WHAT THEY HAVE.
OUR SOURCE--
--THE SAME PERSON WHO SMUGGLED US THIS FOOTAGE--
--WARNS THAT CONSTRUCTION IS ALMOST COMPLETE ON A CROSS-DIMENSIONAL BATTLESHIP POWERED BY A REALITY-SHATTERING SUPER-ENGINE.
THEY PLAN TO INVADE OUR WORLD, CRUSH US UNDERFOOT, AND TURN EVERY LAST LIVING THING INTO CHATTEL.
LIGHTS!
A.R.M.O.R. BASE, UNDISCLOSED LOCATION.
I GIVE YOUR MOVIE A THREE OUT OF FOUR. SHODDY CAMERA WORK, BUT AN INTRIGUING PREMISE--
THIS IS NO JOKE, DUGAN. SOMEONE HAS TO STOP THEM.
THAT'S WHERE A.R.M.O.R. COMES IN.
DEFENDING AGAINST WORLDS WE DIDN'T CREATE.
AND WE WANT YOU AS A NEW RECRUIT.
MM.

UH, SHOULD I CHECK FOR A PULSE, OR...?
LOOKS TO ME LIKE JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE SUPER-THREAT NEIGHBORHOOD.
WHAT?!
DID YOU HEAR A WORD I SAID?! LEMME REPEAT THE THREE BIGGIES:
ZOMBIE. NAZI. INVASION!
DUTY CALLS, DUGAN! AND THE RINGTONE DOESN'T GET MUCH LOUDER!
YOU OWE IT TO YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR LOVED ONES--
ALL MY LOVED ONES ARE DEAD.
CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE OF DUTY AND COUNTRY.
I SACRIFICED EVERYTHING FOR THOSE IDEALS.
AND IT WAS NEVER ENOUGH.
DON'T PRESUME TO TELL ME WHAT I OWE.
ANY OUTSTANDING DEBT IS STACKED HIGH THE OTHER WAY.
SO...
AW, HE'LL HELP US BECAUSE IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

DON'T CONFUSE HIS GRUMPINESS FOR A LACK OF GUMPTION.
BATTLESTAR!
YOU TWO KNOW EACH OTHER?
WE'RE IN THE FRATERNITY OF FRIENDS OF *CAPTAIN AMERICA.*
HE'S GOT A LOT OF FRIENDS, BUT NO PEERS. *CAP'S THE GOLD STANDARD* WE ALL *LOOK UP TO.*
I'M JUST HONORED TO HAVE SHAKEN THE MAN'S HAND.
SON, I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS AS NAIVE AND IDEALISTIC AS YOU ARE.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS AS CYNICAL AND JADED AS YOU ARE.
COME BACK AND SEE ME WHEN YOU HAVE ANOTHER FIVE DECADES OF EXPERIENCE.
I INTEND TO. BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO GET THROUGH THE MISSION AT HAND.
IT'S WHAT I DO.
IT'S... ALL I DO.
OKAY THEN, MR. HAPPY--
LET'S GO MEET THE REST OF *THE DUCKY DOZEN.*

RED RAVEN
ETERNAL BRAIN
RESTITUTIONS.
GUR
DRAGOON
HELLO THERE!
BLAZING SKULL
WELCOME.
DYNAMAN
FLEXO
BREEZE BARTON
IF WE'RE ALL DONE WITH THE MEET-AND-GREET, CAN WE GET MOVING?
TAXI TAYLOR
DRAGOON, I THINK YOU MEAN "SALUTATIONS."
BROWN SHIRTS BURNING BOOKS CAN'T MATCH THE HEAT THIS BUNCH GENERATES!

IT IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU IN OUR PRIDE.
THE HUNT WILL NOW GO WELL.
OKAY...
DON'T MIND GUR. HE TENDS TO GET ALL MAJESTIC ON YA.
IT'S ALMOST AS SILLY AS BREEZE SWEET-TALKING HIS SIDEARMS AGAIN!
AW, THESE GALS HAVE BEEN THE BEST DANCE PARTNERS I'VE EVER KNOWN...
GALS?! DON'T YA KNOW WOMEN AND WAR ZONES DON'T MIX?!
OH, REALLY? WANNA TEST THAT THEORY RIGHT HERE?
YOU'RE JUST A GLORIFIED TOUR BUS DRIVER, TAYLOR. GIRL CHAUFFEURS AREN'T WARRIORS...
AW, FLAP IT OUT YOUR OTHER WING, MR. H5N1!
DAMES I KNOW HAVE MORE GUTS THAN A SAUSAGE FACTORY!
IF YOU TRIED TALKING TO MY SISTER LIKE THAT, WE'D HEAR FROM THIS RAVEN NEVERMORE!
JEEZ, BREEZE...
DO NOT DOUBT THE PREDATORY SKILLS OF A LIONESS, LITTLE BIRD.
AND THERE IS NO FIERCER CREATURE THAN A MOTHER PROTECTING HER CUBS.
ULP
THANKS, BOYS, BUT THIS REQUIRES A MORE FEMININE TOUCH...

LIKE SO!
BONK
OW!
SHIP LEAVES IN TEN, EVEN IF YOU'RE UNDER IT.
THAT WASN'T VERY LADYLIKE!
I AM XX CHROMOSOME.
HEAR ME ROAR?
MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME...
BREAK IT UP! SOME OF YOU ROMPER ROOM RUNTS WON'T MAKE IT HOME.
STILL, WHAT A BUNCH OF WEIRDOS, HUH?
BUT WE HAVE ZERO CHANCE OF SUCCESS IF THE PERSON BESIDE YOU HAS NO DESIRE TO SAVE YOUR ASS.
ALL OF THIS HARDWARE IS NICE...
BUT COVERING EACH OTHER IS THE GREATEST WEAPON WE HAVE.

WE'RE FLYING IN THIS HUNK OF JUNK, DUCK?
SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH, DUGAN, BUT SHE'S GOT IT WHERE IT COUNTS.
YOU KNOW HE'S TALKING ABOUT ME, RIGHT?
TAXI TAYLOR IS A PERSONAL TRANS-DIMENSION ENGINE.
THIS SHIP IS JUST FOR SITTING DOWN IN.
ALRIGHT YOU QUACKERS, LISTEN UP.
SOME SISTER REALITIES ARE SENDING SIMILAR DETACHMENTS TO RUN INTERFERENCE, SO WE CAN FIND OUR CONTACTS.
IT FALLS ON US TO GET THE JOB DONE.
THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A COLLECTION OF SUCH UNIQUELY TALENTED INDIVIDUALS.
ONLY A WORLD THAT ALLOWS UNHINDERED EXPRESSION AND CELEBRATES ALL DIFFERENCES COULD CREATE THIS FIGHTING UNIT.
WE GO TO MEET AN ENEMY WHO WOULD DESTROY THAT.
AN ENEMY WHO WISHES TO TAKE AWAY EVERY FREEDOM WE HOLD DEAR.
WE CAN NOT AFFORD TO FAIL. IT--
WE FIGHT TODAY EVEN FOR THE FREEDOM TO LIVE!
HOLY--!
AIN'T NOTHING HOLY ABOUT THAT SIGHT.

EARTH-12591.
LADIES AND OTHER THINGS...
WELCOME TO FORTRESS ZOMBIE!

GUR, GET BACK IN HERE!
THOSE BIG CANNONS ARE FIRING--
BODY PARTS?!
NO...
BOOM
CRUSH
KRASH
AH!
WHOA!
SUBJUGATE
IT'S A ZOMBIE!
THEY'RE FIRING THEMSELVES AT US?!
WHAT BETTER WEAPON DO THEY HAVE?
GUR! LOOK OUT!
LAMENTATION

ARGGH!
KRUNCH
UHH--
RAHH!
SCHRIIP
HEY, FASCIST FACE.
FEAST ON THIS.
BLAOW
GUR'S TURNING INTO A ZOMBIE!
PREY
DAMMIT, I KNOW!

HH!
-OOF-
SORRY, GUR...
DYNAMAN! TAKE OUT THOSE BIG GUNS!
RIGHT!
RUINATION
BREEZE--
SAY NO MORE.
I'LL EVEN THE SCORE.
DIE ALL
OVER AGAIN
YOU STRUDEL HEADS!
BLAOW
DUGAN, SAVE THE HEAVY ARTILLARY FOR *OUTSIDE* THE SHIP!
DUCK, I KNOW JUST WHAT I'M--

WA-BAM
URRHH
KRA-KOOM
--DOING.
FLEXO!
OH, DEAR.
AHHHHHH!
WHAT ARE YOU THUGS DOING BACK THERE?!
AIM FOR THE ENEMY!

BROOOM
EVERYONE OKAY?
OH, MY ACHING HEAD...
REPOSE?
UH...
ALRIGHT, TAXI!
I'LL CRASH WITH YOU ANY DAY!
GOOD MOVE, DUGAN. YOU KILLED OUR SHIP.
ALRIGHT, WE CONTINUE WITH THE PLAN.
BREEZE--NICE SHOOTIN'!
NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE GUN MUSIC TO SWEETEN THE MOOD!
I GOT A FEW MORE TUNES THAT--
URLKH...
OH!
YOU JOKERS MADE A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE WEST OF THE RHINELAND...

DESPITE YOUR PRESENCE HERE...
WE'RE THE ONES WHO ARE--
THE INVADERS!
ZOMBIE INVADERS!

MARVEL ZOMBIES DESTROY! #2

"DEAD DEAD DUGAN"

EARTH-12591
DAMMIT, TORCH!
I'M ON FIRE!
OF COURSE YOU ARE. I PREFER HOT WINGS.
I MAY BE AN ANDROID, BUT I WAS REPROGRAMMED TO BE A BIT PECKISH.
I'VE GOT TO KEEP UP WITH THE APPETITES OF MY FELLOW ZOMBIE INVADERS!
RED RAVEN! STOP ACTING LIKE THIS IS A BARBEQUE, YOU INEFFECTUAL BIRD BRAIN!
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT THIS, HOWARD. ZOMBIE INVADERS?!
SHUDDUP AND SHAKE YOUR TAIL FEATHERS, DUGAN!
WE'RE NOT HERE TO TWIRL OUR TOES IN THE SAND!

WE HAVE TO GET OFF THIS BEACH!
THEY'LL JUST KEEP THROWING BODIES AT US UNTIL WE'RE ALL LUNCH MEAT!
WHAT ELSE ABOUT THIS MISSION HAVEN'T YOU TOLD ME?
OY.
IS THAT YOU...
IF IT...
WE NEED TO MEET UP WITH THE RESISTANCE!
RESISTANCE?
...LOOKS...
...BUCKY?
AND WHO ARE YOU?
CAPTAIN AFRICA?!
WHY DID THE PRESIDENT SPECIFICALLY ASK FOR ME?
UH, 'CAUSE HE LIKES YOUR STYLE?
WHIZZER'S RUNNING RIGHT AT US!
...LIKE A DUCK AND TALKS LIKE A DUCK--
THEN IT MUST BE...
BULL.
AWCK!
...DINNER!

SCHLRKK
AHH!
DYNAMAN!
TREMBLE BEFORE YOUR SUPERIORS, YOU NAZI SCUM.
'AVEN'T GOT ANY, MATE.
WE'RE THE MASTER RACE!
AND NOW, UNION JACK?
YOU'RE BANGERS AND MASH!
ARRCHK!
MY MAN, DYNAMAN!
LOOKIT, TAXI-- HE'S TEARING THE ZOMBIES APART!
IT'S A GOOD THING HE'S ON OUR SIDE, BLAZING SKULL.
UNLIKE THAT COWARD, RED RAVEN...
OUR WHOLE APPROACH IS PREDICATED ON DYNAMAN.
WE NEED HIS MUSCLE TO MAKE THIS WORK.
MUSCLE WON'T SOLVE EVERYTHING.
UCK
WE'RE HERE TO BRING HOPE TO THIS DARK WORLD...

...AND MERCY TO THE--
--HRRK--
SILENCE!
CRACK
HERE IS THE EXTENT OF NAMOR'S MERCY!
FOR ISN'T IT MERCIFUL TO CULL THE WEAK-WILLED FROM THE EARTH?
CULL THIS, NAMOR--
--YOU ROTTEN PIECE OF ZOMBIE SUSHI!
FLEXO! YOU OKAY?
LANDED FUNNY.
I HEARD ABOUT YOU, SPITFIRE.
YOU'RE HALF VAMPIRE, HALF ZOMBIE--
AND ALL DEAD.
I CAN'T BELIEVE ANYTHING WOULD TURN BUCKY INTO A NAZI.
POK
YOU'RE MINE, GIRLIE!
CAN'T SEE...
TAXI, LOOK OUT!
GOLDEN GIRL IS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

DON'T WORRY, TAXI!
I GOT THIS DECOMPO-
EEEAUURGH!
OH, NO. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO--
ARRGHH!
I...I GUESS CHIVALRY ISN'T DEAD.
WELL, NOW RED RAVEN KINDA IS.
LET'S GO FOR A RIDE!
DECIMATION.
KEEP GOING!
WE'LL MAKE A STAND AT THE CLIFF BASE!
YIELD, ZOMBIE! YOUR BODY FALTERS!
AS DOES YOUR STRATEGY!

CALAMARIUM REX.
WHA--?!
ARGHHH!
OH MY GAWWW--!
THERE GOES OUR HEAVIEST HITTER!
WAS THAT A ZOMBIE SQUID?!
BUCKLE DOWN--
HERE THEY COME!
THERE IS NOWHERE YOU CAN RUN!
ACCEPT US AS YOUR--
UK!
CHUK
IT SEEMS...

...THAT YOU GENTLEMEN COULD USE A HAND FROM...
...THE SUFFRAGISTS!

THIS IMPERIUS SUX.
DEVOUR.
CHUK
EVERYONE PICK A TARGET!
PICKED AND PLUCKED.
I GRANT YOU FREEDOM FROM HUNGER!
SLICE
YOU SOFT-SKINS KILLED MY FRIENDS!
HEY, FIRE--
MEET FRYING PAN!
CLUNK

FLAME OFF!
ZZT
THUMP
INVADE US? I DON'T THINK SO.
YES!
SISTERS ARE DOING IT FOR THEMSELVES!
FATHERLAND VS. THE MOTHER LODE!
MISS AMERICA?
HOWARD THE DUCK, I PRESUME?
WELCOME TO THE RESISTANCE.
WE FOUR ARE ALL THAT REMAIN OF IT.
THIS IS LIBERTAS, COLUMBIA, AND RIVETER.

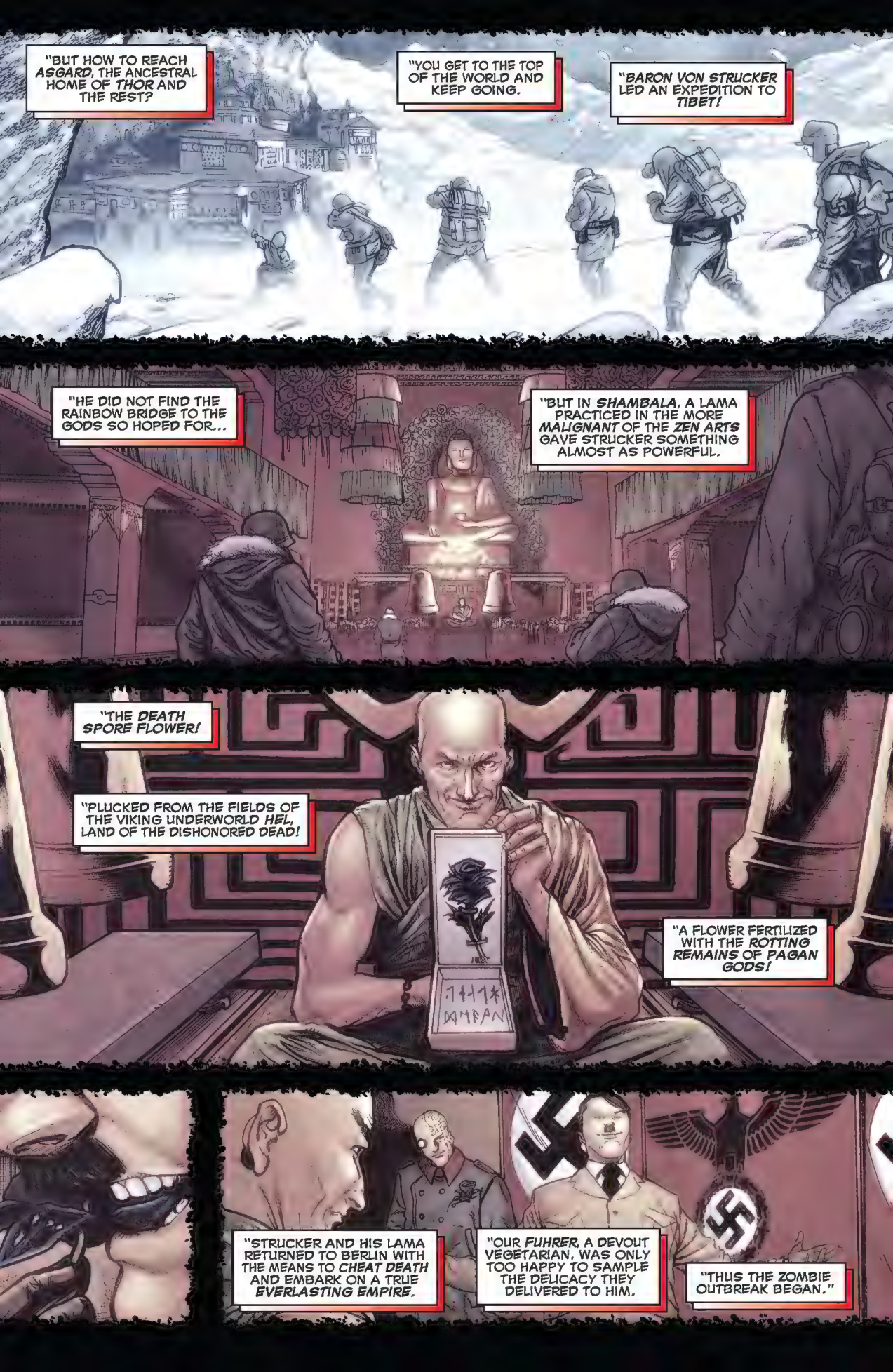
WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY! UP THE STAIRS IN THE FOLDS OF THE CLIFF.
READY FOR A FEW FLIGHTS, GANG?
GOOD TO GO IN A SEC, CHIEF!
I WILL NEED 7.3 SECONDS.
UH, NO ELEVATOR?
LIBERTAS--IS THAT LATIN?
NO, IT'S UNIVERSAL.
YEAH... IT IS, ISN'T IT?
YOU LADIES ARE A SIGHT FOR SORE EVERYTHING!
IT IS GOOD THAT YOU ARE HERE.
THE STRUGGLE HAS NOT BEEN EASY.
NO WORTHY STRUGGLE EVER IS.
THAT SHIELD...
DID HE GIVE IT TO YOU?
HE DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE.

CAPTAIN AMERICA WOULD *NOT* YIELD.
NOT EVER.
HE FOUGHT UNTIL HE HAD NO QUARTER LEFT TO GIVE.
AND NO LIFE FOR THEM TO STEAL.
SO YOU--
YES, I PICKED UP THE STANDARD.
BECAUSE *THIS* MEANS SOMETHING.
THIS IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR.
CAP ALWAYS SAID ONE MAN CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.
SOMEDAY I HOPE TO BE THE ONE "*MAN*" THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.
YEAH, I NOTICED THAT THE RESISTANCE IS ALL WO--
AMERICAN?
AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS HAD A HEALTHY DISREGARD FOR UNJUSTLY IMPOSED AUTHORITY.
AND HE WAS RIGHT. HE INSPIRED US TO KEEP FIGHTING.
RIGHT THROUGH HERE, GENTLEMEN, IS HOME SWEET HEADQUARTERS.

IS THIS LAB STILL ACTIVE?
NO. WE ONLY USE IT AS A STAGING AREA.
LOOKS LIKE IT WAS ONCE *VERY* BUSY.
WOW!
GUYS, CHECK OUT *THIS* SUBTLE PIECE OF ART.
SENSE A THEME HERE, ETERNAL BRAIN?
MORE AKIN TO A BROWBEATING.
PROTO-FASCISTIC PROPAGANDA ICONOGRAPHY.
DRAGOON, YOU SAID IT!
I THINK...
GET A LOAD OF THIS.
THEY DON'T DO THINGS SMALL.
NEAT!
WINDOWS...
INTO THE EYES...
OF THE SOULLESS.

PUT ZAT DOWN!
ACH! HAVE YOU NO IDEA THE VALUE YOU HOLD?!
WHO? ME?
SIMMER DOWN, SPACE-HEAD.
WE'RE YOUR OPERATION PAPER CLIP.
AH! YOU HAVE ARRIVED!
SAY HELLO TO YOUR INSIDE SOURCE: ZEPHYR ZOG.
FAMOUS ASTROPHYSICIST, STRING THEORIST, AND MASTER EGOTIST.
AND YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME THE RENOWNED...
DUM DUM DUGAN!
SO MUCH RIDES IN SUCH A VESSEL!
WHAT?!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
HEY, YOU'RE NOT A ZOMBIE.
NO. THE REICH REQUIRED MY MOTOR NEURONS NOT BE DECOMPOSED OR--
REICH? YOU A NAZI?
NATURALLY! ONE MUST BE A PARTY MEMBER TO--
WELCOME TO THE NEW PARTY, PAL!
YOU LIKE BENEFITING FROM MASS MURDER?!
WHY DON'T YOU RESEARCH THAT FROM THE OTHER SIDE?
MEIN GOTT!

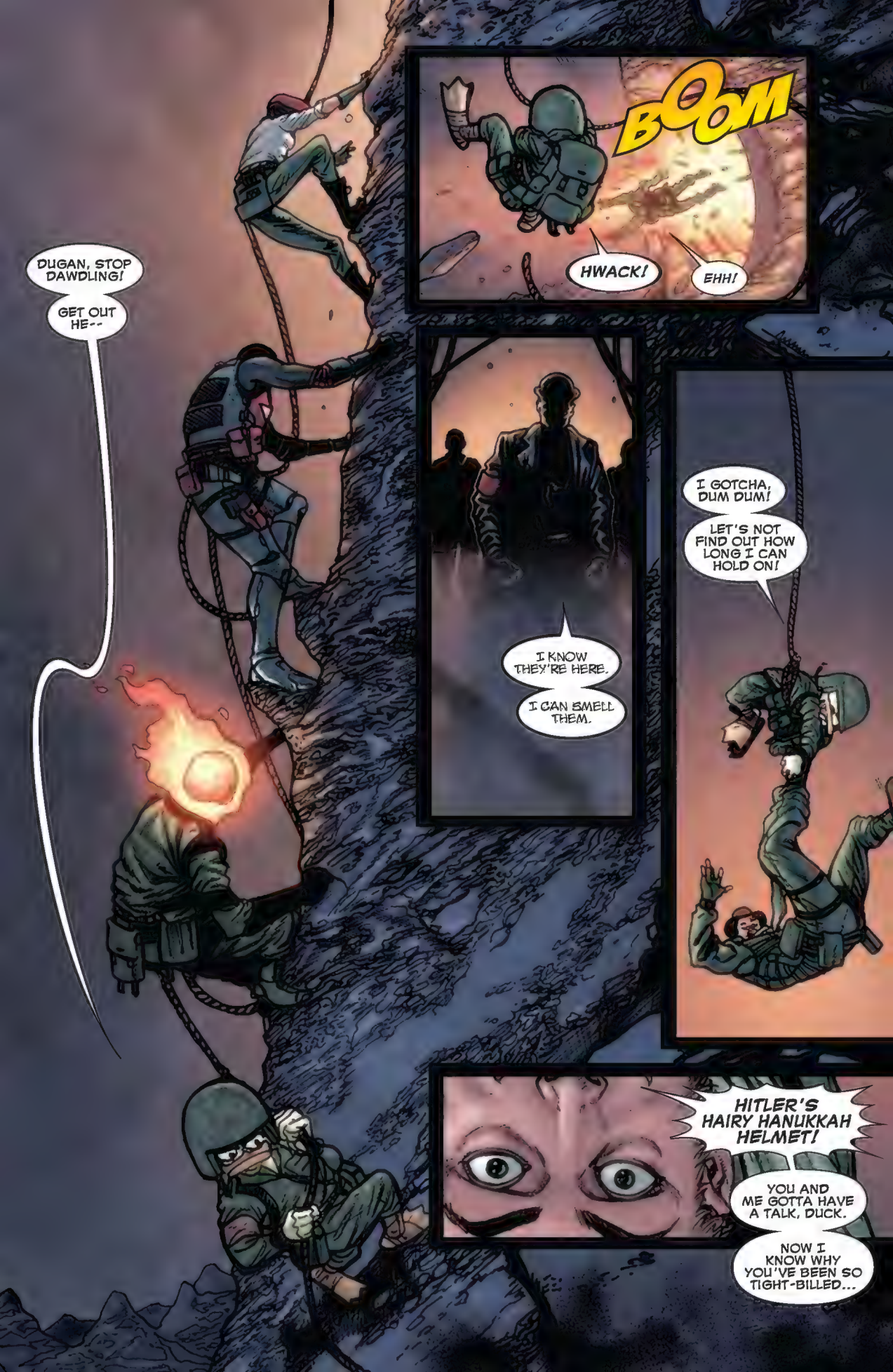
SKULL, BACK OFF! WE NEED HIM!
SO HE CAN HELP DEVASTATE OTHER WORLDS?
ETHICS?!
I HATE SCI-GUYS WHO SKIPPED OUT ON ETHICS CLASS!
WOULD IT BE ETHICAL FOR BEETHOVEN *NOT* TO COMPOSE?!
IT WAS I WHO FIRST BREACHED THE BARRIERS BETWEEN REALITIES.
SCIENTISTS *INVENT!* WE *CREATE!* WE USE THE MEANS AVAILABLE AND WE BRING ABOUT ***GREATNESS!***
BUT ZOMBIES...
ZOMBIES ONLY ***DESTROY!***
I NOW FIND THE FUTURE OF *MY WORK* IS TIED TO THE FUTURE OF *ALL LIFE.*
IF YOU WANT ONE, THEN YOU MUST ACCEPT BOTH.
HE'S MADE HIS DEAL WITH THE DEVIL.
HELL WILL BE WAITING WHENEVER WE WANT TO PUSH HIM IN.
YEAH, WE CAN ALWAYS KILL HIM LATER.
RUFFIANS!
THE ALTAR BOYS WERE DEPLOYED ON A DIFFERENT OP.
TYPICAL, BLAME THE SCIENTIST WHEN ACTUALLY THE DARK LAMA WHO--
THE DARK *WHO* LAMA?
IN THE WANING DAYS OF *OUR* LAST WORLD WAR, AS THE REICH'S PLANS SEEMED IN JEOPARDY...
A DESPERATE ATTEMPT WAS MADE AT *BLOOD UNITY* WITH THE *NORDIC FOREBEARS* WHO HAD LONG AGO CREATED THE ARYANS:
THE *NORSE GODS* THEMSELVES!


"BUT HOW TO REACH ASGARD, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THOR AND THE REST?
"YOU GET TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD AND KEEP GOING.
"BARON VON STRUCKER LED AN EXPEDITION TO TIBET!
"HE DID NOT FIND THE RAINBOW BRIDGE TO THE GODS SO HOPED FOR...
"BUT IN SHAMBALA, A LAMA PRACTICED IN THE MORE MALIGNANT OF THE ZEN ARTS GAVE STRUCKER SOMETHING ALMOST AS POWERFUL.
"THE DEATH SPORE FLOWER!
"PLUCKED FROM THE FIELDS OF THE VIKING UNDERWORLD HEL, LAND OF THE DISHONORED DEAD!
"A FLOWER FERTILIZED WITH THE ROTTING REMAINS OF PAGAN GODS!
"STRUCKER AND HIS LAMA RETURNED TO BERLIN WITH THE MEANS TO CHEAT DEATH AND EMBARK ON A TRUE EVERLASTING EMPIRE.
"OUR FUHRER, A DEVOUT VEGETARIAN, WAS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO SAMPLE THE DELICACY THEY DELIVERED TO HIM.
"THUS THE ZOMBIE OUTBREAK BEGAN."

YOU NAZIS ARE NUTS.
ALL THIS BECAUSE OF A STUPID FLOWER?
ALL THE MEN WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES TO THE CAUSE...
THEIR SACRIFICE WAS FOR NOTHING.
ALL RIGHT, DUCKLINGS, LISTEN UP!
OUR DAY HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN!
ZOG HAS ARRANGED TRANSPORT INTO THE ENEMY'S INNER REFUGE.
OUR FIRST OBJECTIVE IS TO GET OUR *ACE-IN-THE-HOLE* IN POSITION.
WE WILL THEN ASCEND THEIR *CHALET REDOUBT* IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS...
WHERE THEY DOCK THE TRANS-DIMENSIONAL BATTLESHIP--
VALHALLA'S HAMMER.
WE *MUST* DESTROY IT.
BUT TO ENSURE THAT THEY CANNOT...
...RE-ARM...
...AND BEGIN ANOTHER WAR--
--WE'VE GOT TO END THE ZOMBIE THREAT AT THE SOURCE.
SOUNDS LIKE A WALK IN THE PARK.
IF THAT PARK WAS A GRAVEYARD!

HEY! WE ONLY HAD A ONE-IN-FOUR CHANCE OF MAKING IT THIS FAR...
ONE-IN-FOUR OF US DIDN'T MAKE IT THIS FAR!
AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THEIR SACRIFICE BE WASTED!
WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THOSE GUYS--EACH ONE WAS CRUCIAL TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR MISSION.
EVEN RED RAVEN?
I WON'T LIE TO YOU. WE WENT FROM DESPERATE TO ALL-OUT INSANE.
IT'S A CRAZY WORLD OUT THERE, BUT WE JUST MIGHT HAVE A CRAZY ENOUGH CREW RIGHT HERE TO DEAL WITH IT.
THESE NAZI ZOMBIES WANT TO PLUNGE OUR UNIVERSE AND EVERY OTHER ONE INTO A NEW DARK AGE OF BARBARITY.
WE'RE GONNA STOP THEM BECAUSE THE ALTERNATIVE IS UNIMAGINABLE.
WHY IS THEIR SHIP AT SUCH A HIGH ELEVATION?
AND HOW DID THE ZOMBIES TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD? THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN WEAPONS THAT COULD STOP THEM.
YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM?!
YA KNOW WHAT ZOG WAS SAYIN' ABOUT THE NAZIS LOOKING FOR GODS?
WELL, THEY FOUND 'EM!
BOOM
=OOF=
WHAT--?!
WOOOAH
WOOOAH
THE WAFFEN-ZZ ARE HERE! RIGHT OUTSIDE!

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF HERE.
LIBERTAS-- GO!
GONE!
BATTLESTAR-- TAKE THE LEAD!
WOOOAH WOOOAH
I'LL FLY TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF.
FOLLOW ME UP!
I'LL FOLLOW LIBERTY WHEREVER SHE LEADS.
EVERYONE OUT!
YOU DIDN'T FINISH ANSWERING ME.
WE CAN CHAT LATER!
WOOOAH WOOOAH


DUGAN, STOP DAWDLING!
GET OUT HE--
BOOM
HWACK!
EHH!
I KNOW THEY'RE HERE.
I CAN SMELL THEM.
I GOTCHA, DUM DUM!
LET'S NOT FIND OUT HOW LONG I CAN HOLD ON!
HITLER'S HAIRY HANUKKAH HELMET!
YOU AND ME GOTTA HAVE A TALK, DUCK.
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU'VE BEEN SO TIGHT-BILLED...

EMPTY...
WHATAYA SAY, HERR DUGAN?
CAN YOU FIND THEM? CRUSH THEM?
EAT THEM?
IT'S WHAT I DO.
IT'S ALL I DO.
DEAD DEAD DUGAN

MARVEL ZOMBIES DESTROY! #3

"A WORLD UPSIDE DOWN"

A WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

WHERE'S ZOG? ZEPHYR ZOG? DID THEY TAKE HIM WITH THEM?
OR HE WENT WILLINGLY. I'VE HAD SUSPICIONS ABOUT THAT ROTTEN LITTLE LINZER TORTE.
ALL OF YOU, SPREAD OUT. FIND THOSE LIVING FREAKS...
...AND YOU'LL FIND ZOG AS WELL.
UNLESS I FIND HIM FIRST. THEN ALL YOU'LL FIND IS SCRAPS.

EH?
WHAT THE HELL?
HUNH.
HMMM.
DAMNEDEST THING.

STRANGE PLACE FOR A MIRROR...
WAIT A MINUTE...THAT'S NO MIRROR...
TOOK HIM LONG ENOUGH. AM I THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH ANY BRAINS?!
BRAINS! BRAIIIINS!
IT'S ANOTHER ME!
≑UNNNNNH≑ JIG'S UP! C... C'MON...WE... WE GOTTA...
≑WHAAAAUAUUGH≑

HOWARD! I'LL GET YOU--
AND I'VE GOT YOU.
GRAB THE DUCK AND LET'S GO.
GOOD IDEA, LIBERTAS.
KCCHHHH

HERE THEY COME!
GOOD THING. ZOG HAS HIS PERSONAL TRAIN WAITING: A GIFT FROM ZOMBIE MUSSOLINI. AND HE INSISTS WE LEAVE ON TIME.
YOU SURVIVED. HEARTIEST CONTRAFIBULARITIES.
THANK YOU, DRAGOON... I THINK.
UH...GUYS? DO WE HAVE A PROBLEM HERE?
WHY YOU LITTLE--!
AAAAACK!
WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*?! YOU COULD'VE *KILLED* HIM--!
ON MY DADDY'S FARM NEAR BOSTON, I KILLED *BIGGER'N* HIM AND WE HAD SOME *GREAT* SUNDAY DINNERS AFTERWARDS!
GROW THE HELL UP, DUGAN. EVERYBODY USES EVERYBODY.
YOU *USED* ME, DUCK!
SETTLE THIS LATER. RIGHT NOW...

"...WE HAVE A TRAIN TO CATCH."
C'MON, DUGAN. YA GOTTA GET OVER THIS.
RIGHT NOW I'M PICTURING YOU A *L'ORANGE*. I DON'T GOTTA GET OVER *NOTHIN'*.
DID'JA REALLY THINK WE WERE JUST GONNA WALTZ INTO THE MOST *FORTIFIED* NAZI HQ IN EUROPE? WE'D NEVER MAKE IT.
YOU'RE OUR ACE IN THE HOLE. ZOG TOLD US WHERE THERE'S A SECRET ENTRANCE.
YOU WALK IN PRETENDING T'BE YER *ZOMBIE* SELF, SHUT DOWN THEIR DEFENSE SYSTEMS, AND BAM, WE GET THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.
'CEPT I'M THE ONE WHO GOT SURPRISED.
YA COULD'A *WARNED* ME. I MEAN...
I SEEN A LOTTA DEATH, DUCK-O. *CAUSED* A GOOD CHUNK OF IT.
BUT *NOBODY* SHOULD HAVE TO SEE *HISSELF* LIKE THAT.
NOBODY.

SPEAKING OF NOBODY...WHAT'S *YOUR* DEAL?
DEAL, BATTLESTAR?
HOW'D YOU WIND UP THE *"ETERNAL BRAIN"*? IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING.
IF I *DID* MIND IT WOULD BE TOO LATE, YES?
WELL, UHM...
HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE *ETERNALS*?
I THINK SO. GODLIKE BEINGS, RIGHT?
NOT *"LIKE."* *GODS.*
AND I... WAS *ONE* OF THEM.
BUT I HAD ENEMIES, AND EVENTUALLY I HID AS A HUMAN. CRAFTED A FLESH AND BLOOD BODY FOR MYSELF.
YET THEY FOUND ME, KILLED ME. HOWEVER, MY ETERNAL BRAIN SURVIVED.
"HID AS A HUMAN"? HOW DID YOU LOOK BEFORE?
IMPRESSIVE. *VERY* IMPRESSIVE.
HAVE YOU SEEN COLUMBIA?
SOUTH AMERICA?
NO, YOU GOOFUS. THE HEROINE.
OH, *SWORD GIRL.* NO...

"...BUT I'M SURE SHE'S FINE. IT'S A TRAIN. WHERE'S SHE GONNA GO?"
I'M GOING TO HELL. I JUST KNOW IT.
AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE AT SUCH A YOUNG AGE, TAXI...
...TO MERIT SUCH A *DIRE* FATE?
OH, HEY. COLUMBIA AND RIVETER, RIGHT?
OR ROSALIND. "ROZ" TO MY FRIENDS.
THERE WAS THIS GUY WHO WAS A PART OF THE TEAM. HE WAS...KINDA *DUMB*.
HE HAD THESE STUPID WINGS THAT KEPT GETTING IN THE WAY.
AND I DID NOTHING BUT *INSULT* HIM.
AND THEN HE DIED SAVING ME. AFTER I WAS SO MEAN TO HIM--

DID'JA THINK MAYBE YOUR BEING "*MEAN*" WAS THE SWIFT KICK IN THE BEHIND HE NEEDED TO BECOME THE HERO HE *COULD* BE?
HE DIED *HEROICALLY*, YOU SAY.
YES.
THE WAYS HEROES DIE ARE AS IMPORTANT AS HOW THEY LIVE. OFTENTIMES, MORE SO.
I DUNNO. DEAD IS DEAD. DOES IT *REALLY* MATTER HOW?
DEAR, MAY IT BE A *LONG* WHILE BEFORE YOU FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT.
BY THE BY...
WHERE DID THIS *TRUNK* COME FROM?
I DUNNO. IT WAS JUST HERE.
HAVE YOU INSPECTED THE CONTENTS?
WHAT, YOU THINK IT MIGHT BE *DANGEROUS*?
ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE.
WELL, THEN, LET'S FIND OUT.
NO, WAIT! IT *COULD* BE--

--EMPTY.
ALMOST NEVER.
HAPPY?
SOMETHING'S WRONG. I CAN FEEL IT.
I'M GOING TO CHECK ON OUR "ENGINEERS."
NOTHING'S TO BE GAINED BY MOPING AROUND HERE.
GO BACK TO THE OTHERS AND AWAIT MY RETURN.
YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF--
NOW.
YES, MA'AM.
Okay.

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN HERE?
COULDN'T BE SPIFFIER! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, ZOGGY?
IT COULD BE VASTLY IMPROVED, FLEXO, IF YOU CEASED CALLING ME "ZOGGY."
SO WHEN DO WE REACH THE BAVARIAN ALPS?
PATIENCE, MY DEAR COLUMBIA. I HAVE EVERYTHING FIRMLY IN HAND, AND ALL IS PROCEEDING ON SCHEDULE.
THE TRIP WILL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.
AAAAAHHH!

THE GLASS-- MY EYES! VERFLUCHT!
MY EYES, MY EYES!
AS YOU WISH. I'LL START WITH THOSE.
OH NO YOU D--!
SHUNK
STAY PUT, UNLIVING THING. HIS EYES OFFEND ME, AND I WILL HAVE THEM...
NEEEEIIIIIIN!
SLURRRP

ROBOT! OUT OF THE WAY--!
KIND OF *HARD* WHEN I'M DOING AN IMPRESSION OF A BUTTERFLY COLLECTION.
EXCELLENT APPETIZERS. AND NOW...
...ON TO THE MAIN COURSE.
STAY HERE!
NOOO PROBLEMO.

YOU GUYS HEAR THAT? SOMETHING...?
BANGING AROUND ON THE ROOF? MAYBE JUST SOME FALLEN ROCKS...?
SURE, THAT'S IT. SOME NAZIS JUST GETTING THEIR ROCKS OFF.
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! A ZOMBIE SWORDSWOMAN! SHE GOT ZOG!
DAMNATION! HE'S THE KEY TO THIS WHOLE OPERATION!
IS THERE ANY CHANCE HE'S STILL ALIVE?!
CRAAAASH
PROBABLY NOT.
HIT THE CEILING! GIVE IT ALL YA GOT!
WHAT GOOD ARE BULLETS GOING TO D--
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
KRAAASH
NO!

VALKYRIES! CRAP! WE CAN'T LOSE TAXI! SHE'S OUR RIDE HOME!
AND A HUMAN BEING IN TROUBLE!
YEAH, THAT TOO.
HAAAAALP!
STOP SQUIRMING, AND I MAY HONOR THEE BY MAKING THEE ONE OF US--
EH?
I FEEL I CAN SPEAK FOR HER WHEN I SAY YOUR OFFER...

...IS DECLINED!
AAAAAHHH!
MY HORSE!
HUNH?!
RELAX. I HAVE YOU.
YOU'RE...YOU'RE TELEKINETIC? YOU DIDN'T SAY YOU WERE TELEKINETIC.
WELL, I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG.

OOOOOF!
SO. ZOMBIE VALKYRIES ARE MADE OF STURDIER STUFF THAN THE NORMAL TYPE.
WELL, I SUGGEST YOU TAKE YOUR STURDY STUFF AND GO BACK TO THE HELA-HOLE THAT SPAWNED YOU.
NO ONE ELSE WILL DIE TODAY BECAUSE OF YOU.
STAY BACK, MY VALKYRIOR SISTERS!
BY THE HAMMER OF THOR, GOD OF THUNDER...
THIS BITCH IS MINE!
DO YOUR WORST, THUNDER THIGHS!
BLAZING SKULL, THEY'RE STILL ON THE ROOF!
NOT FOR LONG! GET DOWN!

FWOOOSH
EEEEEEYAARRRHHH
SISTERS!
YOU LOVE THEM SO MUCH?
JOIN THEM!
NO!
NOOOOO!

NO...
I WILL STAY... MISTRESS...OF MY FATE...
AND... AND I WILL CHOOSE...
...THE TIME... AND NATURE...OF MY DEATH...AND IT WILL NOT BE AS ONE OF THEM...
COLUMBIA! GET BACK HERE! THERE'S STILL HOPE! MAYBE...MAYBE THERE'S A CURE AT THE BASE! DON'T--!
NOW... I CHOOSE... NOW...ROZ...WON'T HAVE YOU SEE ME...SO...
...SO... HUNGRY...

OH, GOD. I...I SAW HER, RIGHT BEFORE...
THIS IS ALL MY FAULT...PEOPLE... PEOPLE KEEP DYING TO SAVE ME...
THEN MAKE THEIR SACRIFICES NOT BE IN VAIN.
BUT THE ZOMBIES ARE GOING TO KEEP COMING AFTER US, AND AFTER US...
STOP THY CATERWAULING, WOMAN. THE SOUND IS OFFENSIVE TO MINE EARS.
IN ANY EVENT, THESE PARTICULAR ZOMBIES WERE NOT AFTER YOU. THEY WERE AFTER ME.
THEY, AND COUNTLESS SLAVERING ASGARDIAN HORDES TO COME. GODS MADE INTO DEMONS, DRIVEN BY INSATIABLE HUNGER, HOUNDING ME...AND NOW YOU...WHEREVER WE RUN.
IF WE DO NOT END THIS, THEY WILL BE UPON US LIKE RAVENING LOCUSTS, ALL HOPE WILL BE GONE, AND THE FAULT FOR THAT IS LOKI'S TO BEAR.
BUT YOU DON'T HEAR ME MEWLING ABOUT IT.

MARVEL ZOMBIES DESTROY! #4

"INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEASTS"

"DO NOT BELIEVE THE TALES OF RAGNAROK: THIS WAS HOW IT SHOULD END BETWEEN THOR AND ME.
"TWO IMMORTALS BATTLING ACROSS A VAST, ICY PLAIN. OR PERHAPS A DESERT, WITH WAVES OF HEAT ROLLING OFF IT.
"NOT LIKE THIS. NOT PURSUED BY SOME... SOME UNLIVING THING THAT IS THOR IN NAME ONLY.
"WITH AN ARMY OF HIS UNGODLY FOLLOWERS BEHIND HIM, CHASING ME FROM THE FAR END OF NIFFLEHEIM AROUND THE GLOBE OF MIDGARD. AND WHOSE FAULT IS IT?
"MINE. ONLY MINE."

YOU SEE, ALL-FATHER ODIN HAD FORBIDDEN ALL ASGARDIANS FROM HAVING AUGHT TO DO WITH MIDGARD. HE FELT HUMANS HAD MOVED PAST US.
THIS DECISION PLAGUED THOR MOST OF ALL, FOR HE HAD A FOOLISH FONDNESS FOR MORTALS.
YOU GONNA DRINK THAT, BRAIN?
I DECIDED TO PLAY ON THOR'S WEAKNESS. SO, IN DISGUISE, I USED MY MAGIC ARTS TO HIDE MY ABSENCE IN ASGARD AND CAME HERE, TO MIDGARD.
...AND UNLEASHED WHAT YOU WOULD CALL THE "ZOMBIE PLAGUE."
I KNEW THAT THOR CONTINUED TO MONITOR EARTH, AND THUS I BELIEVED THAT--
WAIT! YOU...? YOU DESTROYED MY WORLD?!
YOU SON OF A--!
LIBERTAS, LET'S--
GET HIM? YOU READ MY MIND, SKULL.
SILLY MORTALS. TRICKS ARE FOR GODS.
YOU ARE, AND ALWAYS WILL BE, NOTHING BUT OUR PAWNS.
AS I WAS SAYING, I BELIEVED ONE OF TWO GAMES WOULD PLAY OUT...

"THOR WOULD DUTIFULLY REMAIN IN ASGARD AND WATCH HELPLESSLY AS HIS FAVORITE SOURCE OF ENTERTAINMENT ATE ITSELF ALIVE...
"OR ELSE HE WOULD DESCEND TO MIDGARD, VIOLATING THE ALL-FATHER'S DECREE, AND THUS FACE HEAVENLY PUNISHMENT.
"EITHER WAY, A WIN FOR LOKI, AND I NEED NOT RISK MYSELF. INSTEAD...
"...IN A MOVE I COULD NOT HAVE FORESEEN, ODIN HIMSELF CAME TO MIDGARD FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AN AGE...
"...TO DETERMINE THE ORIGIN OF THE MADNESS. HE WAS IN DIRE NEED OF THE ODINSLEEP, FOR HIS POWER WAS EBBING, BUT HE FELT THE SITUATION TOO DIRE TO IGNORE.
"HIS LACK OF PUISSANCE COST HIM DEARLY.
"NORMALLY HE COULD HAVE DISPATCHED ATTACKING MORTALS WITH EASE. BUT THIS TIME...
"...ONE GOT TOO CLOSE...
"...AND CHANGED THE COURSE OF NATURE ITSELF. YOU SEE, HE IS THE ALL-FATHER. THE POWER OF ALL ASGARDIANS FLOWS FROM HIM...

"AND THUS, IN ONE STROKE, DID THE WHOLE OF THE CITY ETERNAL SHARE THE FATE OF MIDGARD.
"EVERY ASGARDIAN CONTRACTED THE DISEASE THROUGH THEIR BOND WITH ODIN."
"BUT NOT YOU, HUH?"
"NO, YOU STRANGELY OFF-PUTTING BIRD CREATURE. NOT ME. FOR I AM NOT TRULY OF ASGARD, BUT INSTEAD THE LAND OF FROST GIANTS.
"YET THEY SAW ME AS THE LAST LIVING ASGARDIAN, AND SO BEGAN THE HUNT TO MAKE ME ONE OF THEM...
"...OR SIMPLY DEVOUR ME. THEIR GOAL WOULD CHANGE DEPENDING ON THEIR MOOD.
"AND IN THE MEANTIME, THEY ALLIED THEMSELVES WITH THOSE WHO DECLARED THEMSELVES THEIR HEIRS, NAMELY THE NAZIS."
INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEASTS

SO WHAT'S THE ENDGAME HERE, HUH, LOW-KY?
YOU STARTED THIS THING. YOU THINK YOU COULD CURE IT?
THAT IS THE HOPE, YES...
BUT IF...AND ONLY IF...
...I CAN GET TO THE FLOWER THAT BEGAN IT, HEAVILY GUARDED AT THEIR REDOUBT.
IN THAT, MY GOAL OVERLAPS WITH THINE OWN. THUS, WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER--
HI. DON'T MEAN TO BE A PARTY POOPER, BUT...
...COMPANY'S COMING. GOD-LEVEL COMPANY.
I GOT THE TRAIN ON AUTOPILOT, ALTHOUGH I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING MUCH FARTHER.
DAMMIT. HOW FAR ARE WE FROM BAD GUY CENTRAL, FLEXO?
LESS THAN A MILE.
SO NEAR AND YET SO MUCH THE OPPOSITE OF NEAR.
CAN YOU GET US IN THERE?
NOT WITHOUT MAGIC. AND ACTIVE MAGIC SERVES AS A BEACON TO THEM.
ACTIVE?
AS OPPOSED TO THE PASSIVE SPELL THAT SHIELDS ME IN HERE. THEY KNOW I'M IN THE GENERAL AREA, BUT NOT PRECISELY WHERE.

OF COURSE, THAT COULD CHANGE.
FOOLISH MORTAL CONSTRUCT! BEHOLD, AS THE MIGHT OF VOMITOUS VOLSTAGG STOPS THIS PUNY VEHICLE IN ITS--
ONE SIDE, VAST ONE. THE FUGITIVE LOKI...
BA-THOOM
...IS MINE!

TEAR IT APART! FIND HIM, AND WHOEVER IS ACCOMPANYING HIM!
FIND HIM, I SAY, SO THAT THERE MAY BE A RECKONING SUCH AS NONE HAVE EVER SEEN!
AH, WHAT FOOLS THESE IMMORTALS BE. WORRY NOT; THEY WILL NOT FIND US.
THIS IS INSANE. I... I HAVEN'T EVEN PROCESSED COLUMBIA'S DEATH AND NOW GODS ARE TRYING TO--
STAY CALM, ROZ. COLUMBIA WOULDN'T HAVE WANTED YOU TO...
COLUMBIA WOULD'A WANTED TO LIVE. ANYTHING ELSE IS BULLCRAP.
YOU'RE NOT HELPING, DUGAN.
S'OKAY, MISS AMERICA. I WASN'T TRYIN' TO.
THIS WHOLE THING...IT'S FREAKIN' SYMBOLIC, IS WHAT IT IS. GODS SMACKIN' US AROUND, AND WHAT WE WANT DON'T MEAN SQUAT.
AND WHAT OF *FREE WILL?* IS *THAT* WORTHLESS?
I FIGGER IT'S CALLED "*FREE WILL*" FOR A REASON.
MEANING?
MEANING YA *GET* WHAT'CHA *PAY* FOR.

THEY WILL PAY FOR THIS! BY ODIN'S MATTED AND FILTHY BEARD, HOW THEY WILL PAY!
THE WARRIOR MAIDENS SWORE THERE WERE MORTALS ON THE TRAIN, ALONG WITH YOUR WAYWARD BROTHER.
THEY MUST HAVE DISEMBARKED FARTHER BACK AND LEFT US CHASING AN EMPTY VESSEL!
EVERYONE, BACKTRACK! FIND THEM! WE WILL FEAST ON THEIR LIVING HEARTS...
BUT REMEMBER THIS!
LEAVE MY BROTHER TO ME!
FIND THEM!
DESTROY THEM!
BUT LOKI IS FOR THOR!

ALL RIGHT. THEY ARE LONG GONE.
WITH ANY LUCK, MY ADDLED BRETHREN HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS SITE ALTOGETHER. SO: OUT WITH YOU.
THIS HAS GOTTA BE THE DAMNEDEST THING I EVER SEEN.
BELIEVE ME, I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT DAMNED THINGS.
SO NOW WHAT?
LOKI GETS US IN, WE FIND THIS FLOWER, LOKI DESTROYS IT, AND WE SAVE THE WORLD.
GOOD PLAN.
THIS IS LIKE CLIMBIN' OUT OF A CLOWN CAR...WHICH, CONSIDERIN' THIS OUTFIT, KINDA FIGGERS.
EVERYBODY 'CEPT EVIL GUY. HE'S THE LAST ONE--
THAT EVERYBODY, DUGAN?

WHAT THE--?
AWWWW! I *LIKED* HIM! FOR AN EVIL GUY, HE WAS KIND OF NICE!
EITHER HE NEVER CAME OUT OR HE HAD ANOTHER EXIT.
I HATE TO KEEP ASKING THIS, BUT... NOW WHAT?
NOW IT'S BACK TO PLAN A.
ME PRETENDIN' TO BE MY OWN ZOMBIE. I HATE THIS.
THERE'S NOTHIN' ABOUT THIS *NOT* TO HATE, BUT IT *IS* WHAT IT IS.
"SO LET'S GET TO IT AND SEE JUST WHAT IT IS THAT THEY'RE HIDING UP THERE."

HERR DUGAN!
WE WERE NOT EXPECTING YOU BACK YET!

YEAH, WELL, THAT'S ME: MR. EXPECT-THE-UNEXPECTED.
HERR DUGAN, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR VOICE?

OH. ≥AHEM≤...
NOTHING... JUST...GOT A FROG IN MY THROAT...

ACH. YAH, I HAD THAT ONCE. VERDAMMT AMPHIBIAN GOT STUCK HALFWAY DOWN.

YEAH, THAT MUST'A SUCKED.
WELL... BYE.

OKAY, I'M IN.
GOOD.

NOW JUST MAKE YOUR WAY THROUGH TO THE BACK.
ONCE YOU'RE THERE, OPEN THE REAR GATE AND WE'LL COME IN HARD AND FAST.
BATTLESTAR, THAT KINDA SOUNDS DIRTY. AND WHAT THE HELL'S BEHIND THE GATE?
WE BELIEVE IT'S WHERE THEY HAVE THEIR TRANS-DIMENSIONAL SHIP.
WE DESTROY IT AND ITS POWER SOURCE AND IT'S ALL GOOD.
ALSO, THERE'S SUPPOSEDLY ANOTHER SECTION SOMEWHERE IN THERE. SOME SORT OF SUPERSECRET STORAGE FACILITY.
EVEN ZOG DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THERE.
IF BY SOME MIRACLE YOU CAN FIND A WAY TO IT...
MIGHT BE EASIER THAN Y'THINK.
FIRST THING'S FIRST, I'LL GET TO THAT GATE BEFORE THIS MAKEUP JOB WEARS OFF AND--
HERR DUGAN! YOU'RE BACK EARLIER THAN EXPECTED!
AHEM YEAH, YEAH, WE BEEN OVER...
...THIS...?
MOTHER--

STRUCKER! AND ZOLA...
COME! THE GLORIOUS RED SKULL IS ABOUT TO ADDRESS THE TROOPS! HE HAS COMMANDED THAT ALL ATTEND!
THE TIME FOR DEPARTURE IS ALMOST HERE!
YEAH, UH ~COUGH~ THAT'S GREAT. JUST GOT A FEW DETAILS TO TAKE--
WHATEVER THEY ARE, THEY CAN WAIT, JA?
OH, JA. BIG JA.

WHAT'S WRONG?
DUM DUM STOPPED TALKING. IT SOUNDED LIKE THERE WAS SOMEBODY WITH HIM...
JUST WHAT WE NEED. UNWANTED...
COMPANY!
HURRY! MORE FOR US IF WE CAN DEVOUR THEM BEFORE THE OTHERS GET HERE!

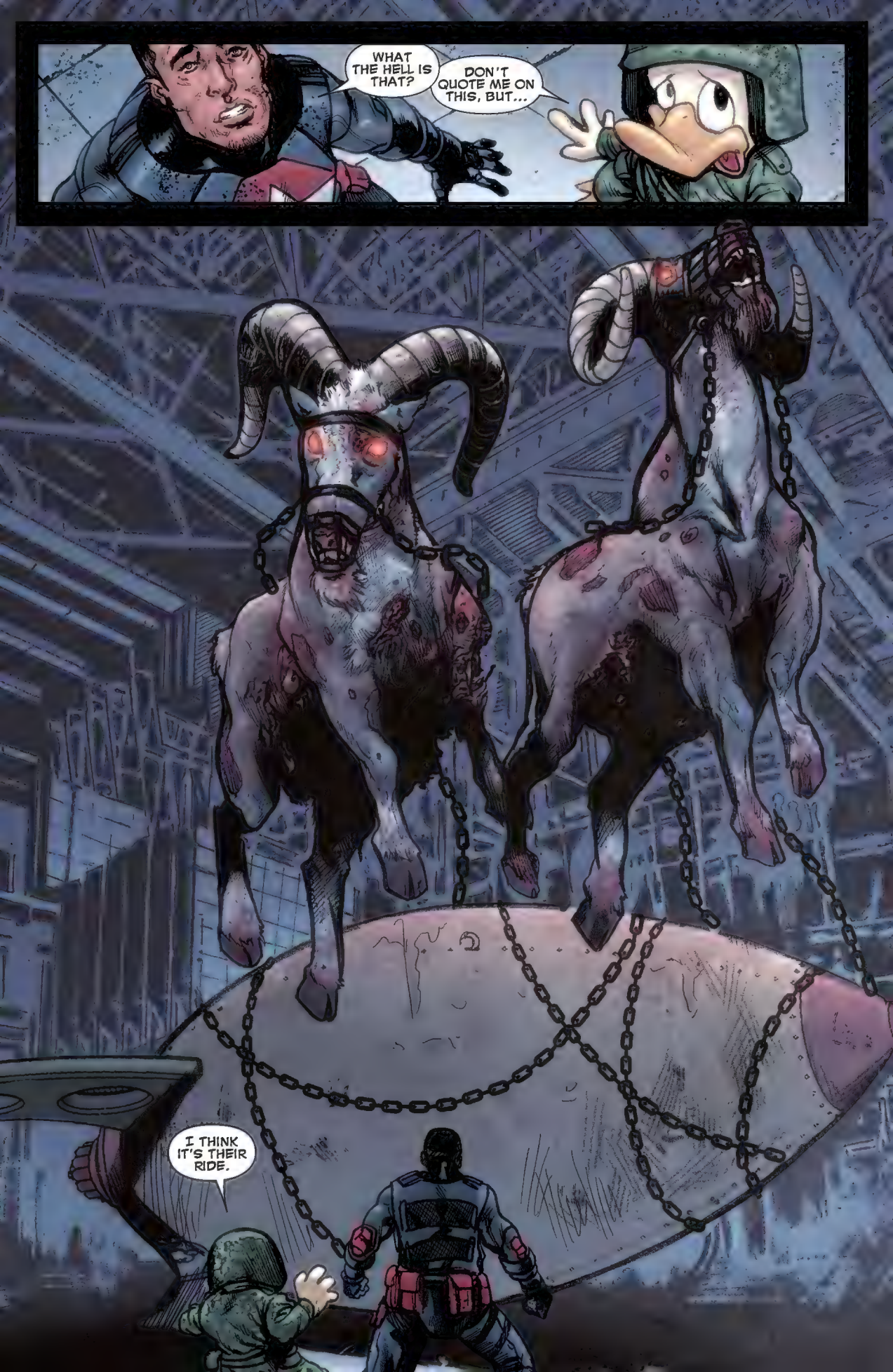
GET HIM OFF ME! GET HIM--!
EEEYAARRHH!!
GO TO BLAZES!
FWOOOOSH

DRAGOON! SOMEBODY HELP THE--
DON'T NEED...HELP...
...NEED... TO EAT... NEED...
EAT THIS!
WITTICISMS WHEN YOU'RE KILLING ONE OF OUR *OWN* GUYS? *REALLY?*
YEAH, SORRY, I GUESS I DIDN'T THINK THAT ONE THROUGH.

C'MON! WE'RE MAKING FOR THE GATE!
BUT DUM DUM HASN'T OPENED IT YET!
FOR ODIN! FOR ASGARD! FOR DINNER!
BRAIN! YOU GOT SOME FUNKY TK POWER, YES? YOU THINK YOU CAN OPEN THE GATE?
IT'S TOO LARGE FOR ME TO USE BRUTE FORCE, BUT PERHAPS I CAN MANIPULATE THE LOCKS, WHICH WILL AUTOMATICALLY...
CLOSE ENOUGH FOR JAZZ!
SO WE'RE GIVING UP ON DUM DUM...?
"IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED, IT'S THAT YA NEVER GIVE UP ON DUM DUM.
"LET'S JUST HOPE HE'S OKAY."
HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT! CHARACTER IS WHAT YOU ARE IN THE DARK!

THE REMAINDER OF OUR TROOPS ARE GATHERING EVEN NOW! WE WILL THEN LOAD OUR BATTLESHIP AND BREAK THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL BARRIER!
WORLD AFTER WORLD WILL FALL PREY TO OUR HUNGER!
WE MUST STRIKE WHILE THE CLOCK IS TICKING!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?!
ANOTHER EARTH!
WHEN?!
REAL SOON!

HOW WE DOIN' WITH THIS?!
I THINK I'VE GOT A SENSE OF THE LOCK...JUST NEED TO FLIP A FEW TUMBLERS AND IT WILL OPEN RIGHT UP, SOONER OR LATER...
SOONER... SOONER...
...SOONER WOULD BE MUCH BETTER...
CHA-CUNK
GOT IT.
IN! EVERYBODY IN! BRAIN, GET READY TO SLAM IT SHUT BEHIND US...
NOW! NOW! DROP IT NOW!
KRUUUNCH


WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
DON'T QUOTE ME ON THIS, BUT...
I THINK IT'S THEIR RIDE.

MARVEL ZOMBIES DESTROY! #5

"RAGNA-ROCKET"

NAZI ZOMBIE HEADQUARTERS.
GOTTA HURRY AND LET IN THE OTHERS BEFORE...
WE'RE HERE ALREADY, DUGAN!
OH! SORRY, DUCK! I GOT STUCK IN A NAZI PEP RALLY! TOOK ME A WHILE TO SLIP AW--
WHOA! WHAT THE HELL--? ARE THOSE--?
GIANT GOATS, YEAH.
THAT'S THE TRANSDIMENSIONAL POWER SOURCE?
AYE. AYE, THEY ARE.
WHA--? LOKI! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
GODS GO WHERE WE WILL. THOSE MASSIVE GOATS ARE TANNGRISNIR AND TANNGNJOSTR. THEY PULL THOR'S CHARIOT IN ASGARD.
I KNOW THAT NORSE MYTH. THOR COULD EAT THEM WHEN HE WAS HUNGRY, LAY THE BONES ON THEIR SKINS AND THEY'D RETURN TO LIFE.
AW MAN, THAT'S SICK! WHAT'S WRONG WITH NORSE PEOPLE?
MANY BECAME GERMANS.
WELL, THERE Y'GO.
AFTER THOR WAS TRANSFORMED, HE ATE THE GOATS, AND THEY REANIMATED AS ZOMBIES... WHO THEN ATE ODIN BEFORE ANYONE COULD STOP THEM.
BUT ODIN WAS ALREADY A ZOMBIE, YOU SAID! ZOMBIES DON'T EAT ZOMBIES!
GOATS EAT ANYTHING.
OH. RIGHT.
NOW THEY SIMPLY AWAIT THE COMMAND OF THEIR MASTER TO DRAW THE ZOMBIE-FILLED ARK ACROSS DIMENSIONS, THANKS TO THE POWER THEY ABSOR--
THERE!

I KNEW I SAW HIM SLIPPING OUT! NO TRUE NAZI ZOMBIE WOULD LEAVE A BRILLIANT SPEECH THAT I WAS GIVING!
GET HIM! HIM AND THE OTHERS! UNLEASH THE GOATS IF YOU HAVE TO, BUT GET THEM!
TORCH 'EM, SKULL.
I SPOTTED A DOOR T'SOMEPLACE SECRET UPSTAIRS! I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE THE FLOWER IS! IF WE CAN GET TO IT--!
THAT IS MERELY AN ENTRANCE TO A TRANSPORT SYSTEM THAT WILL TAKE YOU TO AN OUTPOST SOME MILES FROM HERE.
DO WE HAVE THE TIME TO TAKE IT?!
NAY. INSTEAD, I MUST THROW CAUTION TO THE WINDS.
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT--?!
FWOOOOF
--THE OTHERS? WHA--? YOU...POOFED US OUT OF THERE?! WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?
THEY WILL SERVE AS A DISTRACTION.
THAT'S... THAT'S INHUMAN, LEAVING THEM THERE--!
AND I AM NOT HUMAN, SO ALL IS WELL. BESIDES, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH.
"I'M SURE THEY'RE ALL JUST FINE. NOW...LET US GET DOWN TO BUSINESS."

THINK OF THIS AS THEIR "WEAPONS CENTRAL." EVERY SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENT THAT THE NAZIS CAPTURED, EVERY MAGICAL TOOL, IS IN THIS FACILITY.
AND THEY KEEP THE FLOWER HERE?
YES. BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER. DESTROYING IT WILL NOT CURE THE VIRUS.
BUT... YOU SAID IT WOULD--!
YOU DO KNOW I AM A TRICKSTER GOD, YES? NOT TO MENTION EVIL.
THEN WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE USED TO END THE THREAT. AN ULTIMATE WEAPON THE NAZIS "ACQUIRED."
THE AMERICANS CALLED IT... FAT MAN.
OH, COME ON. WHAT KIND OF STUPID NAME--?
NO. I'VE HEARD OF IT.
YOU HAVE? WHAT IS IT?
A BOMB. AND IF YOU THOUGHT ZOMBIES WERE HELL ON EARTH, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN'.
HERE. IT LOOKS LIKE THIS.
I CAN BE WHIMSICAL.
WH-WHY IS THOR STANDING NEXT TO IT, NAKED?

THE NAZIS KEEP IT *HERE*, MOUNTED ON A ROCKET, PREPARED TO LAUNCH UPON AN UNSUSPECTING ENEMY IF NECESSARY.
TARGET THEIR HEADQUARTERS, AND IT CAN OBLITERATE ALL THE ZOMBIES *AND* THEIR VESSEL IN ONE FLASH OF LIGHT.
HOW DO *YOU* KNOW IT EXISTS AND THAT IT'S HERE?
IT IS THE MOST *EVIL* WEAPON DEVISED BY MORTALS. A FINE GOD OF EVIL I WOULD BE IF I WERE UNAWARE OF--
AND WHAT OF ME, LOKI? WERE YOU UNAWARE OF ME AS WELL?
I KNEW THAT, SOONER OR LATER, YOU WOULD COME HERE, LOKI. YOU AND YOUR "ALLIES."
FOR ONE WHO PRIDES HIMSELF ON HIS CLEVERNESS, IT WAS RATHER FOOLISH OF YOU **NOT** TO ANTICIPATE THIS.
AND NOW... I HUNGER FOR OUR FINAL BATTLE.
RAGNA-ROCKET

AND YOU HAVE PERFECTED THE ART OF RUNNING, HAVE YOU NOT, BROTHER?
RUN, MORTALS. I WILL ATTEND TO THOR.
MY RUNNING CEASES HERE!
HAVE AT YOU, GOD OF FETID DECAY!
"HAVE AT YOU." THAT'S REALLY OLD SCHOOL.
AND YOU'D KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT, WOULDN'T'CHA, OLD MAN?
YOU SHOULD BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BE OLD SCHOOL.
KEEP GOING! I'LL HOLD OFF UNDEAD ME AND THE DISEMBOWELING COMMANDOS.
BUT--
GO, I SAID!

YA REALLY THINK FILLIN' US WITH BULLETS IS GONNA DO ANYTHING?
HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE
YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOMETHIN' BIGGER'N THAT TO--
OH, NO...
BLAM

HAH! THE REAL THOR WOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIMSELF BE DISTRACTED FROM A DEADLY FOE!
EH?
THAT IS STILL THE CASE! YOU ARE SIMPLY NOT DEADLY!
OOOOOFF!
AND NOW...
"...NOW SHALL BE THE FINAL RECKONING."
STILL IN ONE PIECE. SO THAT'S ÷KOFF÷ A START.
BUT WHERE IN THIS HUGE PLACE AM I GOING TO FIND A ROCKET WITH A BOMB MOUNTED ON...
OH.

THERE IT IS.
HOPE THE THING'S SIMPLE ENOUGH TO PROGRAM...
WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT? IF A ZOMBIE CAN DO IT...
YUP, I WAS RIGHT. I HAVE A REMOTE VISUAL LOCK ON THEIR HQ. AND THIS SHOULD ACTIVATE THE BOMB. NOW I JUST POWER IT UP AND GOODBYE, NAZI ZOMBIES, ONCE AND FOR...
NOOOOOO!
OH, PEANUTS!
GET AWAY FROM THERE!
OOOFF!

BUCKY...THINK WHAT YOU *WERE*... THINK WHAT...CAP WOULD SAY...
HE'D SAY... *BON APPETIT*...
CRUUNCH
BOOM
YOU'RE *TOO LATE*, BUCKY! THE ROCKET'S LEAVING AND *YOU* JUST SMASHED THE CONTROLS! IT'S OVER!
NOT IF I CAN SEND THAT BOMB OFF-TARGET MANUALLY!
AND YOU KNOW WHAT CAP WOULD SAY TO THAT?
HE'D SAY, "*GIVE 'EM HELL, BUCKY!*"

HAH! DID--
--IT?
IT'S TAKIN' OFF! BUT...
...I CAN STILL...MAKE IT...I SEE A PANEL UP THERE...CAN REPROGRAM...
OH NO, YOU DON'T!

YOU! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!
NO! JUST SUPPORTING CAPTAIN AMERICA'S LEGACY!
AND YOU'RE NOT A PART OF IT ANYMORE!
BUT LET ME PUT IT IN A WAY YOU'LL UNDERSTAND...
KRUUUNCH
ARRRRRRRHHHHH!
NO!
YOU
BUUU

ROCKET'S A THOUSAND FEET UP AND CLIMBING FAST.
POOR KID. SHE'S A GONER.
AS I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE, MORTAL, WHEN I SAW THAT EXPLOSION..
Y'NEED MORE THAN THAT T'TAKE OUT DUM DUM DUGAN.
QUICK! USE YER, WHATTAYA CALL IT, MAGIC T'SAVE MISS A!
THAT IS NOT--
URKAAAA!
MATTERS REMAIN UNSETTLED BETWEEN US, BROTHER. AND I HAVE A VAST HUNGER...
...THAT NEEDS TO BE SATISFIED!
EEYARRRRR!

GET AWAY FROM--!
'TIS TOO LATE FOR ME, MORTAL! BUT NOT...FOR THEE--!
WARN YOUR FRIENDS THAT DEATH COMES FROM ON-HIGH.
A FINAL GIFT...
FROM A GOD OF EVIL!
AND I HOPE YOU CHOKE ON ME, YOU BLOND BUFFOON!
FWOOOOF
DUGAN! HOW--
NO TIME, DUCK! THERE'S AN A-BOMB COMIN' OUR WAY! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE OR ELSE WE'RE ALL GONERS!
YEAH, WELL...

...NOT MUCH OF AN "OR ELSE" LEFT. WE LED 'EM A MERRY CHASE, BUT WE WOUND UP HERE AND WE'RE KINDA SURROUNDED...
WHERE'S LIBERTAS?! AND FLEXO AND BLAZING SKULL?!
GOAT CHOW. ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, THEY MAY HAVE GOTTEN OFF LUCKY.
WE'LL WIND UP EVEN WORSE OFF IF WE CAN'T FIND SOMETHING TAXI CAN USE TO GET US OUT OF HERE!
THERE'S AN EXIT OVER THERE!
YEAH, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE WE CAN GET TO IT, BRAIN.
YES, WE CAN. SHATTER THE BOWL ENCASING ME.
BUT...
NOW!
FAREWELL, ROZ. SAVOR YOUR LIFE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'RE YOU--?

I HAVE LIVED A PRISONER IN A BOWL, BUT I SHALL DIE AS AN ETERNAL, AT THE SIZE I ONCE WAS. FOR I AM THE MOST *INTERESTING* BRAIN IN THE WORLD.
STAY *HUNGRY*, MY FRIENDS.
≠WAUUUGH?!≠
GALLOPIN' GODZILLAS!
BRAAAAIIIIINNNS!

MY GOD, THAT'S...THAT'S BRILLIANT! HE'S *DISTRACTING* THEM!
LET'S NOT LET HIS SACRIFICE BE IN VAIN! C'MON, BATTLESTAR!
AT LAST! A MEAL THAT CHALLENGES EVEN *VOLSTAGG'S* PRODIGIOUS APPETITES!
ONE SIDE, BLUBBERING BUFFOON! THERE'S ENOUGH FOR ALL!
NOT WHEN VOLSTAGG'S AROUND, THERE ISN'T!
WHAT'S THROUGH HERE?!
I *DUNNO!* BUT UNLESS IT'S SOMETHING THAT TAXI CAN TURN INTO A VEHICLE, WE'RE--
A-HA! EXCELLENT!
YOU KIDDIN' ME?
NOT AT ALL. IT'S THE *PERFECT* THING TO SURVIVE A NUCLEAR BLAST...

A COMMERCIAL-SIZED REFRIGERATOR.
ANYBODY WHO'S GOT A *BETTER* IDEA IS WELCOME TO STAY BEHIND.
OH, MY GOD!
NOW WH--?
ECCCHHH...
THIS MUST BE THE RED SKULL'S PERSONAL FRIDGE...
...AND HE WAS EATING THE CORPSE A LITTLE BIT AT A TIME.
GET *RID* OF IT, HOWARD!
NO TIME, KID!
GO! GO! TAXI, GET READY!
OKAY, ALL IN! PEDAL TO THE METAL, KID, B'FORE THE EARTH-SHATTERING K-BOOM!

OH, GOD... DUM DUM... IS...IS MISS AMERICA...?
WE'RE GONNA WIN 'CAUSE OF HER, KID. JUST REMEMBER WHAT SHE SAID ONCE...
"CAPTAIN AMERICA FOUGHT UNTIL HE HAD NO QUARTER LEFT TO GIVE, AND NO LIFE FOR THEM TO STEAL.
"I PICKED UP THE STANDARD BECAUSE THIS MEANS SOMETHING. THIS IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR.
"CAP ALWAYS SAID ONE MAN CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE, AND HE WAS RIGHT. HE INSPIRED US TO KEEP FIGHTING.

"SOMEDAY I HOPE TO BE THE ONE 'MAN' THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE."
IF ONLY ODIN HAD SURVIVED TO SEE OUR IMPENDING DAY OF GLORY.
HEY. WHAT'S THAT DOWN TH--?

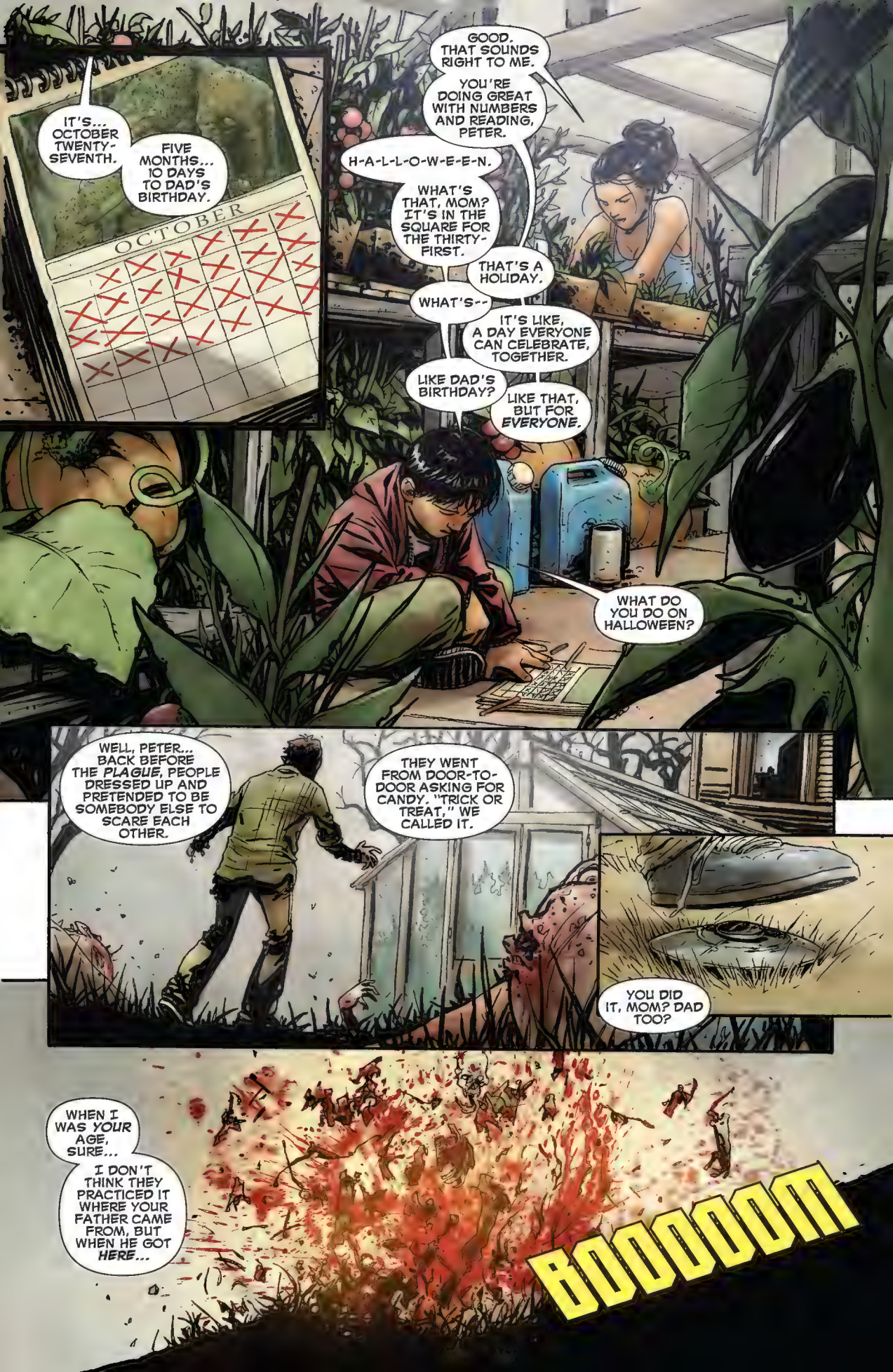
A.R.M.O.R.
WHOA--!
WHAT THE HELL--?!
A.R.M.O.R.
IT'S THE DUCK AND HIS TEAM!
WHAT'S LEFT OF US, YEAH. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
DUGAN... YA DONE GOOD. IF NOTHIN' ELSE, YA MADE IT THROUGH.
YEAH. I WAS STARTIN' T'THINK THAT JUST SURVIVING TO OLD AGE WEREN'T ENOUGH. THEN I LOOKED INTA THE FACE OF WHAT COULD'A BEEN...
AND I'M FEELIN' A LITTLE BETTER ABOUT IT.
WHAT...IS THIS PLACE?
START OF A NEW LIFE FOR YOU, KID.
NO MORE ZOMBIES?
"YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, ROZ...WITH ANY LUCK...
"NO MORE ZOMBIES."
THE END?

MARVEL ZOMBIES HALLOWEEN

TOOOM
TOOOM TOOOM
WHUD
WHUD
MOM?
MOM?

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WALLS.
WEREN'T YOU WATCHING THE MONITORS?
I WAS!
RRRRNNNNHHHHHHH
NOTHING GOT THROUGH, MOM! I WOULDA SEEN IT!
WELL. THIS IS AN OLD HOUSE.
I'M SURE ALL YOU HEARD WAS SETTLING--
SKKRRTCH
SKKTTCHHH

BACK!
WHOOM
COME OUT WHERE I CAN SEE YOU, YOU DIRTY LITTLE--
MOM! BAD WORD!
WAIT...
WELL, HELLO THERE...
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN STUCK BACK THERE?
MRRRRRRREEEWW?
MY GOD. I CAN FEEL EVERY BONE BENEATH THE FUR...
WE--WE BETTER FEED HIM THEN... AND KEEP HIM SAFE. RIGHT, MOM?
PPPPRRRRRRRRRRR
I'LL NAME HIM BLACKIE!
ORIGINAL.


IT'S... OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH.
FIVE MONTHS... 10 DAYS TO DAD'S BIRTHDAY.
OCTOBER
GOOD. THAT SOUNDS RIGHT TO ME.
YOU'RE DOING GREAT WITH NUMBERS AND READING, PETER.
H-A-L-L-O-W-E-E-N.
WHAT'S THAT, MOM? IT'S IN THE SQUARE FOR THE THIRTY-FIRST.
THAT'S A HOLIDAY.
WHAT'S--
IT'S LIKE, A DAY EVERYONE CAN CELEBRATE, TOGETHER.
LIKE DAD'S BIRTHDAY?
LIKE THAT, BUT FOR *EVERYONE*.
WHAT DO YOU DO ON HALLOWEEN?
WELL, PETER... BACK BEFORE THE *PLAGUE*, PEOPLE DRESSED UP AND PRETENDED TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE TO SCARE EACH OTHER.
THEY WENT FROM DOOR-TO-DOOR ASKING FOR CANDY. "TRICK OR TREAT," WE CALLED IT.
YOU DID IT, MOM? DAD TOO?
WHEN I WAS *YOUR* AGE, SURE...
I DON'T THINK THEY PRACTICED IT WHERE YOUR FATHER CAME FROM, BUT WHEN HE GOT *HERE*...
BOOOOOM

OH! HELLO.
PETER, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WITH BLACKIE.
KITTENS LIKE TO SQUEEZE INTO ANYWHERE THEY'LL FIT. YOU HAVE TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T DISAPPEAR ON YOU OR YOU'LL BE HUNTING FOR HIM EVERYWHERE.
MOM, CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
YOU JUST DID.
CAN WE CELEBRATE HALLOWEEN?
OH, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.
WHY NOT?
HOLIDAYS ARE FOR A WHOLE COMMUNITY, AND THERE'S JUST US. IT'S A DISTRACTION, FROM TRYING TO STAY ALIVE.
ARE YOU SAYING IF DAD WAS STILL HERE, WE'D DO IT?
NOT NECESSARILY.
BUT DAD ISN'T WITH US BECAUSE W-- BECAUSE I GOT DISTRACTED.
I...CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN AGAIN. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP OUR FOCUS ON STAYING ALIVE.
BUT NOW WE HAVE BLACKIE! NOW THERE ARE THREE OF US AGAIN!
THE NUMBER OF US ISN'T REALLY THE POINT--
BUT IT'D BE FUN TO BE SOMEBODY ELSE FOR A DAY.
YOU'RE TELLING ME. BUT WE DON'T HAVE THAT LUXURY.
AW, MOM. C'MON. IF WE DON'T GET TO HAVE ANY FUN...
...WHAT ARE WE STAYING ALIVE FOR?

LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE BASEMENT OF THIS PLACE-- HOLD STILL!
HERE...
HA! PERFECT! WHAT DO YOU THINK?
THIS WAS FOR A HERO?
YOU COULDN'T FIND A SPIDER-MAN?
NOT EVERYONE WOULD AGREE.
BUT HE WAS ALWAYS MY HERO.
SMALL AND FIERCE.
JUST LIKE YOU.
I ALSO FOUND STREAMERS...OTHER DECORATIONS...
I EVEN CARVED SOME JACK O'LANTERNS FROM THE GREENHOUSE...
...AND A REAL, LIVE BLACK CAT. THAT'S THE BEST--
WHAT?
WHAT?
OUT WITH IT. I CAN TELL BY YOUR FACE. SOMETHING'S WRONG...
IT'S JUST...
YOU SAID THERE'D BE CANDY...
SIGH
RIGHT. FORGOT THAT.
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SCAVENGE SOME IN THE SAM'S IN TOWN.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK-- SAVE SOME BOBBING APPLES FOR ME, OKAY?
OKAY. 'BYE, MOM.
BLACKIE, LET'S GO PLAY UNTIL...

NO!
BLACKIE...
COME HERE, BOY!
NO!
WAIT!
KLIKK

BLACKIE... HERE HERE HERE HERE HERE...
NOK NOK NOK

WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
AND WHY ARE YOU DRESSED SO FOOLISHLY?
I'M--IT'S HALLOWEEN.
WHAT? NO IT ISN'T, YOU WITLESS CHILD.
THE DATE IS CLEARLY THE THIRTIETH OF OCTOBER.
YOU'RE A DAY OFF.
OH? I--I'M SURE I WAS RIGHT.
WELL YOU'RE NOT. YOU WERE WRONG.
IT'S ALL HALLOWS' EVE'S EVE.
WHICH IS A COMPLETELY RIDICULOUS IDEA FOR A HOLIDAY, IF YOU ASK ME.
I MUCH PREFER WHAT THEY CALL IT IN DETROIT.
"DEVIL'S NIGHT."
COME BACK TOMORROW WITH YOUR TRICKING AND YOUR TREATING. AND THEN--I CAN HELP YOU.
BUT I'M NOT--I'M LOOKING FOR A CAT.
A CAT?
A KITTEN. HIS NAME IS BLACKIE.
IF YOU HAD ANY BRAINS AT ALL, YOU'D BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT YOURSELF!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS ON THESE STREETS AT NIGHT?
SLAMM

WAIT. MISTER...
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT HERE?
AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THE--
GONE? BUT I JUST--
...
BLACKIE!
YOU SCARED THE *HECK* OUT OF ME, YOU LITTLE...

HSSSSSSS!
AAAAAAHH!
RRRIP
SCREAMING MEAT.
MY FAVE.

HEY! CHILLAX, KAROLINA!
SAVE SOME FOR THE REST OF THE GANG!
SHRAKKK
OH. EM. GEE.
WHAT IS YOUR DAMAGE, DORKHAWK?
WHOOOAAAAA--
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE GUTTING OF THE SCHOOL...
WE HAVE EATEN ALL THE TEACHERS WE HAVE BROKEN EVERY RULE...
WE'LL BROIL THE SUPER'TENDENT AND PUREE THE PRINCIPAL...
THE YOUTH IS MARCHING OOOONNNN!
WHAM
BEST. MISCHIEF NIGHT. EVER.
HEY...

ALEX! METTLE! LOOK!
MANNA FROM HEAVEN!
WELL, WELL, WELL...WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? WOLVERETTE? HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!
NO FAIR! I SAW HIM FIRST!
C'MON, YOU GUYS-- LEMME GO!
LET YOU GO? WHY WOULD WE DO THAT?
YOU'RE THE FIRST WARM SACK OF ORGANS WE'VE SEEN IN AGES!
ALL I WANT-- I WANT TO FIND MY CAT. HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?
HIS NAME IS BLACKIE.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
OH-- OH IS HE SERIOUS?
HE WANTS HIS PUSSYCAT!
SHUT UP! YOU GUYS ARE BAD AND STUPID AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE DEAD!
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY PARENTS AND NO ONE LOVES YOU AND YOU'RE HUNGRY ALL THE TIME!
SO YOU SHOULDN'T BE LAUGHING AT ME JUST BECAUSE I CARE ABOUT SOMETHING OTHER THAN MYSELF!
WELL--THAT PUT US IN OUR PLACE, HUH GUYS?
EACH ONE OF YOU--GRAB A LIMB.
NNOOOO-- NOOOO!!!
WHEN I LET GO OF MY ZERO-G FIELD...
...MAKE A WISH.

HERE, BABY.
COME TO MAMA.
RRAAHHHH!! MY EYE!
POKE
I'M SORRY, MAMA, I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE OUT, YOU WERE RIGHT, I SHOULDA WATCHED BLACKIE CLOSER, I'M SORRY HE'S GONE AND--
LATER.
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, RIGHT?
HOLD MY BREATH?

GOOD BOY.
AHHHHHHH!
DAMN IT...
HSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
NICE JOB, SQUIRREL GIRL. YOU'RE NOT AS USELESS AS YOU LOOK. AND SOUND.
AND ACT.
TH-THANKS, KAROLINA!
D-DO YOU THINK MAYBE I C-CAN EAT WITH YOU NOW?
PFFFF.
AS IF.
TK
JUST-- TAKE ME-- LET HIM GO.
HOW CAN YOU EAT ALL OF US? YOU WON'T HAVE ANY FOOD LEFT!
BLAM
I'M NOT SURE IF YOU CAN TELL JUST BY LOOKING AT US, LADY...
...BUT LONG-TERM PLANNING AIN'T OUR STRONG SUIT.
TK

HA HA HA HA HA!
HEY! HEY, COME OUT HERE!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
"PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
"HOPE YOU GUESS MY NAME.
"WHAT'S PUZZLING YOU.
"IS THE NATURE OF MY GAME."
NAW, WHAT'S PUZZLING ME IS HOW FAR I CAN RAM THIS FIST UP YOUR SMALL INTESTINE...
...BEFORE I YANK IT OUT AND SWALLOW THE SLIMY TRIPE.
CHILDREN.
IT'S A PITY, REALLY.
SO FEW ELDERS LEFT TO TEACH YOU THE OLD WAYS.
THE TRUE WAYS.
THE OLD WAYS ARE GONE AND FORGOTTEN, MAN.
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE OLD.
TCH.

FWOMP
GAAHHHHHH!
I HAVE SEEN MANY THREATS TO THE HUMAN ANIMAL COME AND GO IN MY YEARS...
...AND THOUGH YOU REMAIN AMONG THE MOST EFFICIENT...
...YOU ARE ALSO THE LEAST IMAGINATIVE.
FWOOOOOOSH
YAAAHHH! BURNING--ON THE INSIDE--NNOOOOOOO!
IIII CANNN FEEEEL ITT--
I CAN FEEL MY HEART BOILING--
A MINDLESS "OTHER," NOT BOUND TO ANY NATIONALITY OR FAITH OR SEXUALITY OR SKIN COLOR...
...POLITICALLY ACCEPTABLE, BECAUSE YOUR HOSTILITY IS SO PERFECT.
BY THE FALLEN.
HOW YOU BORE ME.

KATHERINE PRYDE.
STAY-- STAY AWAY FROM HIM, MEPHISTO--
I KNOW-- YOU ONLY SPARED US-- TO CLAIM HIM--
THERE ARE SO FEW SOULS LEFT ON THIS WORLD, I CAN HARDLY BE BLAMED FOR PRESERVING THOSE WHOM I STILL MIGHT CORRUPT...
...PARTICULARLY THIS NIGHT, MY OWN FEAST DAY, FOR COUNTLESS MILLENNIA OF ALL HALLOWS' EVES.
I'LL NEVER-- I'LL NEVER LET YOU HAVE HIM!
SO ALL MOTHERS SAY.
AND COUNTLESS ARE THE WOMEN'S SOULS I'VE ACQUIRED IN THEIR MISGUIDED EFFORTS TO MAKE THE WORDS STICK.
REMEMBER THIS DAY, PETER RASPUTIN PRYDE--
--OR SHOULD I SAY "PIOTR", AFTER YOUR BLESSED METAL COLOSSUS OF A FATHER--
--AND WHEN I NEXT COME TO YOU, AND MAKE YOU AN OFFER TO OUR MUTUAL BENEFIT...
...YOU WILL HAVE SYMPATHY FOR WHAT I DID FOR YOU AND YOUR MOTHER THIS NIGHT.

WHEW.
THAT'S ONE WAY TO SPEND AN EVENING.
SNRFFL
HEY, HEY, HEY, BRAVE LITTLE GUY!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? WE MADE IT--LIKE I ALWAYS TELL YOU, WE'LL MAKE IT.
BUT WHY? WHY DOES IT MATTER...
...IF IN THE END, I'LL JUST GO WITH HIM?
HEY, NOW. LISTEN TO ME.
NOTHING'S PREDETERMINED, OKAY? NOTHING.
ESPECIALLY NOT HIM. YOU'VE GOT CHOICES.
DID DAD END UP WITH HIM?
DAD? ARE YOU KIDDING?
HE WALKED RIGHT PAST OLD MAN SCRATCH LIKE HE WASN'T EVEN THERE.
YOUR FATHER WAS THE BEST AND THE MOST NOBLE PERSON I EVER KNEW.
AND UP UNTIL THE VERY END HE BELIEVED THINGS WOULD GET BETTER. THAT THERE WAS AN END TO THIS PLAGUE, AND HUMANITY WOULD MAKE ITS WAY BACK.
DO... YOU BELIEVE THAT?
I...
I BELIEVE THIS IS HALLOWEEN...

...WHERE THE DEAD ARE WITH US IN SPIRIT. NOT JUST IN ROTTING FLESH LIKE THEY ARE EVERY OTHER DAY.
THAT MEANS YOUR FATHER'S HERE.
CAN YOU FEEL HIM?
AND SO I BELIEVE.
OH...I STUMBLED ACROSS A PRESENT FOR YOU WHEN I WAS ON MY WAY BACK HERE, AND DISCOVERED YOU WERE GONE.
WHY DON'T YOU GO TAKE A LOOK?
OH--MOM! MOM! THANK YOU!
SURE. ANYTHING, KID.
I COULDN'T FIND ANY CANDY AT SAM'S, THOUGH. SORRY.
I DON'T CARE...
...I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED.

MARVEL ZOMBIES #1

"JOURNEY INTO MISERY: EPISODE 1"

SECRET WARS

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

•

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD:

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

•

EACH REGION IS A DOMAIN UNTO ITSELF!

MARVEL ZOMBIES

YOU.
SPILLED.
MY.
TEA.
BOOM
C-COMMANDER...?
I-IT...IT HURTS, COMMANDER...
YES, WELL. NOBODY LIKES A WHINER, ROOKIE.
NOR DOES ONE PREVENT THE ENDLESS ZOMBIE HORDES OF THE DEADLANDS FROM OVERRUNNING THIS UNGRATEFUL ZIT OF A PLANET BY BLUBBING.
I WON'T STAND FOR IT.
GRENADE!
B-BUT... BUT I'M BITTEN. I'M GONNA TURN. O-OR YOU'LL SHOOT ME. YOU'LL SHOOT ME AND YOU'LL PROBABLY MAKE A JOKE ABOUT IT AFTER--OH GOD YOU'RE SO MEAN-- I DON'T WANNA D-D--
BE QUIET. LISTEN CAREFULLY.
WHATEVER SQUALID NONSENSE BROUGHT YOU HERE, YOU ARE A SOLDIER OF THE SHIELD SERVING SECTION-COMMANDER ELSA BLOODSTONE.
YOU WILL SHOW NO WEAKNESS. BLUBBING IS NOT ALLOWED.
WH...WHY YOU GOTTA BE SUCH A HARDASS? CAN'T YOU...CAN'T YOU EVEN BE NICE TO A DYING GUY?

...
NO. YOU DON'T DESERVE IT.
WH-WH-WHY NOT?
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT DYING, SILLY MAN. THERE'S NO CORRUPTION IN YOUR WOUNDS. NO INFECTION. YOU'LL BE FINE.
Y-YOU MEAN IT?
B-BUT... OHTHANKGOD.... I...I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT WAS POSSIBLE. THANK YOU, COMMANDER. THANK Y--
PKOOM
...
...
SERGEANT. THE CADS ARE ANNOYINGLY COORDINATED TODAY. HAVE YOU IDENTIFIED A HORDE LEADER?
IT'S, AH. IT'S NOT GOOD NEWS, MA'AM. SEE FOR YOURSELF.
COWWWWER, DEFENDERSSS OF LIFE!
THISS DAY YOU ARE SSSUSSTENANCCE TO THE LEGIONS OF THE RED TERROR!

BSWIFT OF BSSTRIKE!
BAMF
HE'S BACK! HE'S BAAAAÄ--
DELIVERER OF FLESSSH!
BAMF
AAAAAAAA
BAMF
BATHER IN BLOOD!
BAMF
SWEET DOOM, HE'S TOO F--
DEVOURER OF BRÄAÄ--
BAMF
BOOM
PREDICTABLE OF ATTACK.
SOILER OF OWN PANTS.
RUINER OF THE HOLY TEA BREAK.
ONE MORE DREARY LITTLE ROTTER.
INCIDENTALLY, "RED TERROR" SOUNDS LIKE A BATHROOM VISIT THE MORNING AFTER A BAD CURRY.
THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.
SLICEY TIME.
KK HKK BLTT
JUST ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL, BLOODY DAY ON THE SHIELD, EH, LADS?
C-COMMANDER, I...I THINK HE'S TRYING TO--
THWP THWP
OHHHH DON'T YOU DARE YOU LITTLE TOERAG OR I'LL--

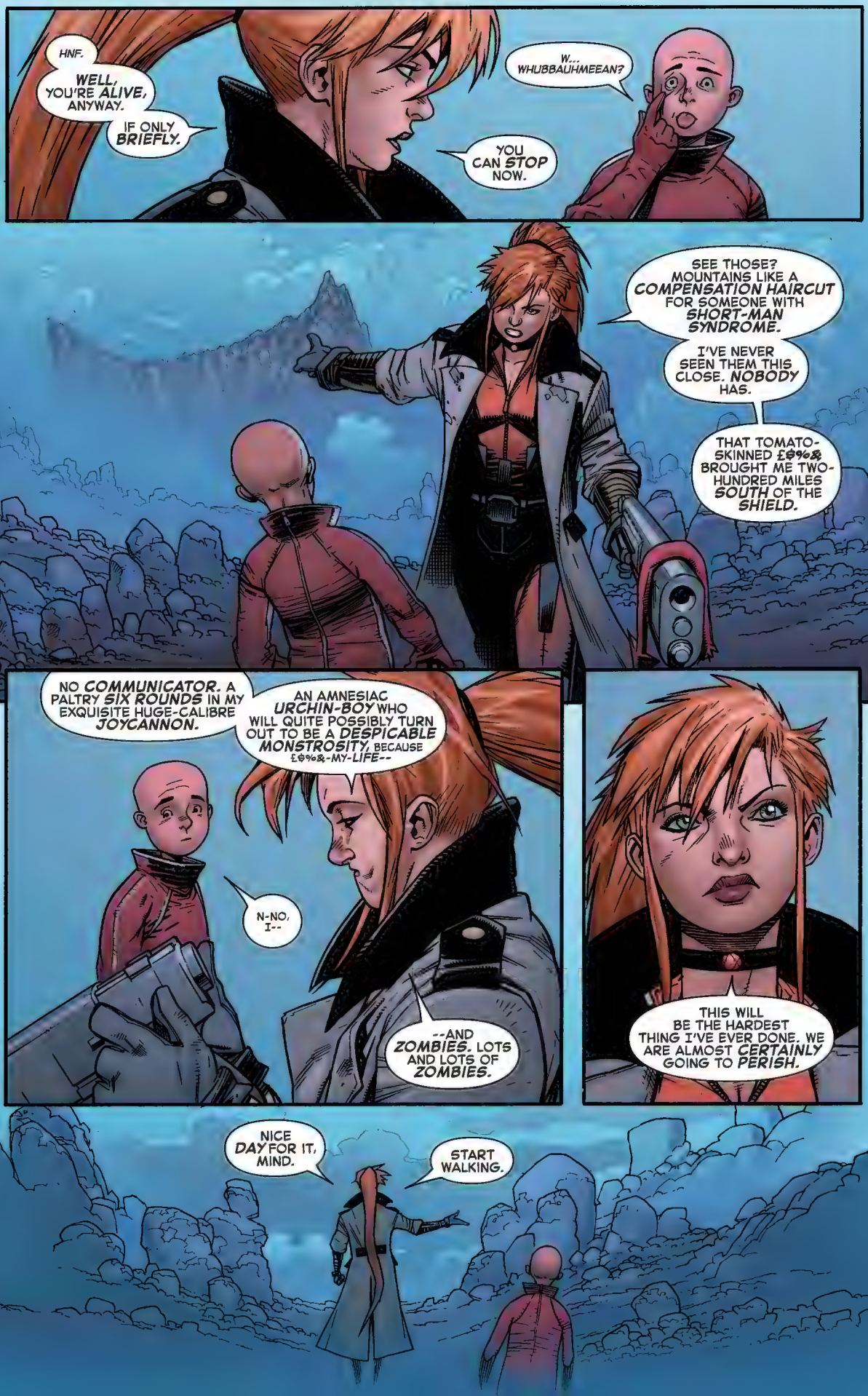
BAMF
BAMF
TCH OUT YOUR £@%&£@% EYES W
BAMF
RSECHEEKS WITH A CHEESEGRATER TH
BAMF
EN PUSH MAGGOTS UP Y
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
ND PLAY CRICKET WITH YOUR PUNY B
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BOOM
WHZ M
MY NN...
KNIFE
PUH.
THETIC.

TO THINK.
A DAUGHTER OF ULYSSES BLOODSTONE--THE GREATEST MONSTER HUNTER WHO EVER LIVED....KNOCKED DOWN BY A LOWLY PIRANHA-GIBBON.
KKHHRRKKKHEEHEEHEEKKTH!
I MOURN FOR MY BLOODLINE.
B-BUT... DADDY...I'M ONLY SEVEN--
AND THEN SHE DARES MAKE EXCUSES. INTOLERABLE.
WHAT'S NEXT, ELSA? MAKEUP? BOYS?
MUSIC-OF-THE-POP?
I HAVE LIVED AN AEON, CHILD. I HAVE SEEN THE PETTY CARES OF THE AGES FLITTER LIKE MAYFLIES.
A DOZEN TIMES I'VE CHIPPED SHARDS FROM THIS ANCIENT TREASURE FOR YOUR BROTHERS. A DOZEN TIMES THEY'VE DIED IN WEAKNESS.
YOU ARE THE LAST HEIR TO AN ARCHAIC HOUSE.
SKRNCH
ONLY THE WILL IS ETERNAL, ELSA. ONE DAY EVEN I SHALL FALL, AND YOURS WILL BE MY LEGACY: TO VANQUISH HORROR AND ASSAIL THE VILE.
A PROUD DUTY. HOW, I WONDER, WILL YOU SERVE IT?
I'LL...I'LL BE A HUNTER, DADDY. L-LIKE YOU.

PUH. NO. NOT LIKE ME.
EVEN IF YOU WERE STRONG ENOUGH, THERE ARE PRECIOUS FEW FIENDS AT LARGE THESE DAYS.
NO. YOU MUST FIND SOME OTHER FIXATION TO SERVE, IN GREATNESS AND GOOD.
SO.
HERE IS YOUR WEAPON. NEVER SURRENDER. NEVER STOP. NEVER RELENT.
AND NOW... ELSA...?
-LONK
GET UP.
G-GET UP. PLEASE. PLEAAAAASE.
YOU NEED TO GET UP...
I-IT'S COMIIIIING.
WH... WHO'RE Y--
-LONK

SSSUUUPEERIOR
...
AH.
I SEE. WELL.
MINOR POINT OF ETIQUETTE:
NO!
£@%&£@%!
TOUCHING!
BOOM

RRRRRR
UNDEAD WILDERNESS AT THE EDGE OF THE BLOODY WORLD--
RRRRRR
--AND THERE'S STILL SOME DISMAL WASTE-OF-A-Y-CHROMOSOME WHO THINKS WITH HIS HANDS!
STOMP
SPLOTCH
CLOP
HHHHH.
PEOPLE.
NOW THEN.
YOU!
WHY ARE YOU HERE?!
WHO ARE YOU?!
I... I DON'T KNOW!
AAA!
YOU A CRIMINAL-- THAT IT?
I DON'T KNOW!
GOT DUMPED OUT HERE BY THE THORS? SOME SORT OF POLITICAL EXECUTION?
I DON'T KNOW I DON'T KNOW I DON'T KN--
STOP STAYING I DON'T KNOW!
I HAVE NO MEMORIES! I'M SORRY! I-IT'S VERY SCARY! SORRY SORRY. A-AND SO ARE YOU! SORRY SORRY SORRY S--
QUIET!
STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE AND PULL DOWN YOUR EYELID.


HNF.
WELL, YOU'RE ALIVE, ANYWAY.
IF ONLY BRIEFLY.
W... WHUBBAUHMEEAN?
YOU CAN STOP NOW.
SEE THOSE? MOUNTAINS LIKE A COMPENSATION HAIRCUT FOR SOMEONE WITH SHORT-MAN SYNDROME.
I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM THIS CLOSE. NOBODY HAS.
THAT TOMATO-SKINNED £$%& BROUGHT ME TWO-HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF THE SHIELD.
NO COMMUNICATOR. A PALTRY SIX ROUNDS IN MY EXQUISITE HUGE-CALIBRE JOYCANNON.
AN AMNESIAC URCHIN-BOY WHO WILL QUITE POSSIBLY TURN OUT TO BE A DESPICABLE MONSTROSITY, BECAUSE £$%&-MY-LIFE--
N-NO, I--
--AND ZOMBIES. LOTS AND LOTS OF ZOMBIES.
THIS WILL BE THE HARDEST THING I'VE EVER DONE. WE ARE ALMOST CERTAINLY GOING TO PERISH.
NICE DAY FOR IT, MIND.
START WALKING.

UM... 'S-SCUSE ME...? A-ANGRY LADY...?
I THINK WE SHOULD GO THAT WAY.
OH, DEAR. I'M AFRAID I LEFT MY SCRAPBOOK OF UNINVITED-ALSO-WRONG OPINIONS BACK ON THE SHIELD--
--ALONGSIDE MY PEDIGREE BAZOOKA COLLECTION, MY ANGELIC STASH OF EARL GREY AND MY VOW TO ALWAYS RETURN TO MY POST.
YOU IDIOT.
B-BUT--
LOOK, DO YOU HAVE A NAME?
I...I CAN'T REMEMB--
WHAT ABOUT POWERS? FLIGHT, WATER-GENERATION, ABILITY TO NOT-BE-ANNOYING? ANYTHING LIKE THAT?
N-NO...I'M NORMAL.
APART FROM BEING THE ONLY CONVENIENTLY LIVING THING FOR TWO HUNDRED MILES. MM.
I HEREBY DUB THEE "SHUTTUP."
R-RIGHT.
BUT...BUT I STILL THINK WE SHOULD GO THE OTHER WAY.
SHUT UP.
YES?
SHUT UP.
...
ANYWAY--WHY SOUTH?
AM... AM I ALLOWED TO TALK?
NO.
YES.
A BIT.

IT'S JUST...WE KNOW THE SHIELD'S NORTH--
YES.
A-AND YOU'RE SURE WE'LL DIE TRYING TO GET THERE...
I SAID "ALMOST CERTAINLY."
B...BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHAT'S THAT WAY.
AND I'VE... I'VE GOT THIS WEIRD FEELING...
DON'T YOU EVER JUST WONDER?
NEVER SURRENDER.
NEVER STOP.
NEVER RELENT.
...NO.
I DON'T.
I DO MY DUTY. WE CONTINUE N--
SHUT UP.
THAT'S YOUR NAME, INFURIATING MIDGET, NOT M--
I MEAN IT SHUT UP IT'LL HEAR YOU IT'LL HEAR YOU OH NO LOOK IT'S COMING--

TENNNDERIIIIISHE!
GOTSH NO LIPSH CAHN'T CHEWWW GUTTA SHCRAMBLE FLESHH LIKE EGGSH
TASHTY EGGSH
TASHTY EGGSH
TASHTY EGGSH
G-GUN! EXTREMELY IMPORTANT! GET GUN FOR SHOOTINESS!
BUT I... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FIRE I--
SHOOTINESS!

AAAA RACK THE BOLT AAAACK AIM NRRRRKK TRIGGER
EGGGH TOUGH
SHOOT IT IN THE MOUTH IN THE MOUTH IN THE MOUTH
BUGGERATION.
UHM.

YOU... YOU REALLY HELPED BRING HIM OUT OF HIS SHELL.
I-IT'S AN EGG JO--
IDIOT.
SORRY SORRY SORRY

SNK
H-HOW DOES YOUR...YOUR NECK-THINGY DO MAGIC?
IT DOESN'T. HASN'T BEFORE, ANYWAY.
IT'S JUST A SHARD. BIT OF EXTRA STRENGTH, BIT OF EXTRA SPEED. THE MAIN STONE CRUMBLED WHEN MY F--
WHEN THE HOST DIED.
HE ALWAYS SAID MAGIC'S JUST A LAZY WORD FOR THE WILL OF THE WIELDER.
TT
NO USE WONDERING ANYWAY.
YOU WERE DISMAL. YOU WON'T LAST FIVE BLOODY MINUTES OUT HERE IF YOU CAN'T DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.
BUT... HUHH BUT I... NK I TRIED MY B--
SHUT UP. STOP CRYING.
WHERE THERE'S ONE ROTTER, THERE'LL BE MORE...

"...GET GOING."
M...MISS BLOODSTONE? MISS, I CAN'T KEEP UP!
SORRY I'M SORRY BUT ⸗NFF⸗ MY LEGS A-AREN'T VERY BIG AND ⸗NK⸗
PATHETIC. MOVE.
DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STOP CRYING?
SORRY ⸗SNFF⸗ BUT... I REALLY AM VERY TIRED AND--
SHUT UP.
⸗AHUH⸗ AND I S-STILL THINK ⸗HPP⸗
SHUT UP.
⸗BLP⸗ THINK WE SHOULD GO SOUTH, ⸗SNFF⸗ S-SO--
I TOLD YOU FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TO--
--STOP CRYING!
ONE MORE SNIVEL, BRAT.
ONE MORE.
I WARN YOU.
JUST... JUST STOP CR...
YOU THINK THE WORLD OWES YOU COMFORT, ELSA?
YOU THINK THE TIDES OF HORROR WILL STOP TO GIVE YOU A CUDDLE?
YOU THINK ANYONE CARES THAT YOUR MOTHER AND BROTHER ARE DEAD?
YOU THINK THIS WRETCHED EXISTENCE WILL PAUSE TO LET YOU PLAY WITH YOUR TOYS?

I SUPPOSE YOU BELIEVE I'M TOO HARD ON YOU, YES?
...
YOU ARE MY BLOOD, ELSA, AND FOR THAT I L--I VALUE YOU.
BUT THE UNIVERSE DOESN'T CARE FOR A PARENT'S REGARD. IT CARES FOR STRENGTH. IT CARES FOR THE WILL OF THE GREAT TO PROTECT THE WEAK.
AND YOU?
FROM THE MOMENT THEY SAID "IT'S A GIRL" YOU'VE DEMONSTRATED ONE WEAKNESS AFTER ANOTHER.
SORRY.
I'M SORRY, ALL RIGHT? I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOUT.
NOW YOU WILL TAKE UP THE KNIFE I GAVE YOU AND YOU WILL STOP CRYING THIS INSTANT, OR I WILL DISINHERIT YOU AND FEED YOU TO THE £$%&£$% MONSTERS
MYS--
I KNOW YOU'RE DOING YOUR BEST.
BUT.
BUT YOU NEED TO BE STRONGER THAN THIS IF WE STAND EVEN THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF GETTING BACK TO THE SH--
...

...
WHERE ARE THEY ALL GOING?
SAME PLACE THEY ALL GO. THE BLOODY SHIELD.
RRF.
DRY YOUR EYES. YOU WIN. THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET THROUGH THAT.
Y...YOU MEAN--?
I MEAN IF IT'S CERTAIN DOOM VERSUS UNKNOWN HORROR... WELL, NO DUTY IN A SORDID LITTLE SUICIDE, IS THERE?
SOUTH IT IS.
YAH-HAH!
SHUT UP.
SORRY.
AND AT LEAST TRY TO WATCH OUR REAR.
INCALCULABLY STACKED ODDS ARE ALL VERY WELL--
"--BUT A HUNTER BEING HUNTED IS JUST PLAIN TACKY."
SSSS...

MARVEL ZOMBIES #2

"JOURNEY INTO MISERY: EPISODE 2"

IT'S JUST THIS...WEIRD FEELING.
OW OW OW OW
DAMN. THE LEVITATION TECH'S USELESS. I THINK CAPTAIN BOLLOCKHEAD HERE'S MELTED INTO HIS OWN ELECTRICS.
M-MORIBUND... ORGANISM... D-DESIGNED ONLY F...FOR CANNIBALISM...
I'M SERIOUS. I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.

IS THIS SIMILAR TO YOUR "WEIRD FEELING" YESTERDAY THAT I'D ENJOY YOUR SINGING? BECAUSE LOOK WHERE THAT GOT US.
I HAVE A SECOND SOCK, BY THE WAY. I CAN MAKE ANOTHER GAG IN A JIFFY.
LETGO LETGO CADAVERS AREN'T CONSENT OW OW THAT'S SSSENSITIVE
WHAT IF IT WAS MORE THAN JUST A FEELING?
LISTEN HERE, TINY CONTRARIAN: WE'RE TWO-HUNDRED MILES FROM HOME, GOING THE WRONG WAY TOWARDS %#&@-ALL.
ALL THAT'S OUT HERE IS ROTTERS AND THEY DON'T DO RATIONAL THOUGHT. THERE IS NOBODY FOLLOWING US.
NOBODY FOLLOWING. GOT IT.
EXCEPT FOR THAT GUY DOWN THERE.
OOOH... SOME OF THESE WEAPONS ARE STILL ACTIVE...
...
AW, I THINK HE'S SMILING.
I BET HE'S FRIENDLY.
WE SHOULD ASK HIM WHAT HE WANTS.

GOOD IDEA. WE'D BEST GET SOME TEA BREWING.
WHAT D'YOU SUGGEST? ASSAM? DARJEELING? I'M IFFY ON THE PROTOCOL WHEN IT COMES TO HOSTING ONE'S OWN OBSCENE NECROMANTIC STALKER.
YOU'RE... YOU'RE DOING THE DON'T-MEANT-IT THING AGAIN, AREN'T YOU?
THE DIVINE SARCASM, DEAR. THE CLUE WAS THE BIT WHEN MY LIPS MOVED.
WARHEADS ARE PRIMED. URGH THIS LITTLE TROLL'S CLINGIER THAN A SPANDEX SQUID.
C-CUDDLES CUDDLES ALSO BRAAAAINS
BUT... DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHO THAT GUY DOWN THERE IS?
WANTING IS THE OPIATE OF THE WEAK.
NO.
;HNN; NOW SHUT UP AND HELP ME PUSH.
I CAN'T.
I'M NOT THE STRONG ONE.
RRRRRRRRR
HA!
«INITIATE INDIGNITY ALARM»

FLUP
FLUP
FLUP
FLUP
FLUP
BOOM
KRAAA

I...I JUST WANTED A LOO--
HOW MANY TIMES? WANTING IS THE OPIATE OF THE WEAK. WONDERING IS THE VANITY OF THOSE WITHOUT A CAUSE.
KEEP UP THE PACE.
BUT... THE TRAIL'S GONE COLD, DADDY.
PFT. A GOOD HUNTER DOESN'T NEED TO TRACK. HE KNOWS WHERE HIS PREY'S HEADED BEFORE IT...B-BEFORE IT EVEN...
≠COUGH≠
≠COUGH≠
IT'S A $%£&£$% BAT-DEMON. IT'LL BE IN A £$%&£$% BELFRY.
D-DADDY?
I'M...I'M F... ≠COUGH≠
DADDY, WHAT'S WR--
DON'T YOU DARE HELP ME.

...
I HATE YOU.
...WHAT DID YOU SAY?
SORRY. SORRY, DADDY, I DIDN'T M--
YES, YOU DID.
IT'S THE FIRST IMPRESSIVE THING YOU'VE SAID ALL DAY.
MOVE.
NEVER MAKE ALLOWANCES, ELSA. CONCERN YOURSELF ONLY WITH PROTECTING THE GOOD AND DESTROYING THE VILE.
DO NOT MAKE THE FEEBLE YOUR BURDEN.

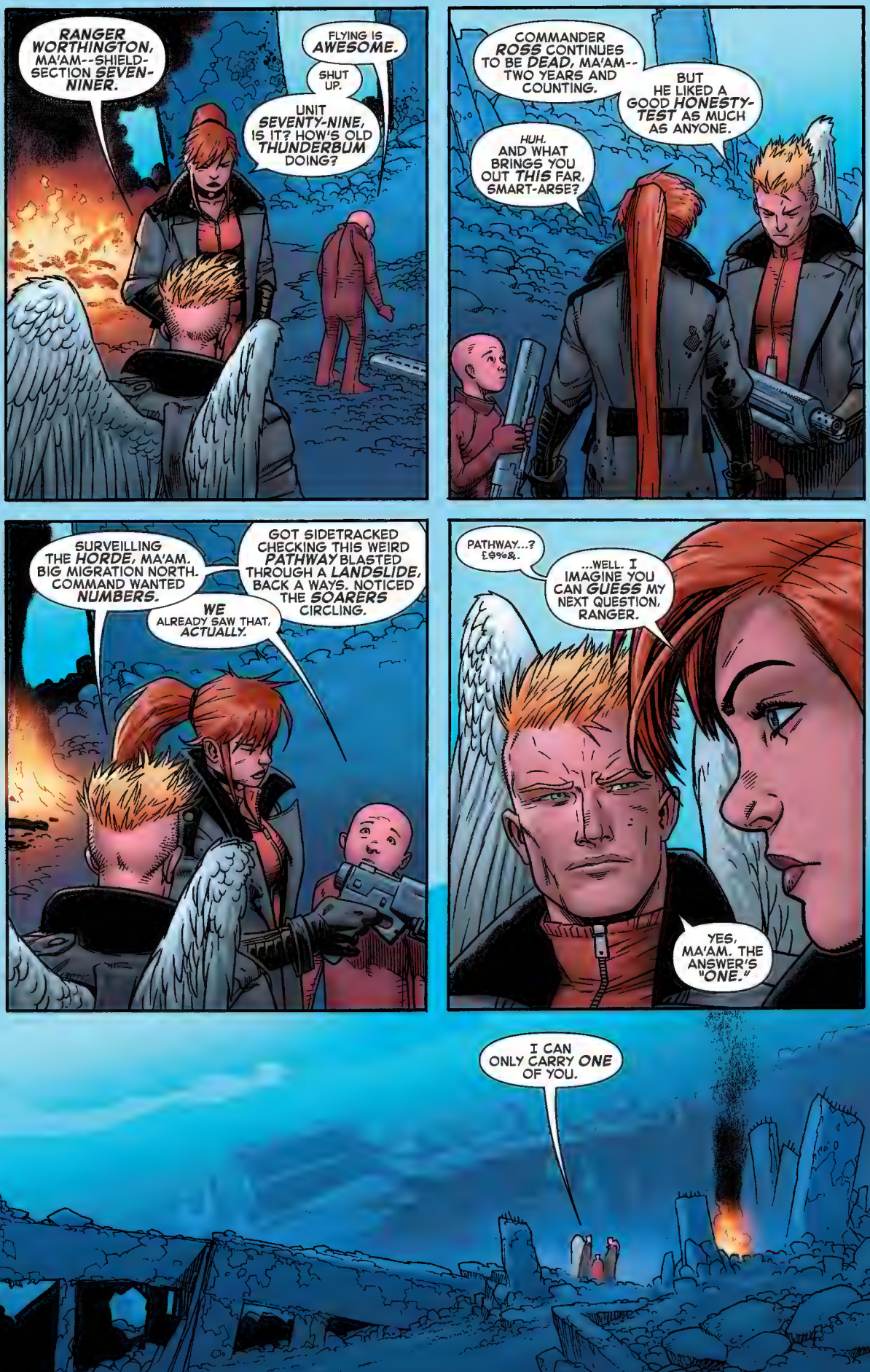
WHEEEEEEEE--!
"TOO TIRED TO WALK," MY FABULOUS ARSE.
LOOK UP LOOK UP YOU'RE MEANT TO BE ON BLOODY WATCH YOU LITTLE TURD I WILL GENUINELY DROP YOU OFF A CLIFF LOOK UP--
EH. THEY'RE STILL THERE.
WEEPING SOARS. THEY'LL WAIT 'TIL WE'RE DELIRIOUS OR DISTRACTED... THEN SWOOP IN LIKE DUDEBROS ON GIN NIGHT.
KEEP THE SAFETY OFF LIKE I SHOWED YOU.

FRONT-SIGHT. REMEMBER THE DROP. NEVER BELOW THE HORIZONTAL OR THE KICK'LL BUGGER YOUR PUNY CHILDISH AIM, AND--
I KNOW, I KNOW! NO WASTED SHOTS, ONLY SIX SHELLS LEFT, BLAH BLAH.
MAAAAN IT MUST BE SO GREAT TO FLY.
HEY, HOW COME THERE ARE TWO OF THEM THE SAME? ARE THEY TWINS?
IT'S THE DUPE EFFECT. IT'S JUST A THING.
YOU SEE IT EVERY DAY ON THE WALL.
SHIELDWALKERS FROM DIFFERENT DOMAINS, ROTTERS BY THE BILLION...NOW AND THEN THERE ARE...COINCIDENCES.
TWO PEOPLE, SAME FORM.
JUST ONE OF THE MANY MYSTERIES SURROUNDING THIS OBNOXIOUS TOILETSPLASH OF A WORLD.
BUT... DON'T YOU EVER WONDER WHY?
...
"WONDERING IS THE VANITY OF THOSE WITHOUT A CAU--"
CRONCH
£$%&.
IF YOU P-PICK IT.

IT'LL NEVER HHHEAL
DON'T MOVE. IT'S A CLOTTAGE. WE'RE ON ITS SCABWEB.
IF WE'RE LUCKY IT'S TOO DRIED OUT TO S--
I'LL SHOOT IT! I'LL SHOOT IT!
NO-- DON'T! THE RECOIL WILL--
WAAAA!
BOOM
FWUP
KIDS TODAY. ;TT¢
NEVER BLOODY LISTEN.
SKROTCH
GRAKK

BOOM
BOOM
OOM
AAAAAA I HATE FLYING AAAA FLYING IS HORRIBLE AAAA
STOP! WASTING! MY LOVELY! BULLETS!
KRUK
YESSSSSSSS--
THE SSSCAB IS BROKEN--
FUP
AH £@%&..
FWOOSH

HOWDY.
Y-YOU...
:HEWPH:
OH GOD AM I GLAD TO SEE Y--
...
TEN-HUT, SOLDIER!
SIR! SORRY, SIR! AT YOUR COMMAND, SIR!
MA'AM.
SIR.
MA'AM.
BETTER. IDENTIFY YOURSELF.


RANGER WORTHINGTON, MA'AM--SHIELD-SECTION SEVEN-NINER.
FLYING IS AWESOME.
SHUT UP.
UNIT SEVENTY-NINE, IS IT? HOW'S OLD THUNDERBUM DOING?
COMMANDER ROSS CONTINUES TO BE DEAD, MA'AM--TWO YEARS AND COUNTING.
BUT HE LIKED A GOOD HONESTY-TEST AS MUCH AS ANYONE.
HUH. AND WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT THIS FAR, SMART-ARSE?
SURVEILLING THE HORDE, MA'AM. BIG MIGRATION NORTH. COMMAND WANTED NUMBERS.
GOT SIDETRACKED CHECKING THIS WEIRD PATHWAY BLASTED THROUGH A LANDSLIDE, BACK A WAYS. NOTICED THE SOARERS CIRCLING.
WE ALREADY SAW THAT, ACTUALLY.
PATHWAY...? £@%&.
...WELL. I IMAGINE YOU CAN GUESS MY NEXT QUESTION, RANGER.
YES, MA'AM. THE ANSWER'S "ONE."
I CAN ONLY CARRY ONE OF YOU.

I DON'T WANNA! I WANNA STAY HERE! HIS BREATH SMELLS LIKE FART!
YOU, UH... YOU SURE THIS IS ALL RIGHT, MA'AM? THIS KID AIN'T EXACTLY A MILITARY PRIORITY...
ANY GRIEF FROM THE BRASS, YOU TELL THEM THEIR CROTCHES CAN TAKE IT UP WITH MY POINTIEST BOOTS.
WELL... YOU GOT MY TRACKER. I'LL SEND RETRIEVAL QUICK AS I CAN.
I DON'T KNOW THIS MAN HE'S SCARY LET ME WAIT FOR RETRIEVAL WITH YOU PLEASE I DON'T WANNA I DON'T W--
CHILD. WE HAVE TWO BULLETS LEFT.
I SAID I WAS SORRY I SAID I W--
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.
ISH.
BUT I CAN'T DEFEND US BOTH. THE SHIELD'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE, OKAY? I'LL... I'LL SEE YOU THERE THE INSTANT I'M BACK.
BUT... BUT... BUT...
I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GO EXPLORING WITH ME.
...
"WANTING IS THE OPIATE OF THE W..."
...HH.
SOME OTHER TIME, OKAY?

ARE YOU STILL SULKING?
NO. NO, I...
P-PLEASE DON'T BE CROSS, DADDY, BUT...
I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
YOU SAID YOU WERE A...AN IMMORTER.
"IMMORTAL," IDIOT. ?COUGH?
AND I AM. I'VE OUTLASTED MILLENNIA. I'VE CARVED MY NAME INTO THE ROCK OF MYTH. I AM THE FATED SERVANT OF GOOD AND--
--AND NOW YOU'RE COUGHING BLOOD.
I...I THINK YOU'RE POISONED, DADDY.
A-AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S DONE IT.

YOU MEAN THIS? THE BLOODSTONE? FOOL. FOOL.
UNDERSTAND, ELSA: THIS WORLD IS A VIPER'S NEST OF...SLYNESS AND FALSEHOOD. IT'S ENOUGH TO EXHAUST A THOUSAND IMMORTALS.
THERE IS SIMPLICITY ONLY IN STRENGTH. AND THIS...?
THIS IS OUR STRENGTH. THIS IS OUR GREATNESS.
THIS IS OUR FATE.
PLOK
"IT'S JUST THIS WEIRD FEELING."

HIGH GROUND... AMBUSH THE BASTARD... OR...
HIDE...?
WAIT FOR THE SHIELD TO SEND SPLENDID BULLETS AND AN EARL GREY RE-UP AND--
...
HUH.
NNNO.
"S-SLYNESS AND FALSEHOOD."
DAMN
DAMN
DAMN
DAMN
#£$%&$# FLYING SHAPE-SHIFTING £$%&!
WAIT. WAIT. STOP.
SETTLE, PETAL.
THINK.
A GOOD HUNTER DOESN'T NEED TO TRACK. HE KNOWS WHERE HIS PREY'S HEADED...

...
DOUBLED BACK.
THAT...CLEVER... BASTARD...!
CLEVER BLOODY ROTTERS!
THAT IS AGAINST ALL THE RULES OF CIVILIZED NECROMANCY!
HFF.
HFF.
KEEP UP THE PACE.
NEVER MAKE ALLOWANCES, ELSA.
DO NOT MAKE THE FEEBLE YOUR BURDE--
SHUT UP!

MEATSTINK!
MEATSTINK!
MEATMEATMEAT!
RUDE.
I DON'T SEE NOTHING OUT HERE, LADYBOSS.
COULD BE RATS?
CHECK AGAIN. THAT BRIT WITH THE ARTILLERY STANK OF TEA LEAVES AND TROUBLE.
HEH...GULLIBLE LITTLE SNOB ALL BUT BEGGED ME TO TAKE HER FOOD...
BUT YOU CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL WHEN THERE'S WALLHEADS INVOLVED, BOYS. I DON'T WANT ANY INTERRUPTIONS.
THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THIS MEAT---

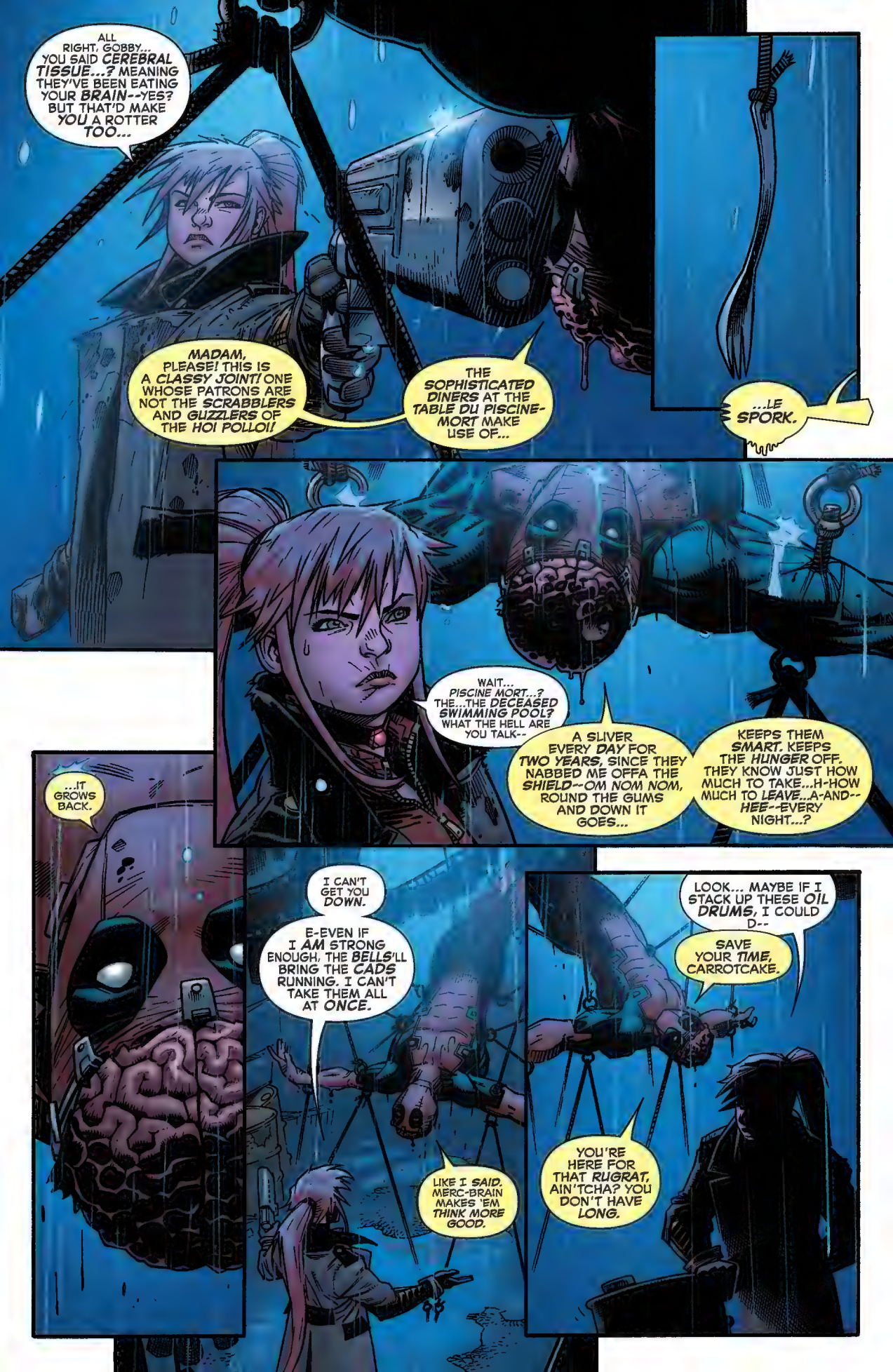
--AND I INTEND TO SAVOR THE TASTE.
IT HURTS IT HUUUURTS

YOU. HAHA... YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA CRY, LADY.
WHO'S THERE?
IT'S NOT HOW IT LOOKS. YOU JUST GOT TO THINK IT THROUGH. CONNNN...TEEEM... PLAAAAATE!
THAT'S WHAT THEY DO.
R-ROTTERS DON'T THINK. EVERYONE KNOWS THAT. FLESH IS ALL THEY CAN FOCUS ON.
NOT THEEEEEEEEESE ONES. HEE HEE HEE.
THEY'RE EXTREMELY WELL FED.

MARVEL ZOMBIES #3

"JOURNEY INTO MISERY: EPISODE 3"

UNDEAD ENCAMPMENT.
APPROX. 330 MILES SOUTH OF THE SHIELD.
NOW IT SEEMS TO ME, MS. BLOODSTONE, WHAT YOU GOT HERE IS A [WW]SWEEEEET[WW] OPPORTUNITY TO ENJOY THE VERY REAL BENEFITS...
(...DUM-DEEDLE-DEE-DUH-DUUUUH...)
...OF INSANITY.
THAAAAT'S RIGHT! FOR THE LOW-LOW PRICE OF CONSTANT UNBEARABLE PAIN, AND A DAILY ADMINISTRATIVE FEE OF LIVING CEREBRAL TISSUE--
--YOU TOO CAN EXPERIENCE THE WACKY WORLD-- NO...NO, DAMMIT, CALL IT WHAT IT IS!-- THE ZANY WORLD!--
--OF UPSIDE-DOWNIA!
HHH.
SHTICK.
GOD HELP US.


ALL RIGHT, GOBBY... YOU SAID CEREBRAL TISSUE...? MEANING THEY'VE BEEN EATING YOUR BRAIN--YES? BUT THAT'D MAKE YOU A ROTTER TOO...
MADAM, PLEASE! THIS IS A CLASSY JOINT! ONE WHOSE PATRONS ARE NOT THE SCRABBLERS AND GUZZLERS OF THE HOI POLLOI!
THE SOPHISTICATED DINERS AT THE TABLE DU PISCINE-MORT MAKE USE OF...
...LE SPORK.
WAIT... PISCINE MORT...? THE...THE DECEASED SWIMMING POOL? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALK--
A SLIVER EVERY DAY FOR TWO YEARS, SINCE THEY NABBED ME OFFA THE SHIELD--OM NOM NOM, ROUND THE GUMS AND DOWN IT GOES...
KEEPS THEM SMART. KEEPS THE HUNGER OFF. THEY KNOW JUST HOW MUCH TO TAKE...H-HOW MUCH TO LEAVE...A-AND--HEE--EVERY NIGHT...?
...IT GROWS BACK.
I CAN'T GET YOU DOWN.
E-EVEN IF I AM STRONG ENOUGH, THE BELLS'LL BRING THE CADS RUNNING. I CAN'T TAKE THEM ALL AT ONCE.
LIKE I SAID, MERC-BRAIN MAKES 'EM THINK MORE GOOD.
LOOK... MAYBE IF I STACK UP THESE OIL DRUMS, I COULD D--
SAVE YOUR TIME, CARROTCAKE.
YOU'RE HERE FOR THAT RUGRAT, AIN'TCHA? YOU DON'T HAVE LONG.

...ACTUALLY, IT'S... IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE. THEY DIDN'T BOTHER WITH CUTLERY FOR THE CHILD.
I WASN'T FAST ENOUGH. HE WILL'VE ALREADY TURNED BY NOW.
A-HYUK. MAYBE YOU OUGHTA TAKE A MOUTHFUL O' SKULL-SOUP YOURSELF, PURRRINCESS PRESUMPTUOUSNESS. YOU COULD USE THE EXTRA SMARTS.
LOOKIT.
For there was a great wailing and gnashing of teeth--YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT PART, YEP YEP...
...BUT LADY?
--THAT LITTLE MUNCHKIN HASN'T ZOMBIFIED ONE LITTLE IDDY BIT.
"I'M NORMAL," HE SAYS. LYING LITTLE GOBLIN.
DING DING DING
RUH-ROH. Y'KNOW WHAT THAT BELL MEANS...?
"...SSSSSUPPERTIME."
YOU THINK IT'S MAGIC?
DON'T KNOW. MAGIC, SCIENCE--DOESN'T MATTER. THIS MEAT DOESN'T SPOIL.
COULD BE SPECIAL. COULD BE POWERS. COULD BE SMARTS.
COULD BE A CURE.

I WANT THE BRAIN.
AAAAA-- NO NO HELP HELP HELP!
DON'T YOU £$%&ING TOUCH H--
HEH HEH HEH YOU WON'T GET FIVE PACES OUT THERE, SISTER.
Y-YOU'RE
OH
OH. I FEEL YOU.
YOU'RE HERE.
SAY, LADY?
LIKE, I KNOW I'M BATCRAP CRAZY 'N' ALL, AND--I GOTTA BE HONEST--I'VE HAD MY FAIR SHARE OF HALLUCINATIONS...
...THAT EMPANADA IN THE HOOTERS TOP'S GONNA BE TOUGH TO BEAT...
...BUT STILL-- I'M PRETTY SURE ABOUT THIS ONE:
YOU'RE GLOWIN'.
NEVER SURRENDER. NEVER STOP. NEVER RELENT.

NOW
GET UP.

AAAAAHAHAHAHAHA THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU I KNEW YOU'RE NOT AS HORRID AS YOU PRETEND THANK YOU THANK Y--
IF YOU BLUB ON ME I'LL SNAP YOU MYSELF.
HEY...HEY, WAIT--WAIT-- W-WE HAVE TO STOP!
WHAT?
THE DANGLY MAN! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM!
YOU MEAN THE NUTCASE IN RED? THE SWIMMING POOL GUY?
HE...HE SCREAMS SO BAD! PLEASE! WE HAVE TO GO BACK!
BUT...FOR GOD'S SAKE--THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR US NOW. EVEN WITH THIS...BOOST... WHATEVER-IT-IS...THEY'LL OVERWHELM ME.
YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES! YOU DO NOT MAKE THE FEEBLE YOUR BURDEN!
YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT. YOU CAME BACK FOR ME.
LOOK... I'M SORRY. THERE'S JUST... THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN SAVE HIM.
BUT WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM THERE!
...
WELL, THEN. HERE.
WUH... WUH...

YOU UNDERSTAND WE HAVE ONLY TWO SHOTS LEFT.
AIM FOR THE OIL BARRELS. HIT ONE OF THOSE AND YOU'LL BURN HIM UP. PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY. NO GROWING BACK FROM ASH.
...N-NO. NO, THAT'S HORRIBLE. I'M T-TOO TIRED...I... I ALREADY WASTED A BUNCH OF SHELLS.
QUIET. THEY'RE COMING. TAKE AIM.
WHERE'D THEY GO? WHERE?
FIND THE MEAT!
P-PLEASE. PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS.
B-BUT... DADDY...I'M ONLY SEVEN--
AND THEN SHE DARES MAKE EXCUSES. INTOLERABLE. WHAT'S NEXT, ELSA? MAKEUP? BOYS? MUSIC-OF-THE-POP?
N...NO EXCUSES. TIME TO GROW UP.
I'M USELESS. I'M USELESS. YOU SHOULD'VE LEFT ME. OHH. OHHHHHHHH.
...
WAIT.
STOP.

$%£& YOU, YOU OLD BASTARD.
CHILDREN SHOULD BE CHILDREN.
OOH. BATH TIME.
BOOOOMF
THE EVER-MEAT! THEY KILLED THE EVER-MEAT!
SHOT CAME FROM UP THERE! IT'S THE WALL-WENCH--I CAN SSSSMELL HER!
GO! GO! I WANT THE GIRL-MEAT BACK!
GIRL...?
YOU NEVER ASKED.
£$%&.

THEYYYYYYY'RE
MIIIIINE!
SHULK

H.A.H.A.H.A.H.A
HE'S...HE'S ENJOYING IT.
I CAN... I CAN FEEL H--
RUN PLEASE RUN NOW RUN LET'S RUN GOOD IDEA RUN RUN...
HA!
FLOSH
"S...STRONG..."

...I'VE NEVER FELT THIS STRONG.
THAT'S NICE.
BUT, UM, ELSA? YOU KNOW, UH...YOU KNOW WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DANGLY MAN?
WOULD YOU DO THAT TO ME? IF IT CAME TO IT?
A CHILD OF THE BLOODSTONE DOES NOT HESITATE TO SUFFER, ELSA.
NOTHING MUST COME BETWEEN HIM-?TT? OR HER--AND THE ANNIHILATION OF EVIL.
NOT PAIN. NOT HARDSHIP. NOT LOSS. NOT EVEN DEATH.
"BETTER TO DESTROY WHAT'S GOOD THAN LET THE DARKNESS DEVOUR IT."
WHAT?
JUST SOMETHING MY DAD USED TO SAY.
WHY DO YOU THINK I WAS SAVING TWO SHELLS, GENIUS?
DAD, YOU SHOT IT THROUGH THE HOSTAGE...!
WAR IS COST, ELSA. ?KOFF?
A WARRIOR OF THE LIGHT DOES NOT CONCERN HIMSELF WITH QUIBBLING AT THE PRICE. HE...?HKH? HE THINKS ONLY OF THE STRUGGLE.
MISS?
YOUR DAD SOUNDS LIKE KIND OF A £$%&.

WHAT? NO. I MEAN...
LOOK--HE WAS A HARD MAN. SOMETIMES, FINE, SOMETIMES EVEN CRUEL.
DOGMATIC. OBSESSIVE.
BUT THE POINT IS--
MANIACAL.
THE POINT IS, HE BELIEVED IN RIGHTEOUSNESS. AND GREATNESS. MAKING THE WORLD BETTER.
I-IT'S THANKS TO HIM THAT I'M TH--
DAD HE WAS JUST WALKING ME HOME, DAD, PLEASE HE'S NOT A VAMPIRE I SWEAR, DAD, I CHECKED DAD STOP--
THAT I'M.
I'M.
I-IT STINGS MY HEAD, DADDY.
WELL, NATURALLY. YOU TOOK TEN SECONDS TOO LONG AND HAVE QLIPPOTH BLOOD IN YOUR HAIR. NOT A PROMISING FIRST KILL, ELSA.
YOU WILL NOT WASH NOR SHAVE UNTIL IT HAS INFECTED YOUR SCALP. YOU WILL WEAR ITS COLOR AS A BADGE OF YOUR INADEQUACY.
...
AND YOU WILL LIE TO YOUR MOTHER ABOUT HOW YOU GOT IT.

...
WE BETTER STOP. WE CAN SLUM IT IN THERE.
WHATEVER CAUSED THAT RUSH...I THINK IT'S OVER.
=YAAAAWN=
SAY--WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, ANYWAY? YOUR DAD.
SAME THING THAT HAPPENS TO EVERY SMUG PRAT WHO THINKS HE'S INVINCIBLE AND MAKES YOU FEEL WEAK.
BLEH!
BOKK
HE DIMINISHED.

MAYBE HE WAS JUST ALIVE TOO LONG. MAYBE IMMORTALITY'S FATAL-- HA. WOULDN'T THAT BE PERFECT?
OR MAYBE IT WAS THE BLOODSTONE, POISONING HIM OVER THE CENTURIES. MAYBE NOBODY SHOULD HAVE THAT MUCH POWER.
BUT...YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK REALLY FINISHED HIM OFF?
I THINK HE JUST GOT SICK OF NOT BEING AS PERFECT AS HE THOUGHT.
LAST OF THE EMERGENCY TEABAGS. :TT<
COWARD. COWARD.
I WILL NOT LIVE IN THIS FEEBLE FLESH. CLAIM YOUR INHERITANCE! KILL ME!
KILL ME!
HOW DID HE DIE?
WASN'T ME, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
FIRST AND ONLY TIME I EVER SAID "NO." MY GREATEST VICTORY OR MY WORST FAILURE-- JURY'S STILL OUT. HE CLAIMED THE LATTER.
NO, IN THE END HE JUST... CRAWLED OFF SOMEWHERE.
"MAYBE ONE FINAL TESTOSTERONE-TANGLE WITH A DRAGON. ORRRR MAYBE HE JUST GOT PISSED AND PUKED HIS LUNGS OUT IN AN ALLEY--WHO KNOWS?
"THE BLOODSTONE CRUMBLED TO COAL. THEY SCRAPED HIM UP SO I HAD SOMETHING TO BURY, BUT...BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT STICKS IN MY MIND.
"IT'S HOW I FELT AFTER WE PUT HIM IN THE GROUND.

"FOR JUST A SPLIT SECOND.
"I WAS GLAD."
TRUTH IS... TRUTH IS I'VE SPENT THE PAST TEN YEARS FEELING PREDICTABLY BLOODY WRETCHED ABOUT THAT DIRTY MOMENT OF JOY.
JOINED THE SHIELD. STAMPED UP-AND-DOWN ON MY OWN EMPATHY.
FOUGHT FOR RIGHTNESS AND £$%& ORDER BECAUSE IT'S WHAT HE EXPECTED.
SO I SUPPOSE THE DISGUSTING OLD BULLY WON IN THE END ANYWAY.

BRIEFLY.
RRRIP
...
YOU KNOW... I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYBODY THAT STUFF BEFORE.
CROTCH-PUNCHING FIRST, EMOTIONAL CANDOR SECOND--THAT'S THE BLOODSTONE WAY.
IT... ACTUALLY FEELS RATHER GOOD.
SO.
IN THE FINE OLD SPIRIT OF RECIPROCITY AND ALL THAT BOLLOCKS...
...DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU TOLD ME WHO OR WHAT YOU REALLY ARE TOO?
HUH.
Y-YOU SLEEP, GIRLY.
TOMORROW'S A NEW DAY.

WHEEEEEEEEE
HAH.
HAH.
HUH.
WELL.

I SUPPOSE THAT'S AS FAR AS WE GO.
I THINK THAT'S OKAY.
I THINK WE GOT TO WHERE WE'RE MEANT TO BE ANYWAY.
MM.
ABOUT THAT.
NOW SEE HERE, BALDING MIDGET CATHARSIS-TRIGGER, I'M NOT ANGRY WITH YOU. IT'S ALL FINE. BUT...C'MON...I'M NOT STUPID.
YOU'RE ROTTER-PROOF. YOU CONVENIENTLY APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE RIGHT WHEN I DID...
AND EVERY TIME SOMETHING EXCITING HAPPENS I GET A BUZZ OFF MY BLOODSTONE AND YOU SPEND HOURS EXHAUSTED.
YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?
HONESTLY-- I DON'T KNOW. I JUST GET THESE WEIRD FEE--
FEEEEELINGSSSS.
STAY BEHIND ME.
WELL, NOW.

TINGLING
SMELLS LIKE GINGER
IT'S HER IT'S HER
LOOK WHO FINALLY CAUGHT UP...

H-HOW DID IT GET HERE AHEAD OF US?
TELEPORTED.
THAT'S MY KNIFE IN ITS SHOULDER. MEANS IT'S THE SAME HALF-HEADED GLAND WHO DUMPED ME OUT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
RED-BLOODY-TERROR IS THE STUPIDEST NAME IN THE W--
WRONNNNG
I ATE THE DEVIL'S HEART AND TOOK YOUR SCENT FROM THE BLADE.
I REACHED THIS PLACE BEFORE YOU SIMPLY BECAUSE I RAN OVERNIGHT, WHEREAS YOU...
HHHH....
QUIT.
A GOOD HUNTER DOESN'T NEED TO TRACK. HE KNOWS WHERE HIS PREY'S HEADED.
TH...THAT'S... WHO TAUGHT YOU TH--
ELSA...? THE...THE DUPE EFFECT. L-LOOK AT THE BODIES.
THAT'S YOU.
HHAA. GOOD. GOOOOD. THE CHILD HAS A FINE EYE.
SHE UNDERSTANDS SOMETHING YOU NEVER WILL.
THE IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY.
NOW...WHO'S GOT A KISS FOR DADDY...?

MARVEL ZOMBIES #4

"JOURNEY INTO MISERY: EPISODE 4"

SHE'S THERE ALL RIGHT, BOSS--TAKE A LOOK.
B-BUT, AH, SO'S THAT HUNTER GUY WHO KICKED OUR BUTTS. MAYBE WE OUGHTA WAIT FOR DARK T--
NO WAITING. THE EVERMEAT'S GONE--I CAN ALREADY FEEL THE HUNGER. HRR. WAIT ANY LONGER AND YOU'LL BE EVEN STUPIDER THAN YOU ARE RIGHT NOW.
BUT I BIT THAT KID...AND SHE HASN'T CHANGED. THAT MEANS SPECIALFLESH.
SEND OUT THE FIRST WAVE. DUMMIES AND DRIBBLERS. MAYBE SOMEONE GETS LUCKY AND GRABS THE GIRL.
AND IN THE MEANTIME...?
...BRING UP THE SCRAPHEAD.

YOU'RE DEAD.
QUICK-WITTED AS EVER, I SEE.
NO, I... I MEAN YOU'RE GONE. I SAW YOU CRUMBLE...
D-DUPE EFFECT. IT'S A DIFFERENT VERSION OF YOUR DAD.
DEAD DAD. DIFFERENT DEAD DAD. I £$%& HATE BATTLE-WORLD.
ROTTERS.
NO, ONLY ONE, THANK THE IRONCLAD BUMCHEEKS OF DOOM, BUT--
NO, I MEAN: ROTTERS.
ROTTERS!
AH. THE MAGGOTS HAVE FOUND THE CORPSE. HERE--
--TAKE YOUR BLADE, CHILD.
WHATEVER ITS CONVULSIONS, THE HOUSE OF BLOODSTONE ENSHRINES A MIGHTY CREDO.
FOR NOW-- FOR THIS MOMENT OF MUTUAL INTEREST-- LET US SET ASIDE OUR CONFLICT AND STAND SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER.
LET US DO...
...A TEAM-UP.

BOLLOCKS TO THAT.
RRF. DIRTY CADS.
FULL HORDE DEPLOYMENT, AND US WITH JUST A SINGLE SHOT.

THAT'S JUST!
NOT!
CRICKET!
HURFF
RUN.
GIRL.
RUN.
RUUUNN!
BWORRRRRRF

A LITTLE MORE RESPECT FOR YOUR ELDERS WOULDN'T GO AMISS, YOUNG LADY...
SHL-UP
THE HUNTER... THE HUNTER HEALS WITHOUT FEASTING...!
HE HAS THE CURE!
TH...THE SCRAPHEAD MEAT MEAT WE N-NEED THE SCRAPHEAD.
H...HURRRR... G-G-GETTING STUPIDER...HURRY! BRAAAAINS...

H...HOW ARE THERE SO MANY STONES?
HONESTLY? I DON'T THINK THERE ARE MEANT TO BE. I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING... UNNATURAL...ABOUT THIS WORLD.
NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING.
I HAVE PRIED THEM FROM EVERY DUPLICATE OF MY LINE. EVERY VERSION OF ME. EVERY BLOODSTONE CHILD FROM EVERY BACKWATER BARONY.
EXCEPT ONE.
"OHHH, SOME HAVE RESISTED THE CALL. SOME DIE BEFORE I MEET THEM--POISONED BY THEIR OWN INADEQUACY.
"IT DOESN'T MATTER. ONE STONE CRUMBLES, THOSE THAT REMAIN GROW PURER. MORE CONCENTRATED.
THWUP
"AND THEIR WEARERS...?
"THEY ARE DRAWN TO ME ALL THE STRONGER.
"CRIMINALS HURLED OVER THE WALL... RENEGADES SNEAKING BETWEEN ZONES. IN A TYRANT'S WORLD A HEROIC BLOODLINE WILL ALWAYS BUBBLE TO THE FORE.
"ALL OF THEM--ALL OF YOU, ELSA--CONTROLLED BY URGES YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND."

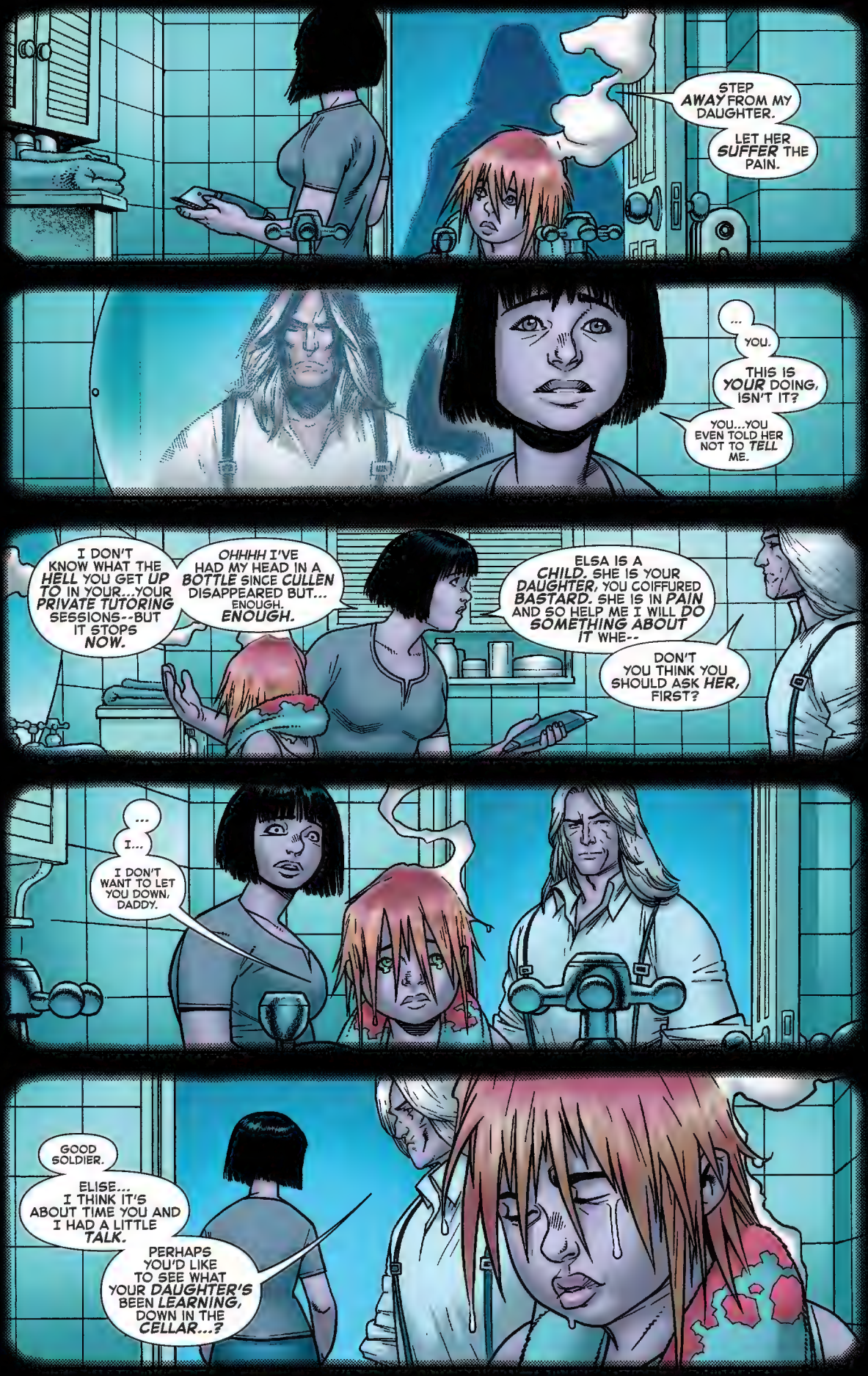
THE BLOODSTONES--
:HNF:
--THEY WANT TO BE BROUGHT TOGETHER.
THEY SUSTAIN ME. THEY HOLD THIS... THIS IDIOTIC UNDEAD FLESHLUST AT BAY.
THE BLOODSTONES WANT ME AS THEIR HOST AND PROPHET. TO UNITE THE FAMILY JEWELS.
SLISH
STRENGTH SHOULDN'T BE DILUTED, ELSA.
I WAS A FOOL TO SPREAD MY LEGACY SO THIN.
:UGH:
S-STAY BEHIND ME. STAY BEHIND ME.
GIVE ME YOUR STRENGTH, ELSA. GIVE IT WILLINGLY. PROVE YOU'VE UNDERSTOOD WHAT YOU WERE TAUGHT:
UNITED, THIS POWER WILL BE IRRESISTIBLE. I COULD CRUSH EVERY EVIL. I COULD CLEANSE THESE DEADLANDS.
A CHILD OF THE BLOODSTONE DOES NOT HESITATE TO SUFFER.

YOU--
--YOU ARE A BULLY.
YOU ARE A BULLY AND A FANATIC AND A SANCTIMONIOUS £@%&, AND OH GOD DAD I'D FORGOTTEN HOW BAD YOUR BREATH IS, AND...AND...
...AND POWER NEEDS TO BE HELD BY THOSE WITH THE EMPATHY--THE £@%& LOVE, DAD!--TO USE IT RI--
SMUK
GIRLISH PRATTLE!
THEY'RE FIGHTING. M-MEAT. MEEEEEEAT.
PERFECT. HURRY. STOKE THE WEAPON'S FIRES WHILST THOSE FOOLS ARE BRAINS.
B...BUSY. I M-MEAN WHILE THEY'RE BUSY.
BRAAAINS.
Y-YOU CAN'T HAVE IT. I WON'T LET YOU. I'LL DESTROY IT BEFORE YOU C--
STUPID GIRL.

YOU THINK THE POWER IS STUCK INSIDE THE STONE?

G...GET AWAY FROM HER, Y--
AAGGH!
CHOMP
NNNNOO--!
I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I WAS WRONG WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE C--
QUIET.
LET ME GUESS. THE CHILD HAD "A FUNNY FEELING," YES? HA.
I TOLD YOU-- THE STONES WANT TO BE UNITED. OR DID YOU THINK IT WAS A COINCIDENCE IT POWERED UP THE MOMENT IT SENSED ME NEARBY?
YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST WHO NEEDED TO BE GUIDED TO THEIR DESTINY, ELSA.

"FOR SOME, IT'S THE SIMPLE WHISPER OF DUTY, DEEP IN THE SOUL..."
DESPITE ABUNDANT OPPORTUNITIES FOR REFORM, ELSA, YOU PERSIST IN YOUR VIOLENT ACTIVITIES. YOU ARE THEREFORE CONDEMNED TO THE HORROR OF--
YES, YES, DO PUT A SOCK IN IT, DARLING-- LET'S GET ON WITH IT, SHALL WE? THE ZOMBIE HORDES WON'T SLAY THEMSELVES.
"FOR OTHERS IT'S A MORE...TANGIBLE MANIPULATION."
YOU SURE IT'S SAFE? I DIDN'T FLEE ALL THIS WAY FROM THE ROYAL PONCE-BASHERS JUST TO GET BLOODY EATEN.
CULLEN BLOODSTONE, YOU ARE SO CUTE WHEN YOU'RE PARANOID.
LOOK, TRUST ME, OKAY? I JUST HAVE THIS...FUNNY FEELING.
WHY THIS FORM, I WONDER? WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS HAIRLESS LITTLE PARASITE THAT YOUR GEM KNEW WOULD LEAD YOU TO ME?
--SOMETHING FOR YOU TO PONDER, DAUGHTER, WHILE UNDEATH TAKES YOU.
SHE'S IN PAIN. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! SHE'S IN PAIN!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO I DIDN'T MEAN TO IT FELT RIGHT BUT IT'S WRONG IT'S WR--
I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MATTERS NOW. STILL--
SHE WON'T EVEN TELL ME WHAT THIS STUFF IS, BUT IT'S HURTING HER! I CAN'T GET IT OUT!
OH--HER POOR HAIR. H-HELP ME WITH THE CLIPPERS, ULYSSES--HURRY! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SH--
ELISE.


STEP AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER.
LET HER SUFFER THE PAIN.
...
YOU.
THIS IS YOUR DOING, ISN'T IT?
YOU...YOU EVEN TOLD HER NOT TO TELL ME.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU GET UP TO IN YOUR...YOUR PRIVATE TUTORING SESSIONS--BUT IT STOPS NOW.
OHHHH I'VE HAD MY HEAD IN A BOTTLE SINCE CULLEN DISAPPEARED BUT... ENOUGH. ENOUGH.
ELSA IS A CHILD. SHE IS YOUR DAUGHTER, YOU COIFFURED BASTARD. SHE IS IN PAIN AND SO HELP ME I WILL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT WHE--
DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD ASK HER, FIRST?
...
I...
I DON'T WANT TO LET YOU DOWN, DADDY.
GOOD SOLDIER.
ELISE... I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU AND I HAD A LITTLE TALK.
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT YOUR DAUGHTER'S BEEN LEARNING, DOWN IN THE CELLAR...?

MONSTERS FIENDS OH NO GOD HE LET IT LAY EGGS IN MY BRAIN BEASTS DEMONS INSIDE THE WALLS PLEASE PLEASE THE SHADOWS ARE SCREAMING THEY ATE MY MIND OHHHH HELP ME HELP US USSSS
YOU SEE WHAT WE'VE HAD TO DEAL WITH, DOCTOR? HER DELUSIONS ARE ONLY GETTING WORSE.
W-WHEN I FOUND THE BRUISES ON ELSA I COULDN'T PUT IT OFF ANY LONGER.
SHE NEEDS TO BE KEPT AWAY--
"--IT'S IN OUR DAUGHTER'S BEST INTEREST."
I... I...
I KNOW WHO SHE IS.
THE CHILD. THE GIRL.
SHE'S THE CHILDHOOD YOU STOLE FROM ME.

STILL FIGHTING IT, EH?
I WON'T SAY I'M PROUD OF YOU, GIRL...BUT--FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH--YOU'RE NOT AS DISAPPOINTING AS EXPECTED.
COME THEN. A FATHER'S FINAL GIFT TO HIS SPOILED BRAT. TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT.
...
NO. B-BECAUSE OF THE LITTLE GIRL I COULD'VE BEEN. I WON'T.
I WON'T BE LIKE YOU. I WON'T BE WORSE THAN THE MONSTERS YOU MADE ME HATE.
...
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME SPARE YOU?
N-NO.
BUT IT WAS A BLOODY GOOD DISTRACTION, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.
I SUCK WITH THIS THING I SUCK WITH THIS THING I SUCK WITH THIS TH--
BOOM

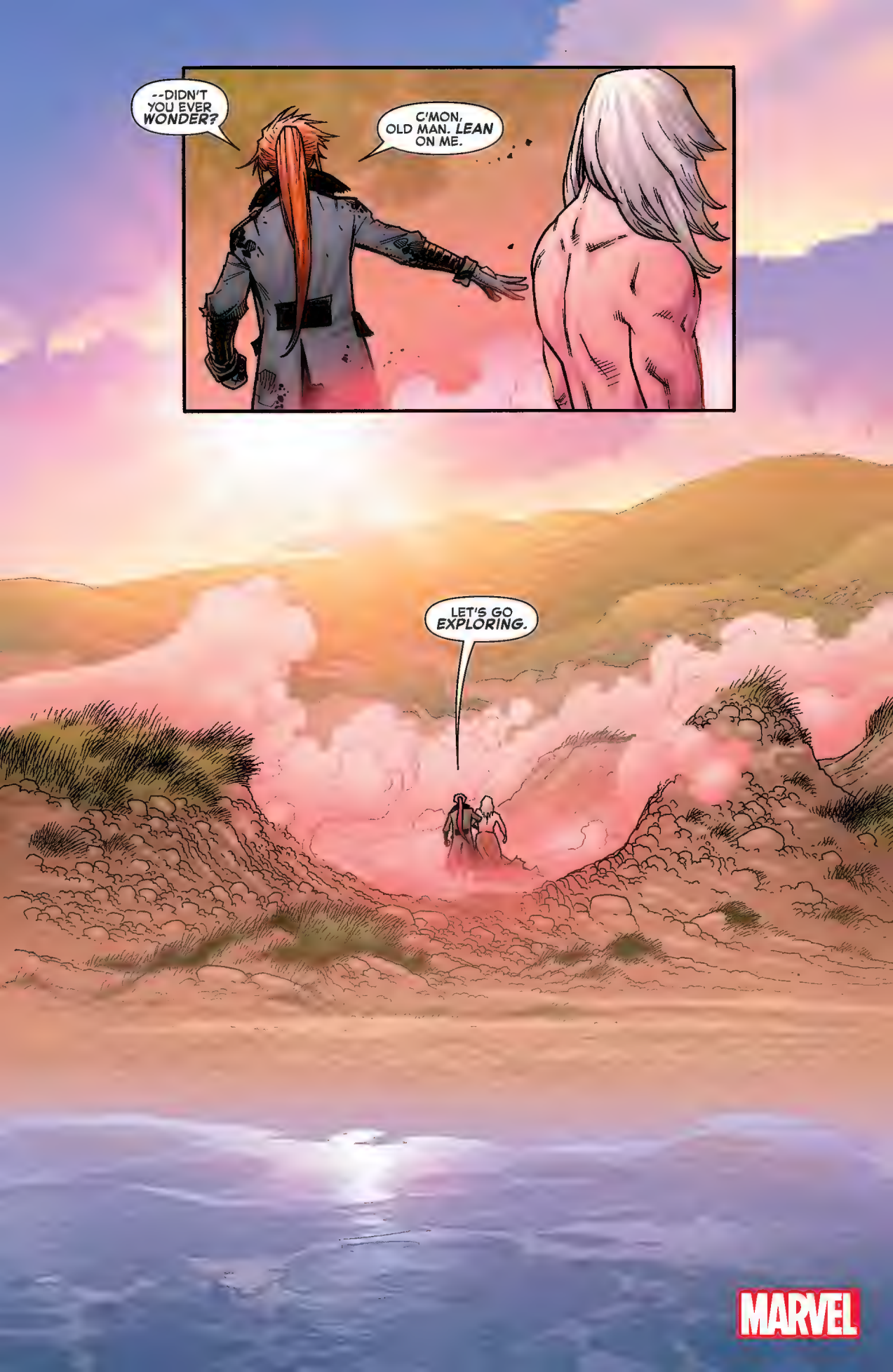
SCROMPH
VWOOOOOOORB
NNNOOO--!
W-WELCOME HOME, KID.
THANK YOU.
THANK YOU.
A-AND REMEMBER.
ALWAYS
WONDER.

THE SCRAP-HEAD IS IN POSITION!
THE HUNTER'S BEEN BRAAAINS TO THE GROUND! THE REDHEAD'S ACTING REALLY MEEEAT!
GOOD ENOUGH.
READY... AIM---
FLESH!
I MEAN FIRE!

WOMF
DO BUGGER OFF.

P...POWER NEEDS TO BE HELD BY THOSE WITH THE EMPATHY TO USE IT RIGHT.
BUT...
AAAAAAAAA
...NOBODY SHOULD HAVE TOO MUCH.
...
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T BURN SOME OF IT OFF FOR GOOD.
OH SHUT UP, DADDY.
A CHILD OF THE BLOODSTONE DOES NOT HESITATE TO SUFFER.

AAAAAAA
AAAAA
AAAA
WAIT--
--I'M.
I'M ALIVE?
HUH. YOU ALWAYS SAID MAGIC'S JUST A LAZY WORD FOR THE WILL OF THE WIELDER.
I SUPPOSE I MUST HAVE ENOUGH WILL FOR THE BOTH OF US, EH, DADDY?
ALTHOUGH IN YOUR CASE, THE "ALIVE" THING COULD BE RECTIFIED IN A JIFFY.
CONSIDER YOURSELF ON PROBATION.
YOU'VE SPENT EONS IN THE COMPANY OF AN INSIDIOUS COSMIC ARTIFACT AND A BLOND MULLET. I'M PREPARED TO ACCEPT YOUR JUDGMENT MAY HAVE BEEN COMPROMISED.
I'M ALSO PREPARED TO BEAT YOU TO DEATH WITH YOUR OWN FACE IF YOU SQUANDER THIS NEW BEGINNING, OR INDEED IF YOU FAIL TO IMPROVE YOUR GHASTLY BREATH.
THAT'S THE DEAL. NOTE THAT WE ARE NOT YET ON CUDDLING TERMS.
CAN.
CAN I.
CAN I JUST HAVE A LITTLE PIECE...? J-JUST A TINY GEM, F--
NO. START WALKING.
BUT... WHERE?
OHHH, BACK TO THE SHIELD, I EXPECT. I HAVE SOME NEW TRICKS TO TRY ON THE HORDE, AND THERE'S A CUP OF EARL GREY WITH MY NAME ON IT.
AND THEN...?
I DON'T KNOW. DEAL WITH THE WORLD. FIX THINGS INSTEAD OF BREAKING THEM. MAKE LIFE BETTER FOR NORMAL PEOPLE.
W...WE ARE BLOODSTONES. WE KNOW NOTHING OF NORMAL PEOPLE.
HEH. THAT'S VERY TRUE, DADDY DEAREST.
BUT TELL ME--


--DIDN'T YOU EVER WONDER?
C'MON, OLD MAN. LEAN ON ME.
LET'S GO EXPLORING.

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #1

"A STRANGER CAME TO TOWN"

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!

THE HEROES OF EARTH-616 AND EARTH-1610 WERE POWERLESS TO SAVE IT!

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD!**

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

AT THE END OF THE WORLD LIES THE SHIELD, THE LAST THING BETWEEN CIVILIZATION AND THE TERRORS OF...

SECRET WARS

the deadlands

...WHERE REANIMATED HORDES CRAVE LIVE FLESH...

...OR MECHANIZED MOCKERIES OF MAN ELIMINATE EVERY TRACE OF FLAWED HUMANITY IN...

PERFECTION

If You HAVE SURVIVED Long enough to READ THIS: CONGRATULATIONS

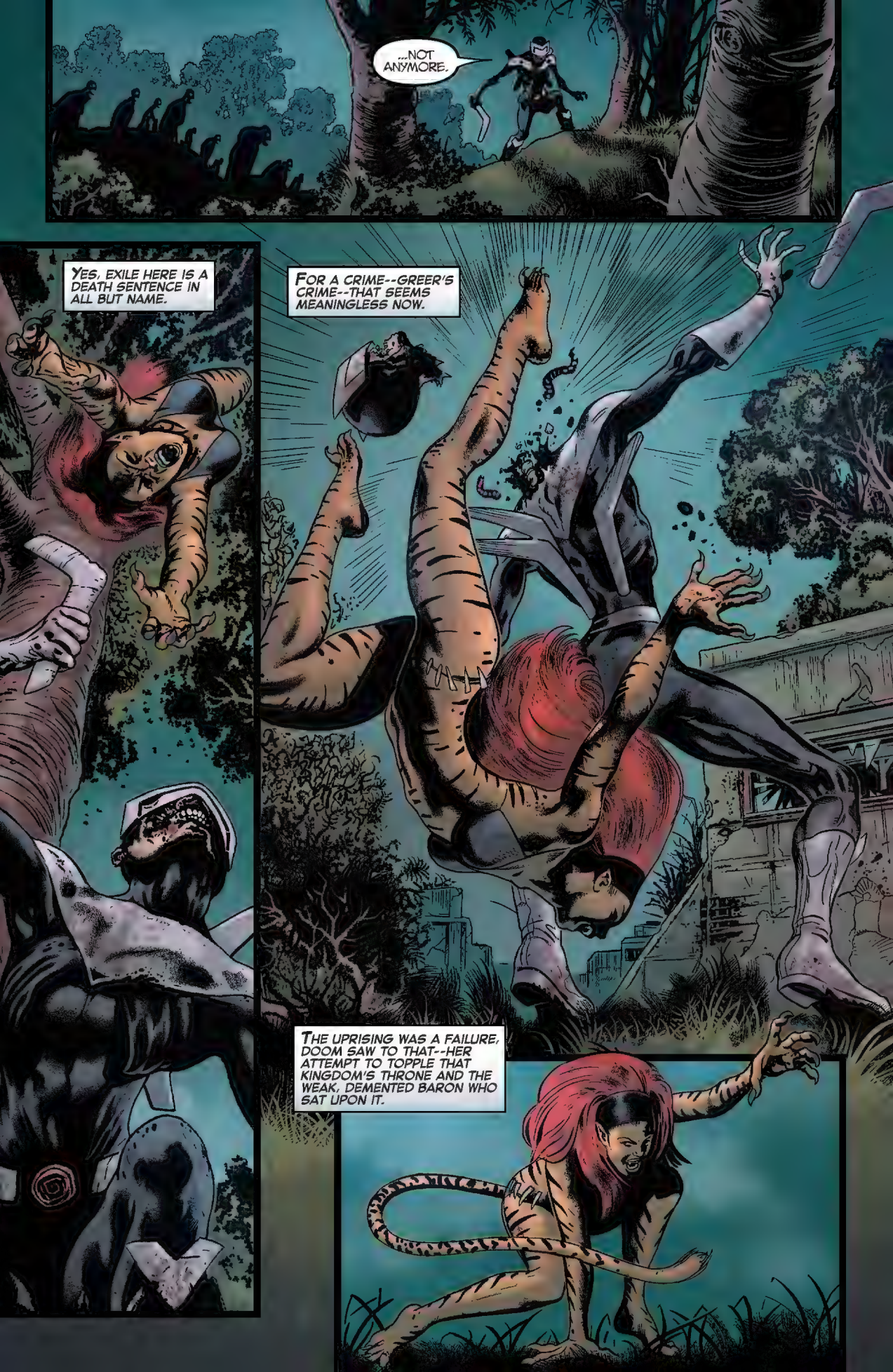
FIND SANCTUARY with us in SALVATION 30 Kilodooms WEST

Do NOT GO EAST Beware LIZARDS

DO NOT GO SOUTH More ZOMBIES

As Greer "Tigra" Nelson contemplates her imminent demise...
...she can't help but smile.
This was her punishment.
Her death.
This is what "exile" beyond the shield amounts to... where the creatures swarm and teem beyond the great wall's sanctuary--
--the monstrous insects...
...the "row-bots," as the men of the shield described the man-like things of steel and deadly light...

...AND THE DEAD WHO WALK THE EARTH.
SHE'S CLOSE. I'M SURE OF IT.
WELL, IF YOU GET ANY SURER...
...DON'T FORGET TO SHARE HER SO WE ALL GET A TASTE, NOT LIKE THE LAST ONE.
YOU CAN SHARE ALL YOU LIKE. I SURE AIN'T.
THERE'S SO MANY OF US, WE WOULDN'T GET BUT A NUGGET EACH.
YEAH, IF I GET TO HER FIRST, I'M HAVING HER. YOU LOSERS CAN PICK AT THE SCRAPS.
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF THEN.
EXCEPT WE AREN'T MEN...


...NOT ANYMORE.
YES, EXILE HERE IS A DEATH SENTENCE IN ALL BUT NAME.
FOR A CRIME--GREER'S CRIME--THAT SEEMS MEANINGLESS NOW.
THE UPRISING WAS A FAILURE, DOOM SAW TO THAT--HER ATTEMPT TO TOPPLE THAT KINGDOM'S THRONE AND THE WEAK, DEMENTED BARON WHO SAT UPON IT.

THK

AND NOW GREER WAS THE EXAMPLE MADE FOR ALL OTHERS OF HER LAND WHO MIGHT HARBOR REBELLIOUS DREAMS.

SO WHY THE SMILE? PERHAPS...

...PERHAPS BECAUSE...

OOF. SHE'S AN AGILE LITTLE SNACK, I'LL SAY THAT!

...GREER HAS NEVER FELT SO ALIVE BEFORE.

IN THE TIME BEFORE NOW, SHE'D BEEN ONE AMONG MANY IN THE BARON'S SERAGLIO. A CAGED PET.

AND NOW SHE IS FREE.

ZZRRRRR

UH-OH.

IMPERFECT.

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES, PART 1

A STRANGER CAME TO TOWN

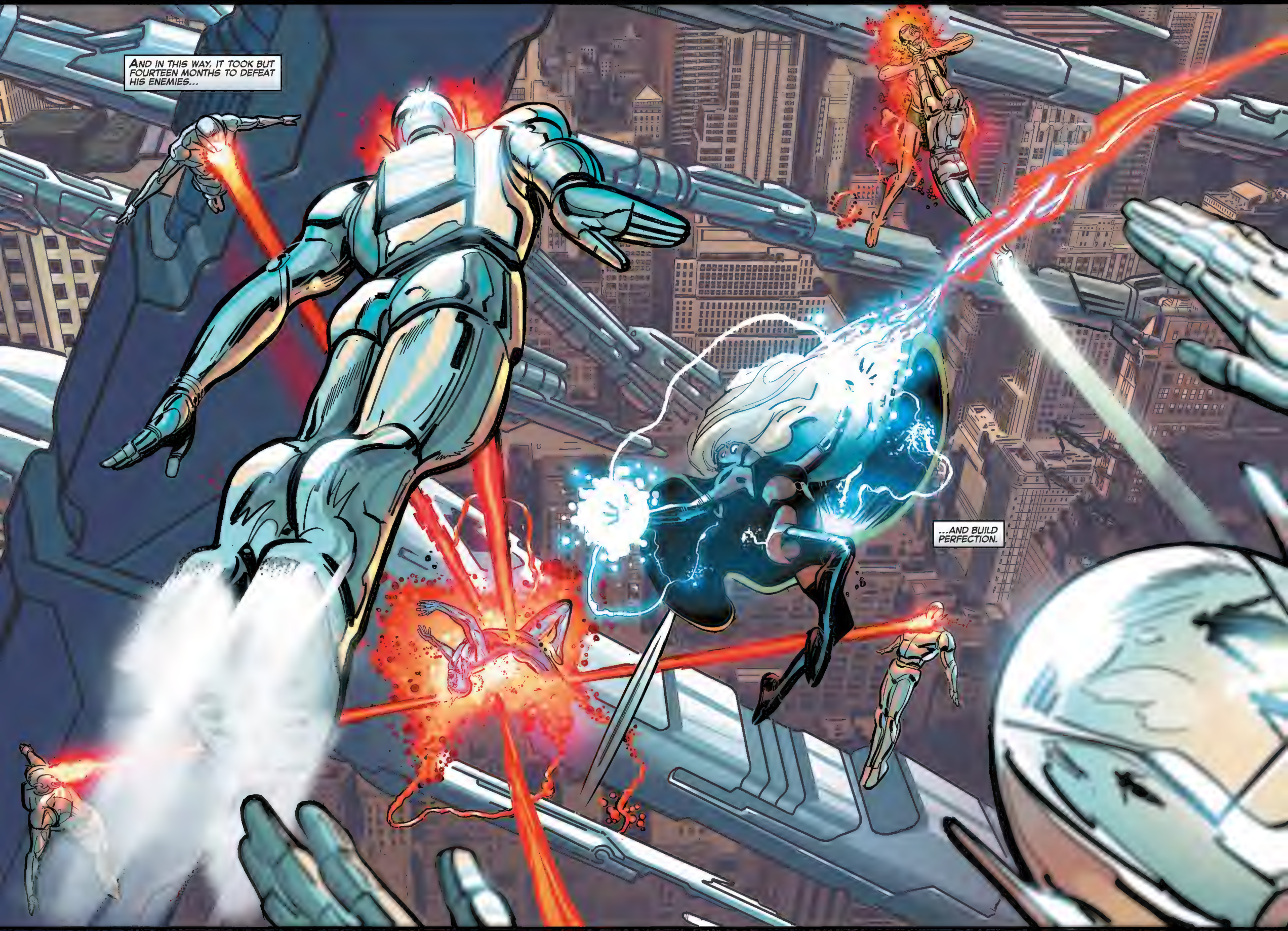
In the land of perfection, its lord and creator surveys his work with the closest thing to pride his soulless heart can feel.
Memories are spent data, nothing more. There should be no joy in recollection.
No nostalgia.
And yet...
...and yet...
He cannot help but recall...
...and muse how things might have differed...if the events past had led down a different path.
How perhaps...in another "life"...upon gaining cognizance as Ultron-1, he hadn't immediately killed his "father" Hank Pym.

PERHAPS THEN, TOO, A YOUNG DANE WHITMAN INFILTRATED ULTRON-5'S "MASTERS OF EVIL" TO WARN THEM AND TURN THE TIDE OF HIS FIRST ATTACK...
...WHEN IN THIS REALITY NO SUCH TWIST OF FATE OCCURRED.
SO THESE AVENGERS DIED.

AND BY WAITING...

...COMBINING AN ARMY OF ULTRON-5 AND ULTRON-6 VERSIONS OF HIMSELF...

...THE OTHER HEROES OF EARTH SOON WENT SCREAMING TO THEIR GRAVES AS WELL.


AND IN THIS WAY, IT TOOK BUT FOURTEEN MONTHS TO DEFEAT HIS ENEMIES...
...AND BUILD PERFECTION.

RULER, SHAPER, MASTER OF PERFECTION.
BETTER THAN HUMANITY.
GREATER.
AND THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN CHANGE THAT.
NO, NOTHING...
...AND NO ONE.
BOY, DO I FEEL LIKE A TENDERFOOT.
DRESSED UP ALL SPIFFY LIKE A CARPETBAGGER OR A TRAVELIN' SALESMAN.
GOT NO MIND WHY I WENT TA THE TROUBLE, NEITHER...

...'CAUSE WHERE I'M GOIN', THEY AINT GOT MUCH USE FER SNAKE OIL.

SO YOU'RE THE HANK PYM OF TIMELY, *HUH?* IN THE VALLEY OF DOOM?

HOME SWEET HOME. HOW Y'A DOIN', HANK? NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU AGAIN -- N'SURE NOT LIKE THIS.

I HAD IT COMING, WITH WHAT I GOT UP TO AFTER YOU 'N' ME SPLIT UP, BUT YOU-- FIGURED YOU'D END YOUR DAYS AS SOME CRAZY OLD COOT TINKERIN' IN YOUR STORE.

YOU KNOW EACH OTHER?

HANK WAS MY BEAU. FOR A GOOD WHILE TOO, 'TIL I GOT RESTLESS. NEEDED SOMEONE WILDER.

BEING SENT OVER THE SHIELD WILD ENOUGH?

'S GETTING THERE, SURE, HANK. WHAT'D YOU DO?

ME AND MY SHENANIGANS GOT ME ON THE SHIELD. CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT YOU DONE COULD BE WORSE.

MY CLOCKWORK MECHANICAL MAN.

YOU STILL WORKING ON THAT FOOLERY? THAT DIDN'T HELP US BEING TOGETHER, NEITHER.

YOU GETTING ALL BLINKERED WORKING AWAY AND NOT PAYIN' ME NO MIND.

CLOCKWORK MAN?

YA WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU, MICHAEL.

ME, I DON'T GET HOW YER INVENTION'D LEAD T'YER BEIN' SENT HERE, THOUGH, HANK.

I WANTED TO MAKE IT STRONGER 'N' MORE RESISTANT TO DAMAGE.

THERE'S THIS AMAZIN' METAL--IT'S PERFECT FER THAT, BUT IT'S AT A PREMIUM.

DOOM AIN'T PARTIAL TA TOO MUCH OF IT IN ANY ONE PLACE.

HERE, I'LL TAKE THAT FROM YOU.

OH, SO THAT'S HOW IT IS, *HUH?*

STEAL A MAN'S STUFF 'FORE YOU SEND HIM TO HELL, YOU SONS'A--

LISTEN TO MORBIUS, HANK, HONEY.

BELIEVE ME, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIELD, YOU DON'T WANT NOTHIN' SLOWIN' YOU DOWN.

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE A FIGHTER...

NOR MUCH OF A RUNNER--

SORRY TO SAY, BRAINS OVER BRAWN MAY WIN IN THE ANCIENT FABLES, BUT NO ONE'S LISTENING TO YOU TELL THEM DOWN THERE BEYOND THE WALL.

YOU'VE GOT THE INSECT HORDES OF ANNIHILUS, OR THERE'S THE ZOMBIES--SOME WITH SUPER POWERS-- AND THEN YOU GOT THE ROBOTS OF ULTRON.

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE DEAD, IF YOU'RE UNLUCKY YOU'RE DEAD AND YOU'RE LUNCH.

STILL--PULLED ME A COUPL'A STRINGS THAT'S HELP YOU A MITE, HERE'S HOPIN'.

'STEAD OF US JUST DUMPING YOU OVER THE SIDE WHEREVER WE FEEL LIKE, I GOT THEM TO AGREE TO GIVE YOU THE CHOICE OF WHEREABOUTS-- WHICH AREA YOU'D LIKE US TO DROP YOU.

SO WHAT CALLS OUT? ZOMBIE DOMAIN IS CALLED THE DEADLANDS, ANNIHILIS DOESN'T HAVE A NAME FOR HIS AREA, DON'T ASK ME WHY--

ERR, I'M STILL NOT CLEAR WHO OR WHAT ANNIHILUS IS, SO--

AN' THE ROBOT DOMAIN--

YES, TELL ME ABOUT THAT.

FIGURES THAT'D TICKLE YOUR FANCY.

WELL THEIR OVERLORD ULTRON CHRISTENED HIS LANDS... ***PERFECTION.*** AND AS WE KNOW, HUMANS AREN'T PERFECT. IF THEY SEE YOU, THEY KILL YOU, SO IT'S NOT--

YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL I NEED TO KNOW. THANK YOU.

I'VE MADE MY CHOICE.

HMM.

SO IF IT'S GONNA BE THE END O' ME NO MATTER WHERE I DECIDED TA LAND HERE...
...DIDN'T TAKE ME BUT A SECOND TO DECIDE IF I'M GONNA DIE, IT'S GOTTA BE IN PERFECTION.
I GUESS TH' TIME PERIOD--IN DOOM'S MANY DOMAINS--IT VARIES SOME FROM ONE T' THE NEXT.
'N' WHERE I'M FROM AIN'T AS ADVANCED AS OTHER BURGS.
AN' IT WAS ME TRYIN' TO CREATE A CLOCKWORK MAN GOT ME INTO THIS MESS TA BEGIN WITH.
NICE TO KNOW IN OTHER, MORE ADVANCED DOMAINS, MY DREAM BECAME A REALITY AND THEN SOME.
SO I LIKE THE IRONY--KINDA FUNNY, Y'ASK ME--IF'N IT'S ONE OF ULTRON'S MECHANICAL MEN THAT SENDS ME TA BOOT HILL.
'LEAST I'LL GET TO SEE--
WHOA.

GOT TO SEE A MECHANICAL MAN... WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM AT LEAST.

BUT THEM OTHER TWO UGLIES'RE WHAT I'D IMAGINE THE UNDEAD TA LOOK LIKE.

THERE AIN'T SUPPOSED TA BE NO--

MEAT.

APTLY PUT, ALBEIT CURT. LET US PARTAKE.

NOT HOW I WANTED TO DIE.

NOT.

ONE.

BIT.

DAMN IT, THIS AIN'T GONNA--

WHO?

JIM, MY FACIAL RECOGNITION SENSORS ARE TELLING ME...
...THAT THIS IS HANK PYM.
WELL, I DON'T HAVE WHAT YOU DO, BUT IT SURE LOOKS LIKE HIM TO ME, TOO.
PYM, I'M JIM HAMMOND AND THESE ARE MY COLLEAGUES, THE VISION AND SIMON WILLIAMS.
WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, BUDDY. HOPING YOU'D COME OUR WAY.
AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE...
...HOW'D YOU LIKE TO CHANGE THE WORLD?

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #2

"STRANGE BEDFELLOWS"

THE DEADLANDS.
COME, CARRION!
COME, RANK AND BASE COMPANY!
COME ONE!
COME ALL!
LET'S DANCE A MERRY JIG!

TWICE *SMITE* ME FOR A DULLARD...

...IF *ALL* YE MAY NOT SLEEP THE REST *ETERNAL* THIS DAY.

WHAT'S HE SAYING?

IS HE SPEAKING FRENCH OR SOMETHING? I *DON'T* UNDERSTAND A WORD!

WILL SOMEONE JUST *KILL HIM* ALREADY?

I'M STARVING!

HAMMOND AND HIS ILK MAY THINK ME *ADDLED*...

...TO SEEK SUCH SPORT AS THIS, AWAY FROM *SALVATION'S* BOON.

'TIS *BEYOND* THEIR KEN TO SEE.

THAT *LO*, THIS VERDANT LAND OF *DEATH FORESTALLED* BE MINE ONE TRUE HOME...

...WHERE I MAY BE DEATH'S OWN *SQUIRE* AND--

--UK!
FWWASH
WELL, THAT'S RUDE. THEY COULD HAVE LEFT MORE OF HIS BODY FOR US.
YEAH, I'M SO HUNGRY.
I HEAR THAT...
...AND WE'LL NEED ALL THE STRENGTH WE CAN MUSTER IF WE'RE GOING TO OUT-LIVE THIS.

THIS IS ULTRON UNIT 432.622A, DESIGNATED COMMUNICATOR CONDUIT FOR LORD ULTRON WHO WILL MOMENTARILY--
THIS IS LORD ULTRON AND THERE IS NO NEED TO TALK OF DEATH.
HOWEVER...
...FOR THERE TO BE LIFE, THERE IS ONE OF YOU I NEED TO SPEAK WITH.

THE SHIELD.

WHERE A GUARD OF THE DAMNED KEEP VIGIL...

...UPON A LAND OF THE CURSED.

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE JANET VAN DYNE'S SHIFT, ISN'T IT?

YEAH, SHE WAS UP HERE A WHILE AGO, ON PATROL. I SAW HER MYSELF.

WELL, BE THAT AS IT MAY, AMERICA...

"...WHERE THE HELL IS SHE NOW?"

SO THESE COORDINATES ARE WHERE THIS SENTINEL DROPPED YA OFF, HUH...?

...THEN WHERE IN TARNATION ARE YOU, HANK PYM...?

"...'N' WHAT KINDA MESS HAVE YA GOTTEN Y'SELF INTO?"

THIS WILL BE YOUR NEW HOME, HANK PYM, SO TAKE A GOOD LOOK.

YEAH, ULTRON HAS HIS LAND-- "*PERFECTION*," HE CALLS IT, AND THE ZOMBIES HAVE ***THE DEADLANDS***, WHICH IS MORE LIKE DAMNATION, IF YOU ASK ME.

AND THIS IS OURS...

...THIS IS ***SALVATION.***

IT'S...IT'S INCREDIBLE...

...NOT LIKE NO PLACE I'VE SEEN, NO SIR, NOT EVER.

SO HOW DID YA FIND IT? WHO WAS IT BUILT THIS PLACE, ANYWAY?

WHO? WHY, WE DID.

THAT'S RIGHT, HANK, AS A HAVEN FOR THE THREE OF US.

AND OTHERS TOO, AS IT'D TURN OUT.

WHAT'S THIS BUBBLE AROUND THE PLACE?

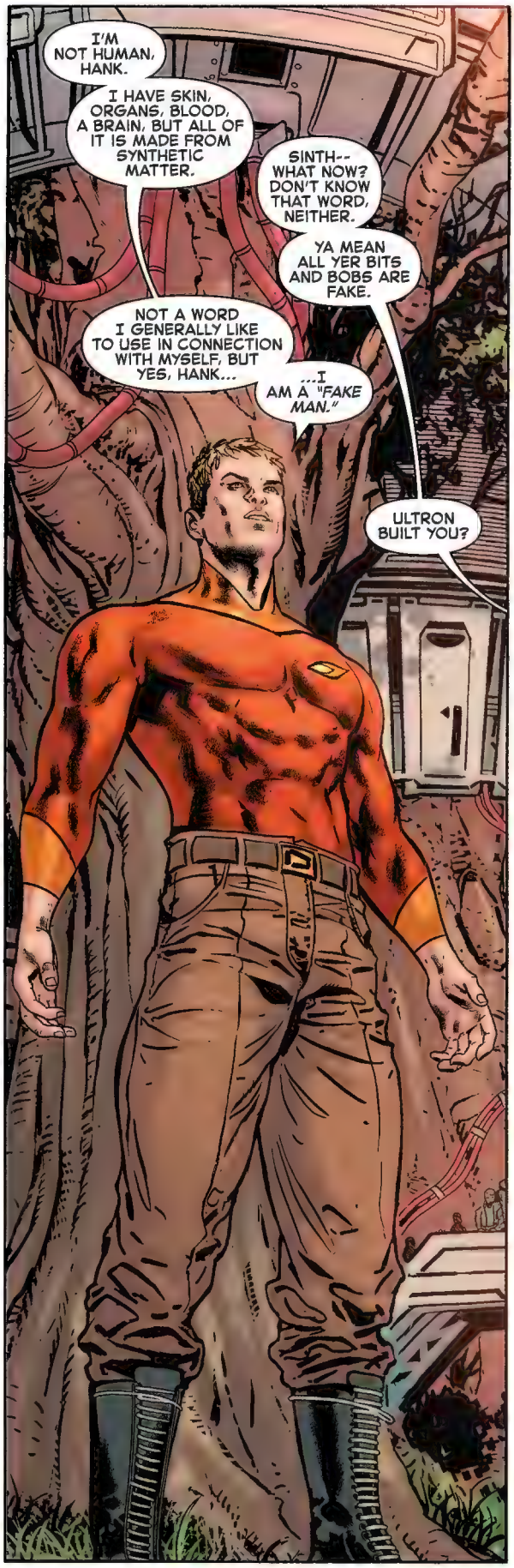
WELL, THAT'S THE THING OF IT, HANK.

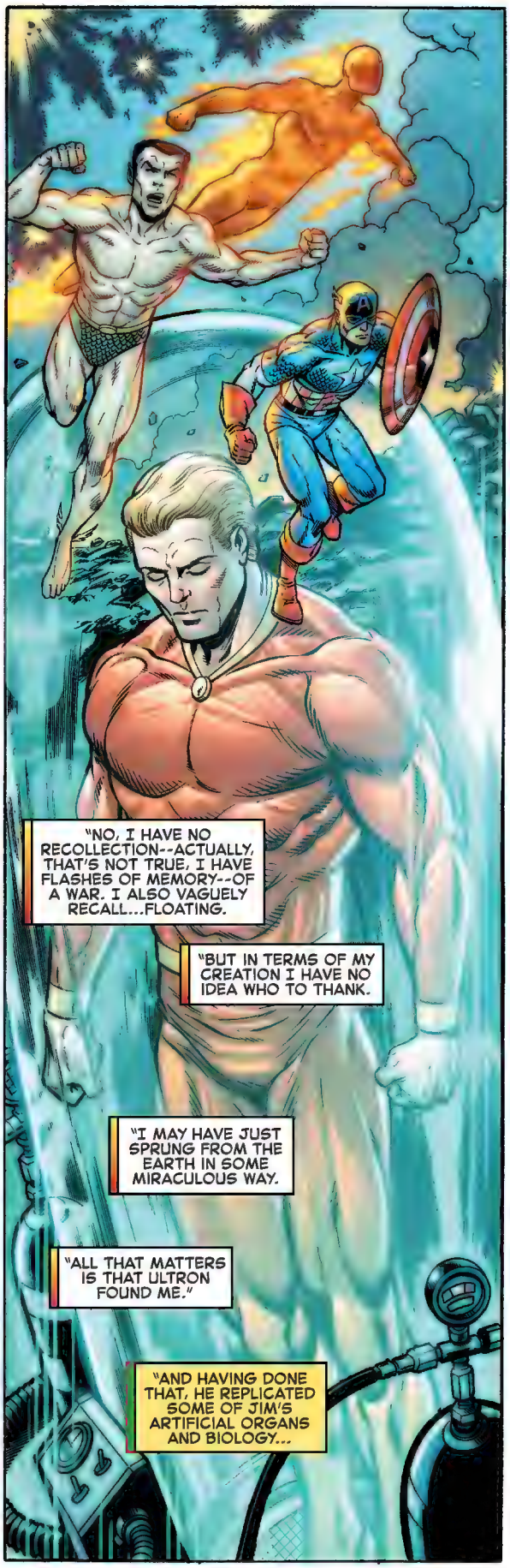
IT'S A FORCE FIELD. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?

NO, NOT EXACTLY.

BASICALLY, IT KEEPS HUMANS IN AND THE ROBOTS AND THE ZOMBIES OUT.
COME. WALK THROUGH IT. IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE.
IT'S A COMBINATION OF SCIENCE WE REVERSE-ENGINEERED FROM ULTRON--VIA THE VISION HERE AND HIS BIO-MECHANICAL MAKEUP...
...AND IONIC ENERGY THAT WE EXTRACT FROM SIMON WILLIAMS AND THEN SYNTHESIZE--
JIMMY, YOU'RE BACK. I WAS WORRIED.
I'M FINE, BABY. WE'RE GOOD, AND LOOK WHO I HAVE--
HANK PYM, MEET MY GIRL, RYOKO.
HANK.
WOW, HEARD ABOUT CELESTIALS BEFORE, BUT NEVER DID SEE ONE. YOU'RE SURE PRETTY, MISS.
ERR, I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT... I GUESS... "CELESTIAL."
HANK'S FROM A DOMAIN WHERE THINGS ARE NOT AS ADVANCED, HONEY... SCIENTIFICALLY OR SOCIALLY.
OH, NO...
...D-DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG? LORD, I'M SORRY, MA'AM. THIS IS ALL OF IT A LOT FER ME TA TAKE IN. IF I'VE GONE AND PUT MY FOOT IN MY YAP, I--
HUSH. IT'S FINE. WELCOME TO SALVATION.

I SEE THERE'S ALL SORTS HERE, FROM LOTS OF DIFFERENT PLACES ON BATTLEWORLD, I EXPECT, SO I'LL BE MORE MINDFUL NEXT TIME I BLABBER.
YOU'LL DO FINE. DINNER'S READY WHEN YOU ARE, JIMMY. BE SURE TO BRING HANK.
THANK YOU, MA'AM.
STILL 'N' ALL, WHAT JIM HERE SAYS IS RIGHT, I AM FROM A BACKWARD PLACE.
WHY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND HALF WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME SO FAR-- SIMON HERE'S MADE UP OF WHAT KINDA ENERGY, NOW?
IRONIC?
IONIC. AND THAT'S WHAT THE BARRIER AROUND THE CITY IS MADE OF. BUT, WELL, I GUESS TO FILL YOU IN...
...AND TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE SO IMPORTANT TO EVERYTHING, WE SHOULD PROBABLY START AT THE BEGINNING.
AND THAT MEANS ME, I GUESS.
I AM AN ARTIFICIAL MAN.
HOLD ON...DON'T KNOW THE WORD "ARTEEFISHAL"?


I'M NOT HUMAN, HANK.
I HAVE SKIN, ORGANS, BLOOD, A BRAIN, BUT ALL OF IT IS MADE FROM SYNTHETIC MATTER.
SINTH-- WHAT NOW? DON'T KNOW THAT WORD, NEITHER.
YA MEAN ALL YER BITS AND BOBS ARE FAKE.
NOT A WORD I GENERALLY LIKE TO USE IN CONNECTION WITH MYSELF, BUT YES, HANK...
...I AM A "FAKE MAN."
ULTRON BUILT YOU?

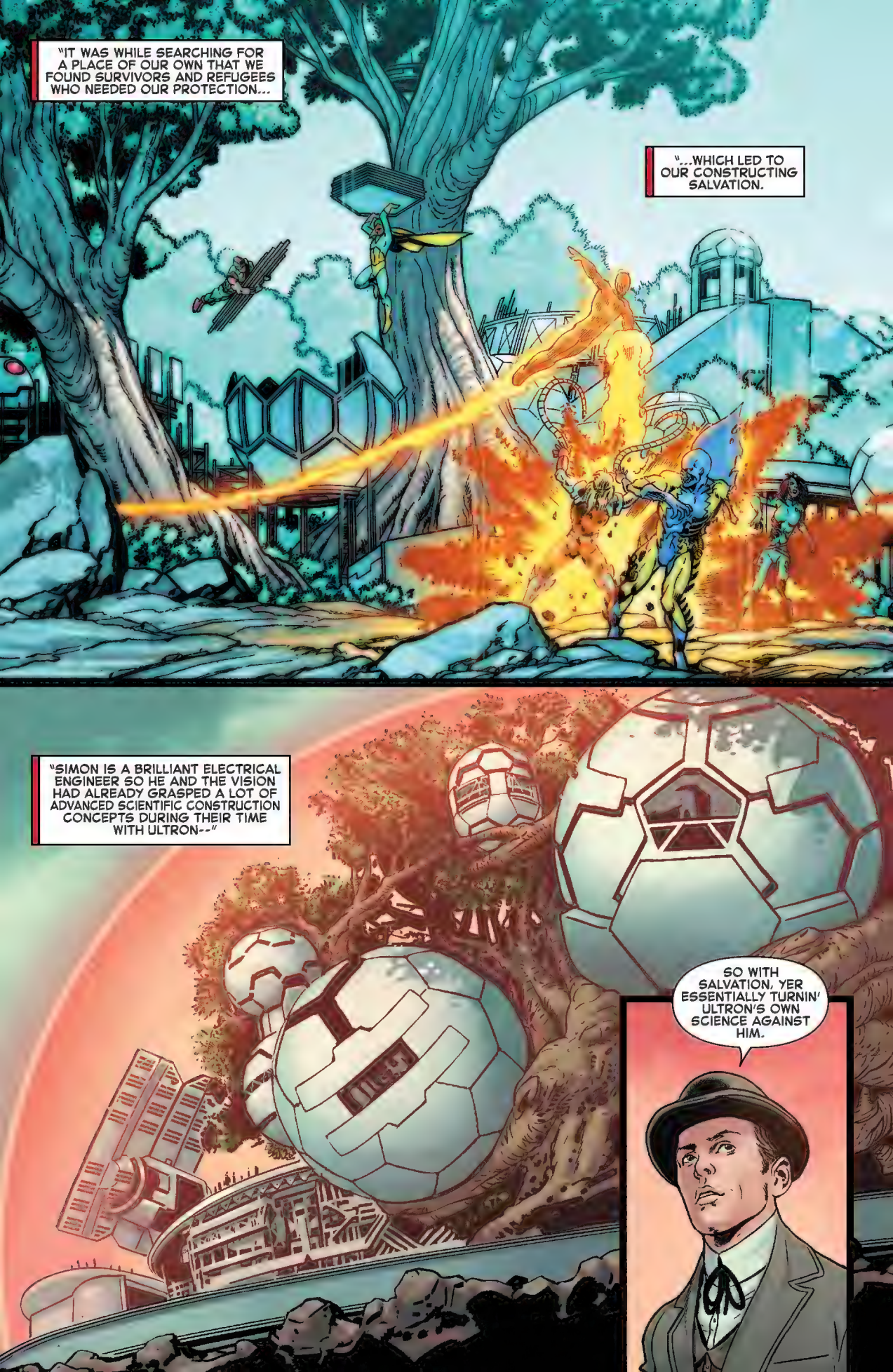

"NO, I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION--ACTUALLY, THAT'S NOT TRUE, I HAVE FLASHES OF MEMORY--OF A WAR. I ALSO VAGUELY RECALL...FLOATING.
"BUT IN TERMS OF MY CREATION I HAVE NO IDEA WHO TO THANK.
"I MAY HAVE JUST SPRUNG FROM THE EARTH IN SOME MIRACULOUS WAY.
"ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT ULTRON FOUND ME."
"AND HAVING DONE THAT, HE REPLICATED SOME OF JIM'S ARTIFICIAL ORGANS AND BIOLOGY...

"...COMBINING THEM WITH HIS OWN ANDROID CONSTRUCTION TO CREATE ME...
"...THE VISION.
"I WAS INTENDED AS SOME KIND OF BACKUP PLAN--IN THE EVENT HIS INITIAL ATTACK ON THE HEROES OF HIS WORLD FAILED.
"WITH THE AGE OF ULTRON ALREADY ON THE ASCENT, HOWEVER, I WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A TOY TO ULTRON--
"--HIS ATTEMPT AT CREATION IN THE SAME WAY ULTRON, IN TURN, HAD BEEN CREATED PRIOR TO ME."

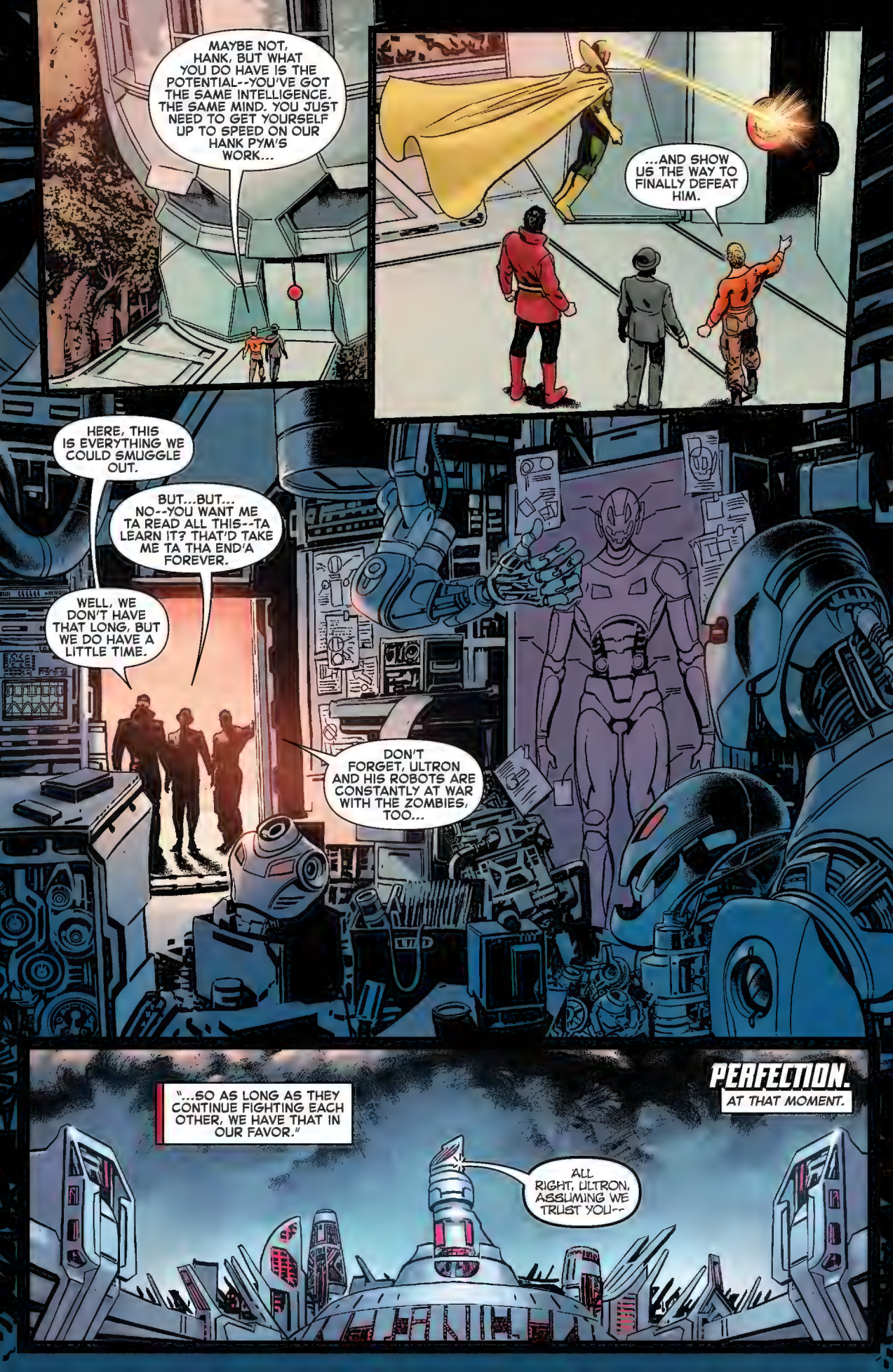
"MY INITIAL INVOLVEMENT BEGAN WHEN--*ERR*--WELL, WHEN I DIED, I GUESS.
"I'D BEEN BOMBARDED WITH *'IONIC'* ENERGY AND TURNED TO *'WONDER MAN'* BY AN ENEMY OF THE HEROES OF THE TIME BEFORE ULTRON, WITH THE IDEA I'D JOIN THAT TEAM AND THEN BETRAY THEM.
"A CRIME I ULTIMATELY COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO COMMIT, AND PERISHED SAVING THE HEROES INSTEAD.
"EXCEPT I WASN'T DEAD. THE IONIC ENERGY THAT I'M MADE OF NOW--IT RESURRECTED ME AT A LATER POINT.
"AND I WAS WONDER MAN AGAIN.

"BUT IT WAS WHILE I WAS DEAD--ULTRON TOOK MY BRAIN PATTERNS AS THE MODEL FOR THE VISION--AND THAT'S HOW I TIE INTO ALL THIS."
"WHICH IN TURN IS WHY I AM MORE THAN MY ROBOT *'FATHER.'*
"SO THERE WE WERE, THREE *'SERVANTS'* OF ULTRON, WATCHING HIM KILL HUMANITY AND SEIZE THE WORLD--HIS PART OF IT, ANYWAY--
"--AND WE SAW HOW WRONG IT WAS--ULTRON'S CONCLUSION THAT HUMANITY'S IMPERFECTIONS JUSTIFIED ITS DESTRUCTION.

"SO WE REBELLED."


"IT WAS WHILE SEARCHING FOR A PLACE OF OUR OWN THAT WE FOUND SURVIVORS AND REFUGEES WHO NEEDED OUR PROTECTION...
"...WHICH LED TO OUR CONSTRUCTING SALVATION.
"SIMON IS A BRILLIANT ELECTRICAL ENGINEER SO HE AND THE VISION HAD ALREADY GRASPED A LOT OF ADVANCED SCIENTIFIC CONSTRUCTION CONCEPTS DURING THEIR TIME WITH ULTRON--"
SO WITH SALVATION, YER ESSENTIALLY TURNIN' ULTRON'S OWN SCIENCE AGAINST HIM.

TO A DEGREE. SOME OF IT IS, SOME NOT SO MUCH.
I THINK WHAT SIMON WANTS YOU TO KNOW IS THAT THE DOME PROTECTING OUR STRONGHOLD WAS HIS INVENTION.
MINE ALONE, AND YEAH, I'M PROUD OF IT, WHY NOT?
YOU MIGHT BE CONTENT TO FLY AROUND ALL COOL, WITH YOUR CALM FACE AND FLOATING CAPE, VISION, BUT I LIKE THE SPOTLIGHT NOW AND AGAIN.
IT'S MADE OF IONIC ENERGY-- THE DOME--
LIKE YOU'RE MADE OF TOO, YA SAID.
YES, THE DOME'S CENTRAL CORE EXPANDS WITH THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY I GIVE IT, PERIODICALLY LEACHED FROM MY OWN BODY.
WHICH I NEED TO DO REGULARLY OR THE DOME WILL WEAKEN.
WHICH, MR. PYM, IS WHY WE ARE SO HAPPY YOU'RE HERE WITH US NOW.
YEAH, THAT WAS GONNA BE MY NEXT QUESTION. ONE OF 'EM, ANYWAYS. SO MUCH TO LEARN AND TO SEE, THE QUESTIONS KEEP PILIN' UP.
ULTRON'S HORDES ARE STRONG AND THEIR NUMBERS INCREASE AND IN ALL LIKELIHOOD THE DOME MAY SOON NOT BE STRONG ENOUGH.
SO WE NEED TO DEFEAT ULTRON FOR GOOD.
AND *THAT* IS WHERE YOU COME IN.
NOW I'M LOST, FELLAS. HOW'M I GONNA DO THAT?
YOU CREATED ULTRON, HANK.
NO. NOT ME. I NEVER DID.
ANOTHER VERSION OF YOU DID, ONE FROM ANOTHER DOMAIN. BUT ULTRON KILLED HIM PRETTY SOON AFTER THAT, SO HE'S NOT GOING TO BE MUCH USE TO US.
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND--
I WAS WORKING ON AN-- WHAT WORD WAS THAT, ARTEEFISHAL?--AN ARTEEFISHAL MAN, SURE, I WAS. THAT'S PARTLY WHAT GOT ME SENT HERE, POINT O'FACT--
BUT MY PERFECT MAN WAS SPRINGS AND CLOCKWORK, NOT--WELL--
--I AIN'T GOT THE LEARNIN'.


MAYBE NOT, HANK, BUT WHAT YOU DO HAVE IS THE POTENTIAL--YOU'VE GOT THE SAME INTELLIGENCE. THE SAME MIND. YOU JUST NEED TO GET YOURSELF UP TO SPEED ON OUR HANK PYM'S WORK...
...AND SHOW US THE WAY TO FINALLY DEFEAT HIM.
HERE, THIS IS EVERYTHING WE COULD SMUGGLE OUT.
BUT...BUT... NO--YOU WANT ME TA READ ALL THIS--TA LEARN IT? THAT'D TAKE ME TA THA END'A FOREVER.
WELL, WE DON'T HAVE THAT LONG, BUT WE DO HAVE A LITTLE TIME.
DON'T FORGET, ULTRON AND HIS ROBOTS ARE CONSTANTLY AT WAR WITH THE ZOMBIES, TOO...
"...SO AS LONG AS THEY CONTINUE FIGHTING EACH OTHER, WE HAVE THAT IN OUR FAVOR."
ALL RIGHT, ULTRON, ASSUMING WE TRUST YOU--
PERFECTION.
AT THAT MOMENT.

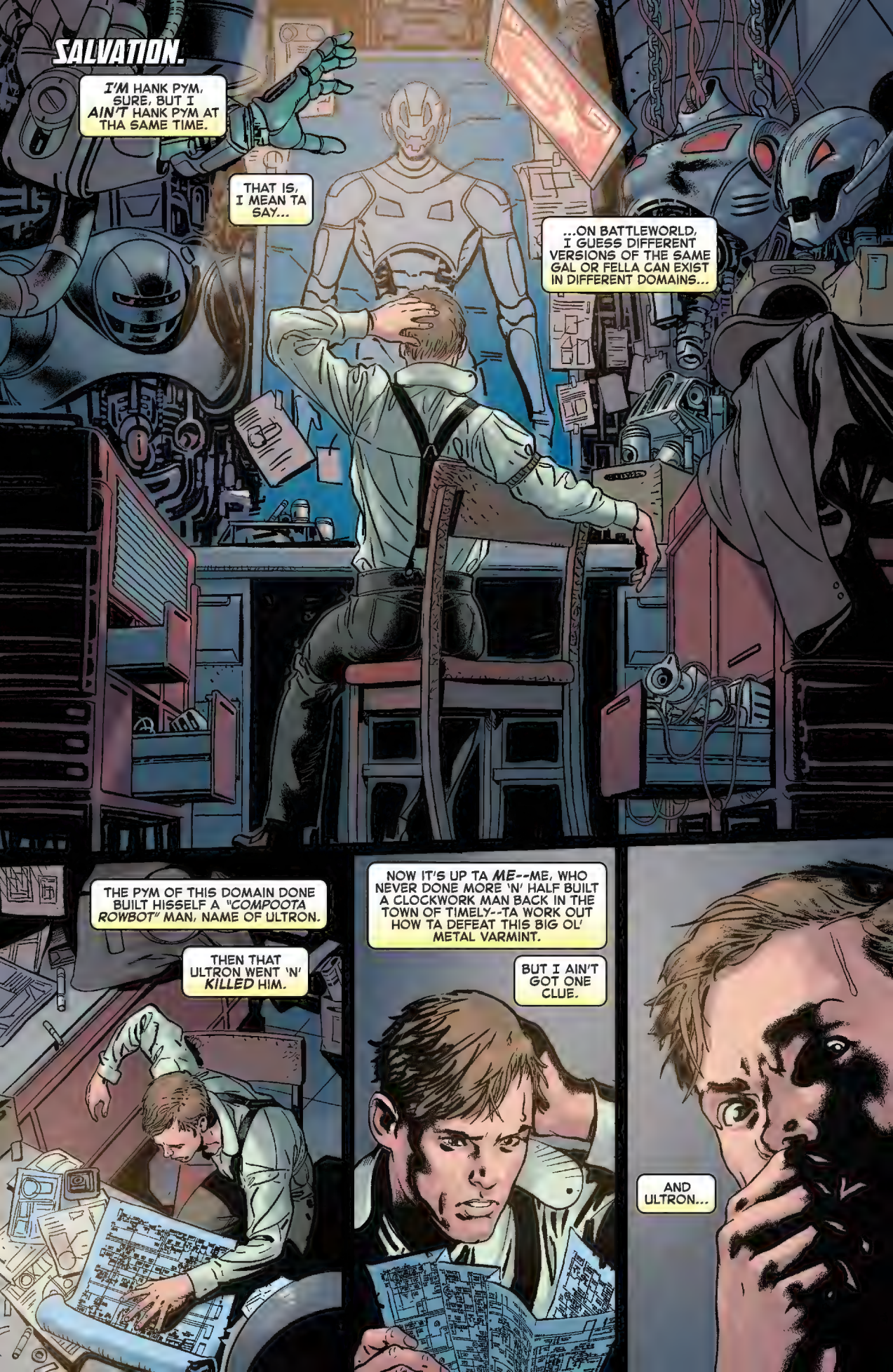
--ASSUMING WE GO ALONG WITH WHAT YOU PROPOSE...
...AT THE THE END OF THE DAY, HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST TO YOU FULFILL YOUR SIDE OF THIS PACT?
YOU DON'T. AS DO I HAVE NO CONCRETE ASSURANCES YOU'LL COME THROUGH ON YOUR END OF THINGS.
WE HAVE TO TRUST EACH OTHER. IT'S A RISK--A GAMBLE, I ADMIT THAT.
BUT IF WE ACCOMPLISH WHAT WE SET OUT TO, THEN THE REWARD IS GREAT.
NO MORE OUR FIGHTING--YOUR SIDE AGAINST MINE--AND FOR WHAT, THE FEW SORRY SCRAPS THEY SEND DOWN FROM ON HIGH?
ALL OF BATTLEWORLD WILL BE OURS, NOT JUST ON THIS SIDE OF THE SHIELD?
EXACTLY! ONE HALF FOR ME TO TRANSFORM, AND THE OTHER FOR YOU TO DEVOUR.
IN THAT CASE, I THINK I SPEAK FOR ALL OF US WHEN I SAY...

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES, PART 2

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #3

PERFECTION.
I'M HUNGRY, ULTRON.
BLEEP
YES, I'M NOTICING THAT'S A COMMON TRAIT IN YOUR KIND.
HEY, A ZOMBIE'S GOTTA EAT.
JUST 'CAUSE YOU GET BY ON A QUART OF OIL...
NO NEED TO BE RUDE, SABRETOOTH, WE ARE IN AN ALLIANCE NOW, AFTER ALL.
YES, AND FOR OUR NEW PACT TO WORK, YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT I HAVE PLANNED FOR EVERY ASPECT OF WHAT'S AHEAD.
OR TO PUT IT EVEN MORE SIMPLY...
...I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING.

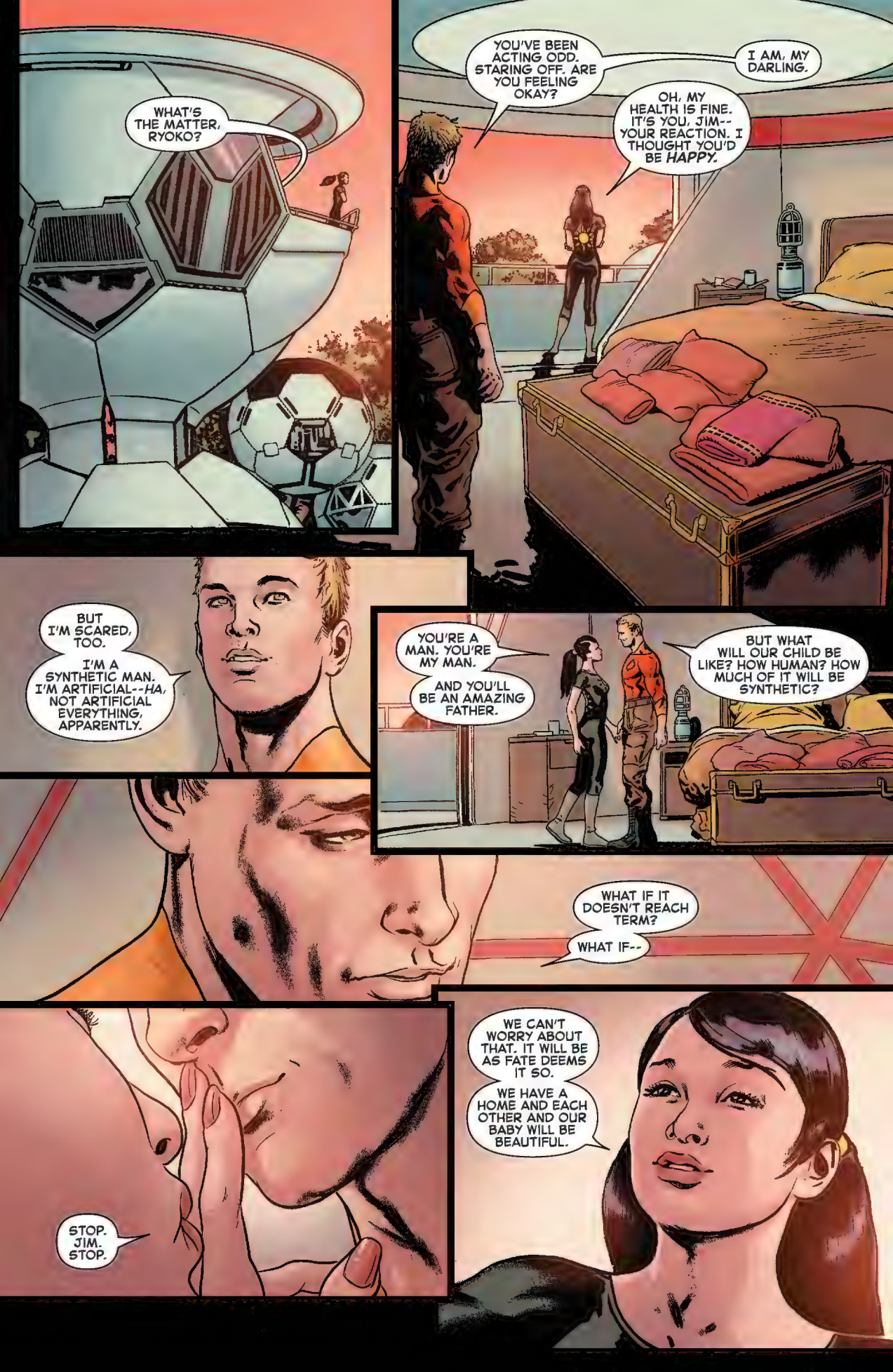

SALVATION.
I'M HANK PYM, SURE, BUT I AIN'T HANK PYM AT THA SAME TIME.
THAT IS, I MEAN TA SAY...
...ON BATTLEWORLD, I GUESS DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF THE SAME GAL OR FELLA CAN EXIST IN DIFFERENT DOMAINS...
THE PYM OF THIS DOMAIN DONE BUILT HISSELF A "COMPOOTA ROWBOT" MAN, NAME OF ULTRON.
THEN THAT ULTRON WENT 'N' KILLED HIM.
NOW IT'S UP TA ME--ME, WHO NEVER DONE MORE 'N' HALF BUILT A CLOCKWORK MAN BACK IN THE TOWN OF TIMELY--TA WORK OUT HOW TA DEFEAT THIS BIG OL' METAL VARMINT.
BUT I AIN'T GOT ONE CLUE.
AND ULTRON...

...OH, I BET HE'S FULL OF IDEAS.
THE THING OF IT IS THOUGH, ULTRON, I THINK WE'RE ALL WONDERING WHEN WE'RE GOING TO LAUNCH OUR ATTACK ON THE SANCTUARY...
...NOW THAT WE'RE ONE UNITED FORCE.
BECAUSE, MAGNETO, TOGETHER, AS WE WERE APART, ALL WE'D BE IS AN ANGRY MOB, CHARGING AT THE SETTLEMENT'S IONIC ENERGY DOME, UNABLE TO BREACH IT.
NO, TO ATTAIN OUR GOAL, WE MUST TRULY UNITE AND BECOME A NEW ENTITY ENTIRELY.
SHALL I SHOW YOU?
SABRETOOTH. WHY DON'T YOU STEP FORWARD...

NEED SOME AIR.
'S AN EXCUSE.
ANY EXCUSE REALLY SO I KIN SEE MORE O' THIS PLACE.
THEY SAY THEY THREW THIS TOGETHER--THE THREE FOUNDERS DID--THAT THEY BUILT THIS AS A REFUGE SPUR O' THA MOMENT, LIKE--
--THAT IN OTHER OF DOOM'S DOMAINS THERE'RE TRUE CITIES OF WONDER.
COMPARED TO MY HOMETOWN, THIS SURE SEEMS PRETTY DARN WONDERFUL TA ME.
PLACE'S PROTECTED BY A DOME O' "IONIC" ENERGY FROM SIMON WILLIAMS.
JIM HAMMOND AND THA "AND-ROYD" FELLA, THE VISION. THE SANCTUARY'S FOUNDERS...
...THEY WORK TOGETHER LIKE THEY'RE ONE MIND...

...YET THEY'RE SO DARNED DIFFERENT.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, SIMON?
ROADS?
PATHS. ROUTES.
NO, IRON CROSS, I MEAN PATHS TAKEN IN LIFE.
I WAS THINKING ABOUT HOW--WHEN I'M HALF ASLEEP, OR WHAT PASSES FOR IT WITH MY PHYSIOLOGY--I CAN ALMOST SEE--
--LIVES I COULD HAVE LIVED. DIFFERENT LIFETIMES.
...YOU'RE MY WONDER MAN.
GOD, I LOVE YOU.
COME HERE!
BETTER THAN THIS?
HONESTLY, SOME BETTER, SOME NOT SO MUCH.
MAKES ME THINK THOUGH-- IF IN ANOTHER LIFE I COULD TRULY BE WORTHY OF THE NAME WONDER MAN.
DUMMY, YOU ALREADY ARE...

I'M NOT ONE FOR ENTHUSIASTIC DISPLAYS.
REALLY? I HADN'T NOTICED.
HUMOR?
YOU'RE LEARNING. YES, AN ATTEMPT AT LEAST. WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I LIKE THIS NEW STRAIN OF ORCHID WE'VE GROWN. ITS COLOR AND SHAPE.
WHY ARE YOU SMILING, AGATHA?
YOU'RE ADORABLE.
I'M A CREATION OF ORDER.
NATURE'S LACK OF IT--HOW EVERY LEAF AND PETAL IS DIFFERENT FROM THE LAST...I FEAST ON THE UNBRIDLED BEAUTY OF IT ALL.
IS IT STRANGE TO HEAR ME SAY THAT?
NOT AT ALL. IT'S LOVELY, ACTUALLY.
COME, TAKE MY HAND, MY LOVE.
LET'S WALK IN OUR GARDEN.


WHAT'S THE MATTER, RYOKO?
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING ODD. STARING OFF. ARE YOU FEELING OKAY?
I AM, MY DARLING.
OH, MY HEALTH IS FINE. IT'S YOU, JIM-- YOUR REACTION. I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAPPY.
BUT I'M SCARED, TOO.
I'M A SYNTHETIC MAN. I'M ARTIFICIAL--HA, NOT ARTIFICIAL EVERYTHING, APPARENTLY.
YOU'RE A MAN. YOU'RE MY MAN.
AND YOU'LL BE AN AMAZING FATHER.
BUT WHAT WILL OUR CHILD BE LIKE? HOW HUMAN? HOW MUCH OF IT WILL BE SYNTHETIC?
WHAT IF IT DOESN'T REACH TERM?
WHAT IF--
WE CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. IT WILL BE AS FATE DEEMS IT SO.
WE HAVE A HOME AND EACH OTHER AND OUR BABY WILL BE BEAUTIFUL.
STOP. JIM. STOP.

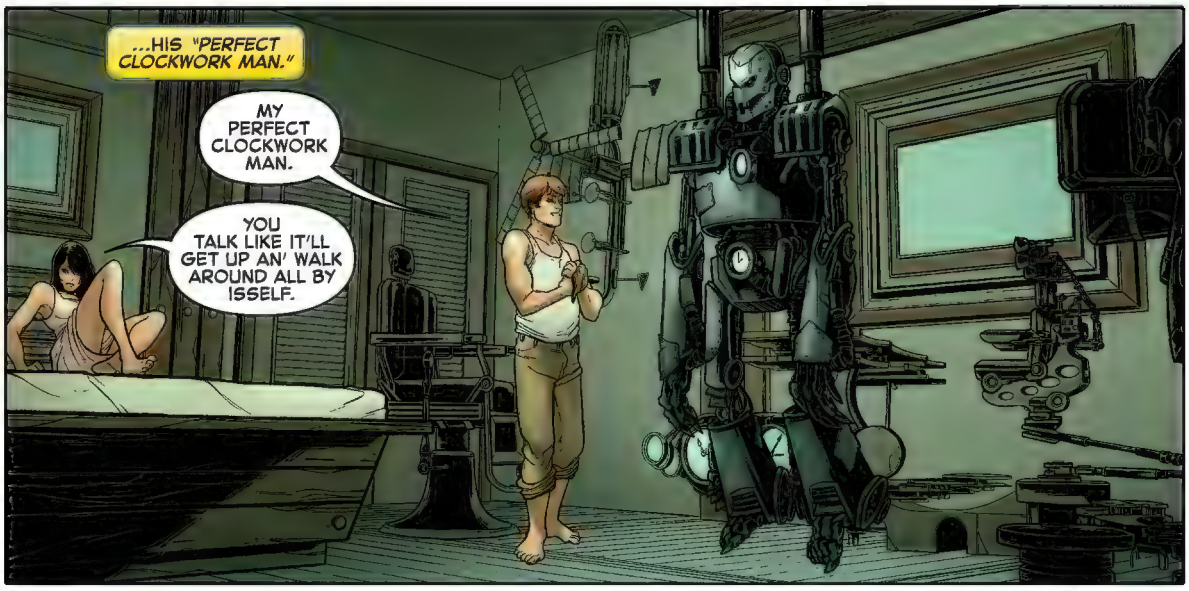
DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME WE MET...
"...WHEN I WAS FIRST EXILED AND YOU SAVED ME?"
"OF COURSE I DO...
"...AND HOW YOU PROMPTLY WENT AND SAVED ME RIGHT BACK."
I KNOW DANGER SURROUNDS US. I KNOW OUR EXISTENCE IS THREATENED EVERY SECOND THAT WE'RE HERE...
...BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER, JIM.
I LOVE YOU, RYOKO.
YEAH, THREE DIFFERENT MEN...

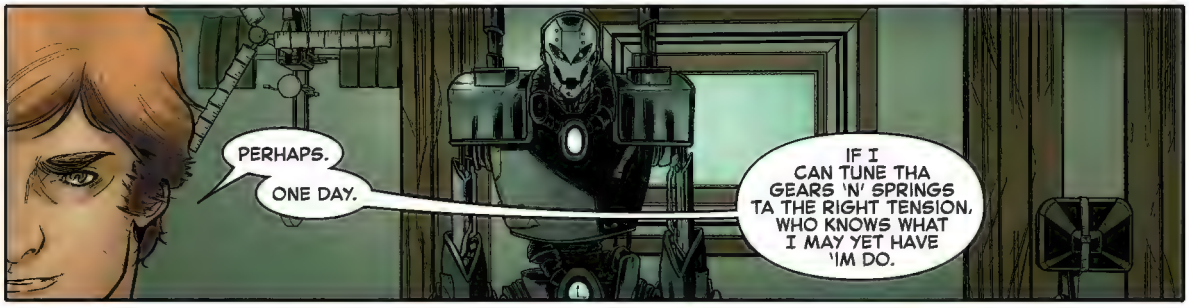
...THEY MADE A LIFE HERE.
GETS ME THINKIN', IF I DO SOLVE THIS--GET ULTRON TA POP A WHEEL OR TWO OFF HIS WAGON--THEN MAYBE, JUST LIKE THEM, I CAN MAKE A FUTURE FER MYSELF HERE TOO...
IN THE WASTELAND...
...'CAUSE MY PAST SURE AIN'T COMIN' TA GIT ME.
DAMN YOU, HANK PYM...
...YA SURE AS HELL BETTER BE WORTH ALL THIS HOWJADOO!
HOPE I GET TO SEE YA, JUS' SO I KIN KICK YER ASS FER MAKIN' ME GO THROUGH ALLA THIS HOGSWALLOP.

TROUBLE'S YER NAME, NOT PYM. TROUBLE. FIRST, LAST AND MIDDLE INITIAL "T".
YOU AIN'T CHANGED A LICK.
NOT NOW...
...AN' NOT THEN.
I WAS A DIFFERENT GIRL BACK THEN...

...BACK IN THE TOWN O' TIMELY WHERE WE COME FROM.
DOWNRIGHT WICKED, I WAS.
BUT THEN HANK COME ALONG ALL "SUIT 'N' TIE"...AND I CLEAN FORGOT MY WICKED WAYS...
HELL, I ALL BUT FORGET MY OWN NAME, LOOKIN' INTA HIS BIG BROWN EYES.
HELLO.
HEY, FELLA, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
ERR, HANK...HANK PYM.

YOU A DANCER HERE?
TRADE? UM...I DO REPAIRS.
YOU COULD SAY THAT. AN' WHAT MIGHT YOUR TRADE BE?
HONESTLY, I HAVE A BIT OF MONEY SAVED, SO I DON'T NEED TO WORK, IT'S JUST A PLACE--THE SHOP I MEAN--
WHERE I CAN DO THA THING THAT BRINGS ME JOY.
OH, YA GOT YERSELF A JOY IN LIFE. LUCKY MAN.
I'M AN INVENTOR.
WE STRUCK UP A FRIENDSHIP. POLITE CONVERSATION. POLITE SUNDAY WALKS.
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
BARBER SHO
UNDERT
DIDN'T STAY THAT WAY FER LONG THO', NOT WITH ME BEIN' ME.
'N' FOR A WHILE WE WUZ O' ONE HEART.
IT WUZ HIS OTHER LOVE THAT GOT IN THA WAY...


...HIS "PERFECT CLOCKWORK MAN."
MY PERFECT CLOCKWORK MAN.
YOU TALK LIKE IT'LL GET UP AN' WALK AROUND ALL BY ISSELF.


PERHAPS.
ONE DAY.
IF I CAN TUNE THA GEARS 'N' SPRINGS TA THE RIGHT TENSION, WHO KNOWS WHAT I MAY YET HAVE 'IM DO.

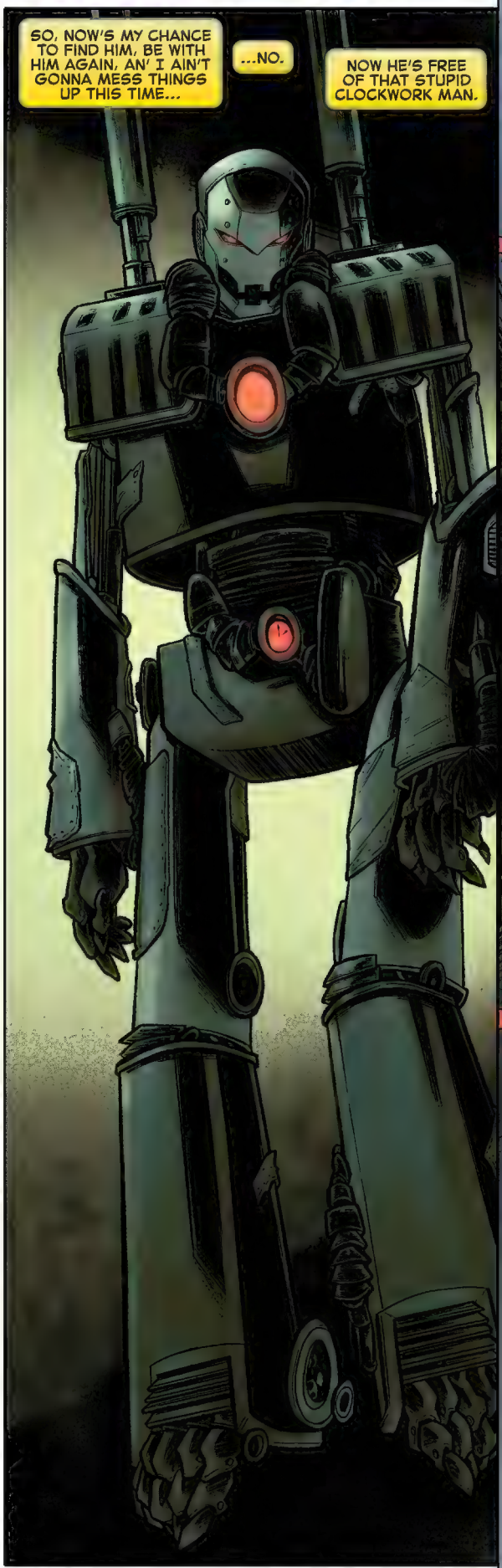
I FELT SHUT OUT.
IN TERMS O' HANK'S REGARD...
...HOW INNA HELL COULD THAT COLD STEEL MONSTROSITY BEAT MY OWN WARM EMBRACE?

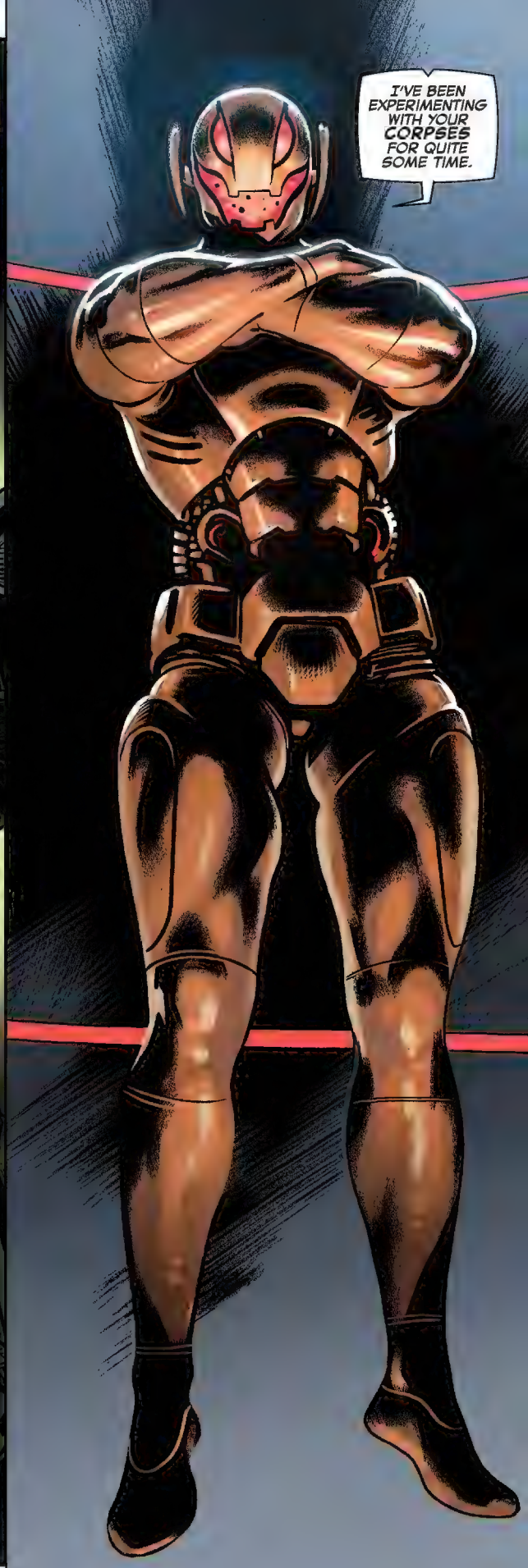
I WALKED AWAY.
DON'T GO, JANET. PLEASE, HONEY.
WHY NOT? YER MORE IN LOVE WITH THAT THERE METAL THING THAN YA'RE WITH ME.

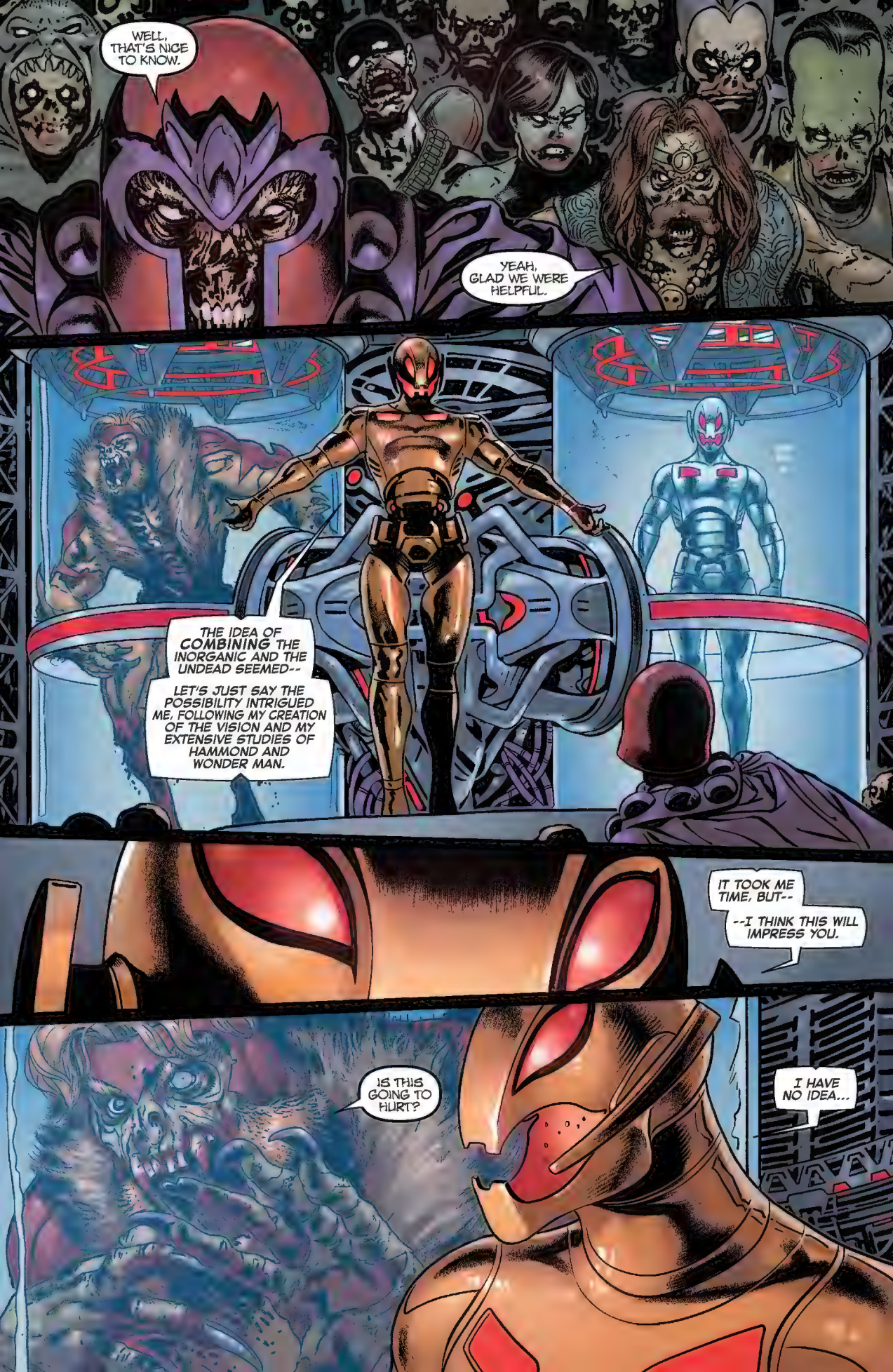
NO. IT'S JUST...I HAVE TA FINISH WHAT I STARTED.
THEN I'M FINISHIN' WHAT I STARTED, TOO.

US.

I CONFESS I WEREN'T THINKIN' VERY CLEARLY AFTER THAT.
GOT INVOLVED WITH STUPID PEOPLE WITH A STUPID PLAN TA OVERTHROW OL' MAN ROXXON 'N' HIS WHOLE DARN OUTFIT.
THEY TAUGHT ME TA FIGHT AN' BE QUICK WITH MY PISTOLS--MY "STINGERS"-- SURE.
BUT A PISTOL AIN'T MUCH USE AGAINST ONE THOR...
...LET ALONE TEN OV 'EM.
I DIDN'T DARE HOPE I'D EVER SEE HANK AGAIN--
--CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HE DONE TA GET CAST OFF OVER THE WALL THAT WUZ WORSE'N WHAT I DID--
BUT THERE HE WUZ--THERE AND GONE.


SO, NOW'S MY CHANCE TO FIND HIM, BE WITH HIM AGAIN, AN' I AIN'T GONNA MESS THINGS UP THIS TIME...
...NO.
NOW HE'S FREE OF THAT STUPID CLOCKWORK MAN.


I'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH YOUR CORPSES FOR QUITE SOME TIME.


WELL, THAT'S NICE TO KNOW.
YEAH, GLAD WE WERE HELPFUL.
THE IDEA OF COMBINING THE INORGANIC AND THE UNDEAD SEEMED--
LET'S JUST SAY THE POSSIBILITY INTRIGUED ME, FOLLOWING MY CREATION OF THE VISION AND MY EXTENSIVE STUDIES OF HAMMOND AND WONDER MAN.
IT TOOK ME TIME, BUT--
--I THINK THIS WILL IMPRESS YOU.
IS THIS GOING TO HURT?
I HAVE NO IDEA...

WHAAAHRRRGGGHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
...LET'S FIND OUT!
THERE.
NOT BAD FOR A DAY'S WORK.

MONTHS LATER.
THINK I GOT SOMETHIN' BUT... HOW KIN I TELL 'EM WHAT I GOT? IT'D MEAN--
EEEOOOEEEOOOEEEOOOEEEOOO
WHAT IN TARNATION?!
THIS IS PLUMB LOCO! WHAT IN THA HELL--
SIRENS SIGNAL AN ATTACK! BEEN A WHILE SINCE WE HAD ONE.
THANKFULLY THE IONIC ENERGY IN OUR DOME WILL KEEP THE SANCTUARY SAFE WHILE WE GO OUT THERE--
EEEOOOEEEOOOEEEOOOEEEOOO
YOU SEEN WHAT'S HAPPENING? HAVE YOU SEEN WHAT'S MAKING THIS RAID...
IT WAS ALWAYS ULTRON OR ZOMBIES, EITHER OR.
EEEOOOEEEOOOEEEOOOEEEOOO

"...BUT I'D SAY THAT THIS IS THE *WORST* OF BOTH.

"THE IONIC DOME ISN'T HOLDING EITHER...

"...THEY'RE TOO POWERFUL...

"...AND THERE ARE JUST *TOO MANY.*"

WE WERE HOPING YOU'D HAVE *ANSWERS* BY NOW, HANK. SOME WAY TO END THIS--THE ULTRON PART OF IT ANYWAY--

--SO IF YOU DO, I'D SAY *NOW'S* THE TIME TO TELL US.

I GOT SOMETHING-- *MAYBE* A WAY-- BUT IT'S NOT TRIED AN' EVEN IF IT WORKS, IT'S-- IT'S--

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, PYM?

YEAH, MAN, *SPIT* IT OUT.

OKAY. *YEAH,* I HAVE A WAY... BUT FER US TO *WIN...*

...THA THREE O' YOU GENTS'S GOTTA *LOSE.*

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #4

SALVATION.
NOW.
THEY GO INTO BATTLE--THESE THREE MEN--THEY GO...
THE VISION. JIM HAMMOND. SIMON WILLIAMS.
...EVEN AFTER WHAT I TELL 'EM.
SO I THINK I GOT US A WAY TO DEFEAT ULTRON...

"...'N' LOOKING AT ***WHAT*** HE'S DONE TA HIS ROBOTS 'N' THEM UNDEAD FOLK, I THINK HE MAY HAVE HAD THE ***SAME*** NOTION. 'S HOW HE ***COMBINED*** MEAT 'N' METAL IN THOSE MONSTROSITIES."

YOUR ***IONIC ENERGY***, SIMON...

...IT'S LIKE MAGIC...LIKE PIXIE DUST... IT'S--

THAT'S THE ***GLUE***...

I THINK ULTRON SAMPLED SOME OFF YA WHEN HE USED YOUR BODY TO HELP CREATE THE VISION.

THE ENERGY, SEE...IT'S NOT NATURAL...WHAT'S THE WORD, I FORGET--

INORGANIC.

THAT'S IT. ***INORGANIC***. BUT IT COMING FROM YOU, THAT MAKES IT ORGANIC TOO AT THE SAME TIME, YA UNNERSTAND?

NO. LOOK, SKIP TO THE CHASE, THOSE ULTRONS-ZOMBIE-WHATEVER-THEY-ARE'S, WILL BE THROUGH OUR SHIELD ANY MINUTE.

"THE ULTRONS--ULTRON-ZOMBIES NOW--HAVE A ***COMBINED MIND***. A HIVE MIND, I GUESS IT'S CALLED.

"I CAN ADJUST THE FREQUENCY OF THE ENERGY BEING TRANSMITTED SO IT ***ABSORBS*** THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS--***AND*** THE ZOMBIES'--ULTRON PLAYED INTO MY HANDS BY ADDING THEM IN, TOO.

"THING IS, I NEED A ***GREATER*** MIND TO CONTROL THEM--CONTROL ULTRON, TOO--AND THAT MIND NEEDS TO BE CONDUCIVE TO IONIC ENERGY."

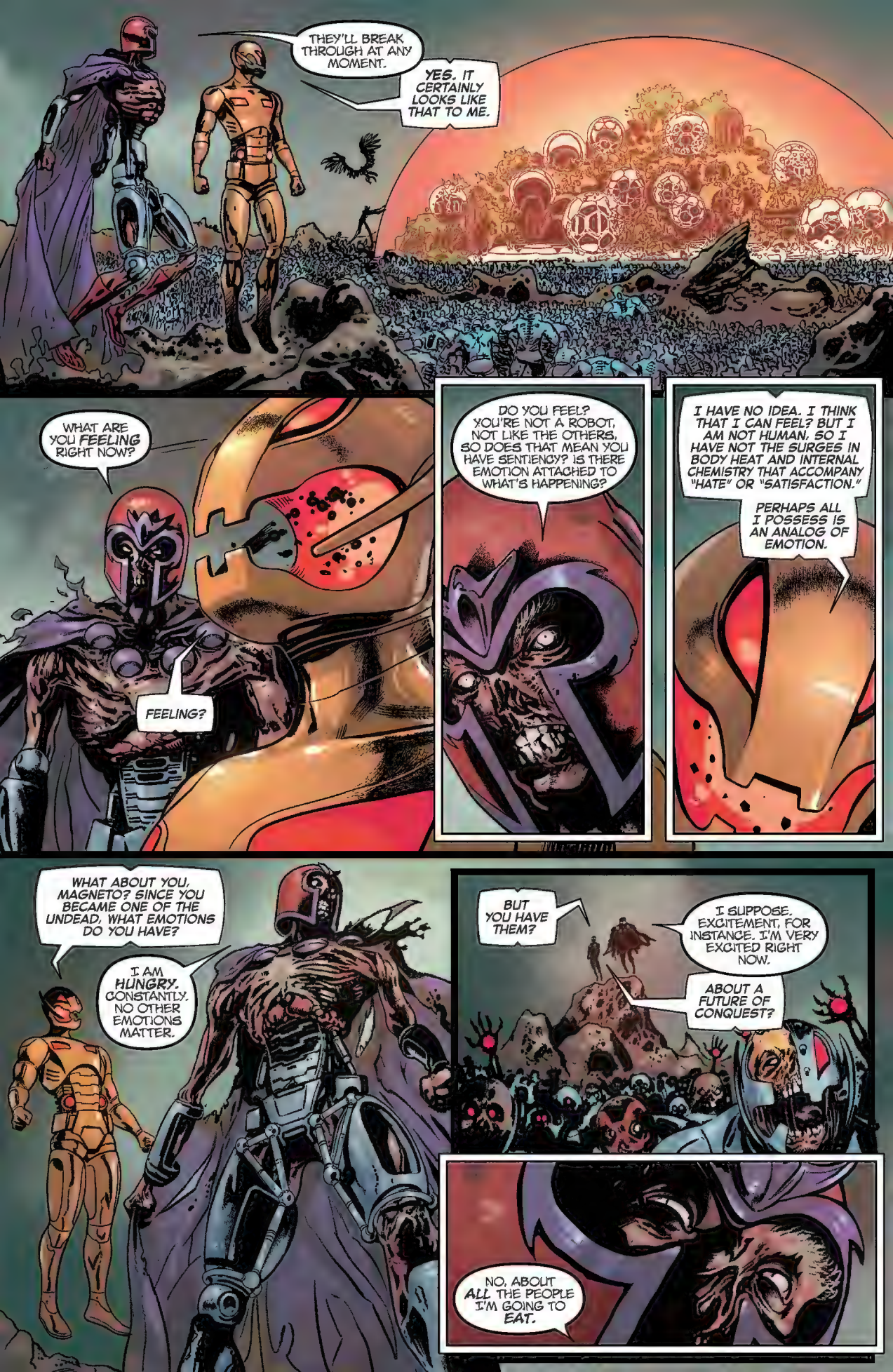
SO YOU MEAN ***ME***?

I MEAN ***ALL THREE*** OF YOU--THIS NEEDS YOUR ***COMBINED*** WILL TO BE THE BOSS BRAIN. ULTRON HAD YOU CONNECTED UP AT ONE POINT, THAT MAKES THE CONDUIT BETWEEN Y'ALL 'N' THE IONIC ENERGY THE STRONGEST.

BUT YOU DOING IT--I AIN'T SURE, BUT YOU COULD MAYBE LOSE YOUR OWN MINDS AND PERSONALITIES. ***ALL*** OF IT. EVEN YER MEMORIES.

BUT WE'D END THIS BY BEING IN CONTROL. ULTRON. HE'S NO MORE.

WHAT DO WE NEED TO DO?
I ADJUST THE IONIC SHIELD'S PULSE--COULD TAKE ME A MINUTE. WHEN IT'S READY, I FIGGER YOU'LL KNOW.
AT THAT TIME, YOU GO TO THE HEART OF THE ABSORPTION.
WELL 'FORE YOU BECOME--WELL, ERR...
THAT'S IT, NOTHING ELSE?
"...WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE GONNA TURN INTO..."
...YOU GOT ANY GOODBYES TO MAKE, I'D SAY NOW'S A GOOD TIME.


THEY'LL BREAK THROUGH AT ANY MOMENT.
YES. IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THAT TO ME.
WHAT ARE YOU FEELING RIGHT NOW?
FEELING?
DO YOU FEEL? YOU'RE NOT A ROBOT, NOT LIKE THE OTHERS, SO DOES THAT MEAN YOU HAVE SENTIENCY? IS THERE EMOTION ATTACHED TO WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I HAVE NO IDEA. I THINK THAT I CAN FEEL? BUT I AM NOT HUMAN, SO I HAVE NOT THE SURGES IN BODY HEAT AND INTERNAL CHEMISTRY THAT ACCOMPANY "HATE" OR "SATISFACTION."
PERHAPS ALL I POSSESS IS AN ANALOG OF EMOTION.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, MAGNETO? SINCE YOU BECAME ONE OF THE UNDEAD, WHAT EMOTIONS DO YOU HAVE?
I AM HUNGRY. CONSTANTLY. NO OTHER EMOTIONS MATTER.
BUT YOU HAVE THEM?
I SUPPOSE. EXCITEMENT, FOR INSTANCE. I'M VERY EXCITED RIGHT NOW.
ABOUT A FUTURE OF CONQUEST?
NO, ABOUT ALL THE PEOPLE I'M GOING TO EAT.

I'M CONFUSED, AGATHA. I EXPECTED YOU TO SHOW SOME SADNESS AT THE NEWS.

I'M HEARTBROKEN, MY DARLING, DON'T LET THIS FACADE MAKE YOU THINK OTHERWISE. BUT AT THE SAME TIME...

NO, SIMON, NO. I WON'T LET YOU GO!

IT'S GOTTA BE THIS WAY, BABY. I DON'T LIKE IT ANY MORE THAN YOU, BUT--WELL--I MADE AN OATH, TO PROTECT THE PEOPLE OF THIS SANCTUARY ABOVE ALL ELSE...ME, JIM, THE VISION, WE ALL DID...

SO IF IT'S A BOY, NAME HIM STEVE, OKAY? HE WAS THE BRAVEST MAN I EVER KNEW.

NOT A CHANCE.

...IT'S JUST THAT I KNEW THIS TIME WOULD COME--

YOU SAW THE FUTURE?

THAT'S BEYOND MY ABILITIES, I'M SORRY TO SAY, NO. I JUST KNEW, MY BEING OLD AND YOU NEVER AGING, THAT OUR PARTING WOULD COME IN TIME.

YES, AND THAT'S THE TRAGEDY.

BUT IT'S I WHO WILL CEASE TO BE AND YOU WHO MUST GO ON.

WHAT KIND OF A MAN WOULD I BE IF I DIDN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS?

I'M SCARED, MARTE. PETRIFIED.

OH, MY LOVE.

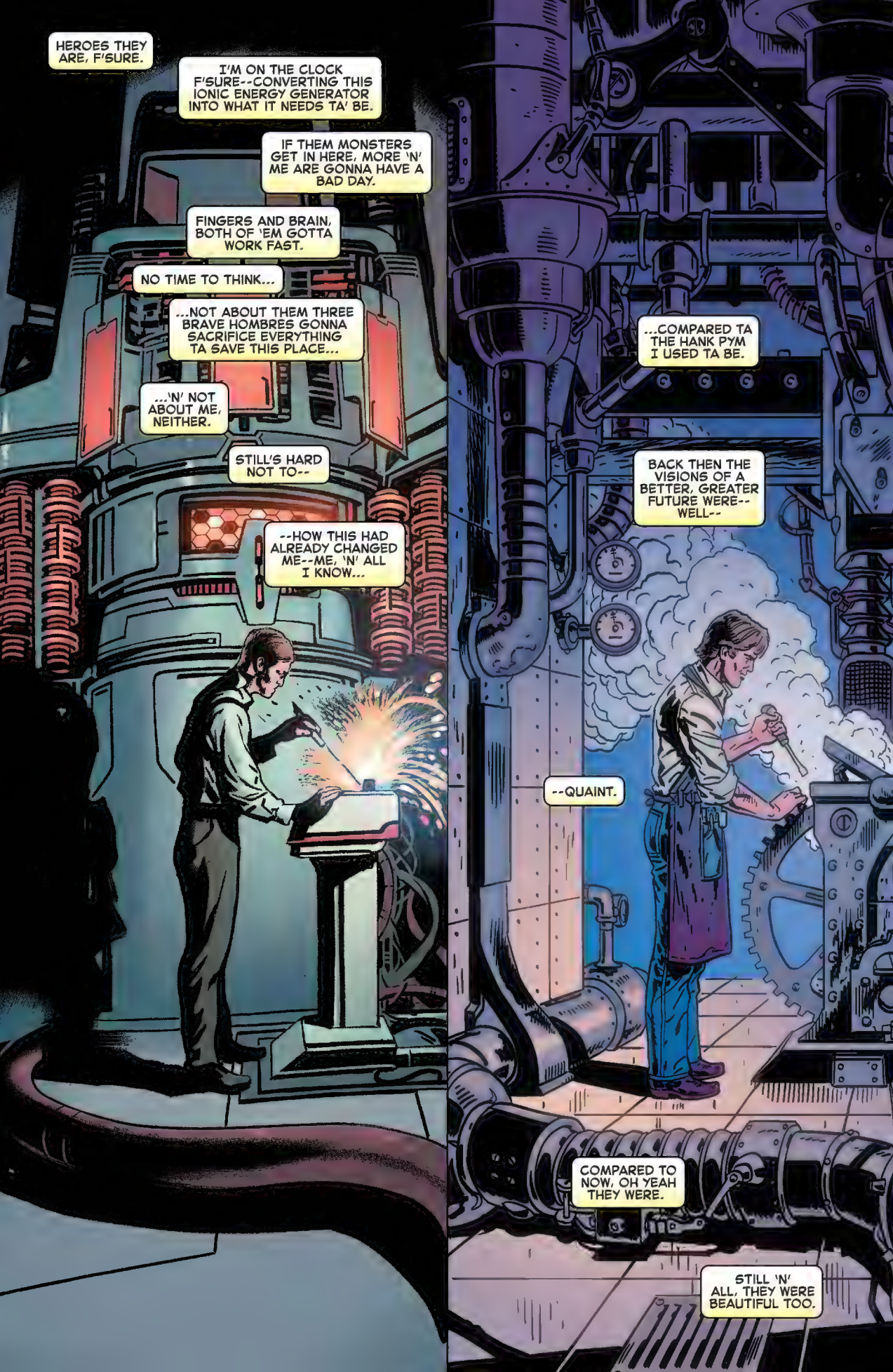
IS THIS ENOUGH? IF I VANISHED INTO WHATEVER PYM RECKONS IS GOING TO HAPPEN, WILL I HAVE--WILL I BE...

...AND WHAT KIND OF EXISTENCE WILL I HAVE WITHOUT YOU?

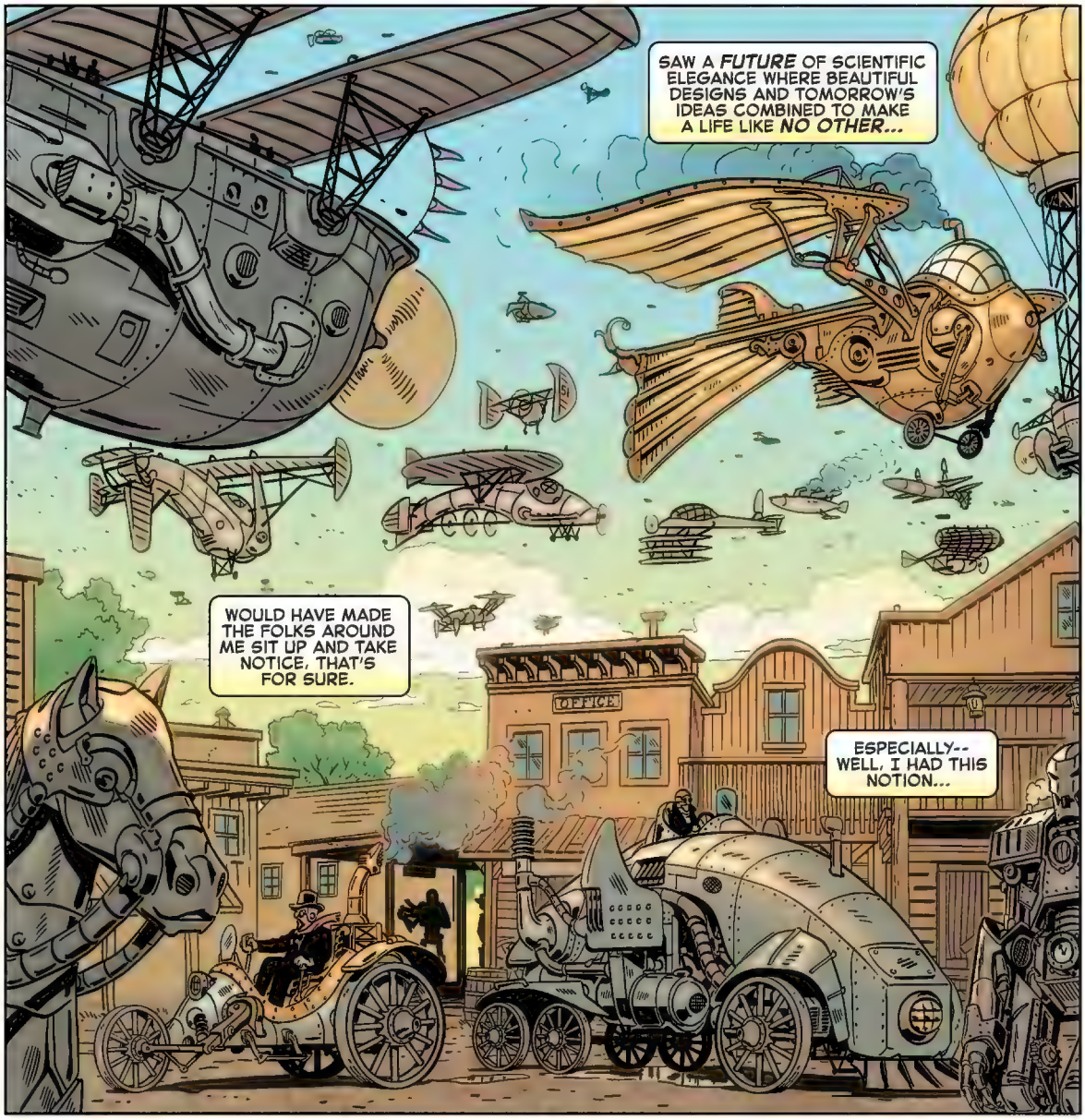
WHAT? WHY NOT?

IF IT'S A BOY, I'M NAMING HIM JIM...AFTER THE BRAVEST MAN I KNOW.

I LOVE YOU, RYOKO, AND I KNOW, NO MATTER WHAT BECOMES OF ME...THAT I ALWAYS WILL.


HEROES THEY ARE, F'SURE.
I'M ON THE CLOCK F'SURE--CONVERTING THIS IONIC ENERGY GENERATOR INTO WHAT IT NEEDS TA' BE.
IF THEM MONSTERS GET IN HERE, MORE 'N' ME ARE GONNA HAVE A BAD DAY.
FINGERS AND BRAIN, BOTH OF 'EM GOTTA WORK FAST.
NO TIME TO THINK...
...NOT ABOUT THEM THREE BRAVE HOMBRES GONNA SACRIFICE EVERYTHING TA SAVE THIS PLACE...
...'N' NOT ABOUT ME, NEITHER.
STILL'S HARD NOT TO--
--HOW THIS HAD ALREADY CHANGED ME--ME, 'N' ALL I KNOW...
...COMPARED TA THE HANK PYM I USED TA BE.
BACK THEN THE VISIONS OF A BETTER, GREATER FUTURE WERE-- WELL--
--QUAINT.
COMPARED TO NOW, OH YEAH THEY WERE.
STILL 'N' ALL, THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL TOO.

THE TOWN O' TIMELY. MY HOME. NICE PLACE, FOR WHAT IT WAS, SURE, BUT IT WEREN'T NOTHING TA WHAT I KNEW IT COULD BE...
OFFICE
HOTEL


SAW A FUTURE OF SCIENTIFIC ELEGANCE WHERE BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS AND TOMORROW'S IDEAS COMBINED TO MAKE A LIFE LIKE NO OTHER...
WOULD HAVE MADE THE FOLKS AROUND ME SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE, THAT'S FOR SURE.
OFFICE
ESPECIALLY-- WELL, I HAD THIS NOTION...

A CLOCKWORK MAN. PERFECT. YOU WIND HIM UP AND HAVE HIM DO THE JOBS TOO TOUGH OR ROUGH OR WRONG FOR A MAN.
BUT I WANTED TO MAKE IT STRONG--STRONGER THAN THE ORES I HAD T' HAND.
HEARD ABOUT ONE THAT COULDN'T BREAK OR BEND--A METAL SO STRONG IT'D NEVER FALTER.
ADAMANTIUM.
TROUBLE WAS, THERE WEREN'T NONE IN TIMELY--NOT ANY THAT I COULD GET MY HANDS ON, AT LEAST.
SO I GOT ME SOME FROM ONE OF THE OTHER DOMAINS.
DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE, DON'T RECALL BEING TOLD...FELLA WHO SOLD IT TO ME WAS A MIGHT SHADY ON A LOT OF THE DETAILS, POINT O'FACT.
LIKE HOW DOOM DIDN'T TAKE KINDLY TO ADAMANTIUM GOING FROM ONE DOMAIN TO ANOTHER. SOMETHING ABOUT HOW IT "UPSET THE BALANCE"...
...LEAST THAT'S WHAT THE THOR SAID, 'FORE HE TOOK ME AWAY.

LOOKIN' BACK, IT SEEMS SO SILLY...MY GRAND PLANS GOIN' NOWHERE--WELL 'CEPT HERE I GUESS.
ME, NOW...KNOWING MORE 'N' I EVER DREAMED I COULD OR WOULD...
...AND BEIN' A HERO TOO I GUESS...TRYIN' TA BE ANYWAY.
PEOPLE TA SAVE AND A CLOCK THAT'S TICKING...
...JUST LIKE MY CLOCKWORK MAN WAS SUPPOSED TA.
HOW SOON, PYM?
A MINUTE MORE...JUST A SEC...
SECONDS, MINUTES. NO, WE'RE OUT OF TIME...

"...THEY'RE THROUGH!"

I CAN'T BEGIN TA IMAGINE THE DEATH...

...THE *HORROR.*

I TRY TA CONCENTRATE, BUT WITH *EVERY* SECOND I LOSE--

THE HORROR OUTSIDE GROWS-- THE *SCREAMS,* THE SENSE O' TERROR OUTSIDE...

...AND IN MY HEART TOO, BEIN' HONEST.

I'M *SCARED.*

I KNOW THEY'RE CLOSE, I KNOW ANY MINUTE--

I'M OUTTA TIME!

NO...

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

HEY, HANDSOME.

LOT I WANNA SAY, HANK.

LOT I WANNA HEAR YOU SAY, JANET...

...BUT IN A MOMENT, 'KAY? IF 'N' IT'S ALL THE SAME...

HANK PYM, I NEED TO KNOW--

WHOA!

'N' I'LL TELL YOU *ALL* YOU NEED TA KNOW...

...JUST AS *SOON* AS I DO *THIS!*

SIMON! FELLAS! THAT THERE'S IT!

YOU GOTTA FLY INTO IT, IS ALL. 'N' I'M SORRY...

...SORRY IT'S THE END FOR YOU!

BUT IT'S NOT THE END, PYM...

"...NOT FOR THOSE WE CHOOSE TO PROTECT."

GOODBYE, RYOKO, MY DAR--

AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.

NO.

TOO MANY GOODBYES.

PYM ALTERED MY CYBORG TECH SO THAT I CAN TAKE YOUR PLACE, JIM...

...SO YOU CAN GO ON LIVING.

AND I CAN "LIVE FOREVER"... WITH MY WONDER MAN.

'N' SO IT WAS.

GUESS I WAS EXPECTIN' MORE OF A WHIZ BANG, BUT THAT WEREN'T MEANT TA BE.

THE ENERGY WAS ENOUGH, LIKE I FIGURED.

THE BRIGHT BEAUTIFUL *LIGHT.* KIND OF HAD ALL OF US TRANSFIXED FOR A LICK...

LOOK, JIM! LOOK AT THE HORDE...

...BUT IT WAS ULTRON'S ARMY WHERE IT TOOK FOR GOOD.

'N' ULTRON?

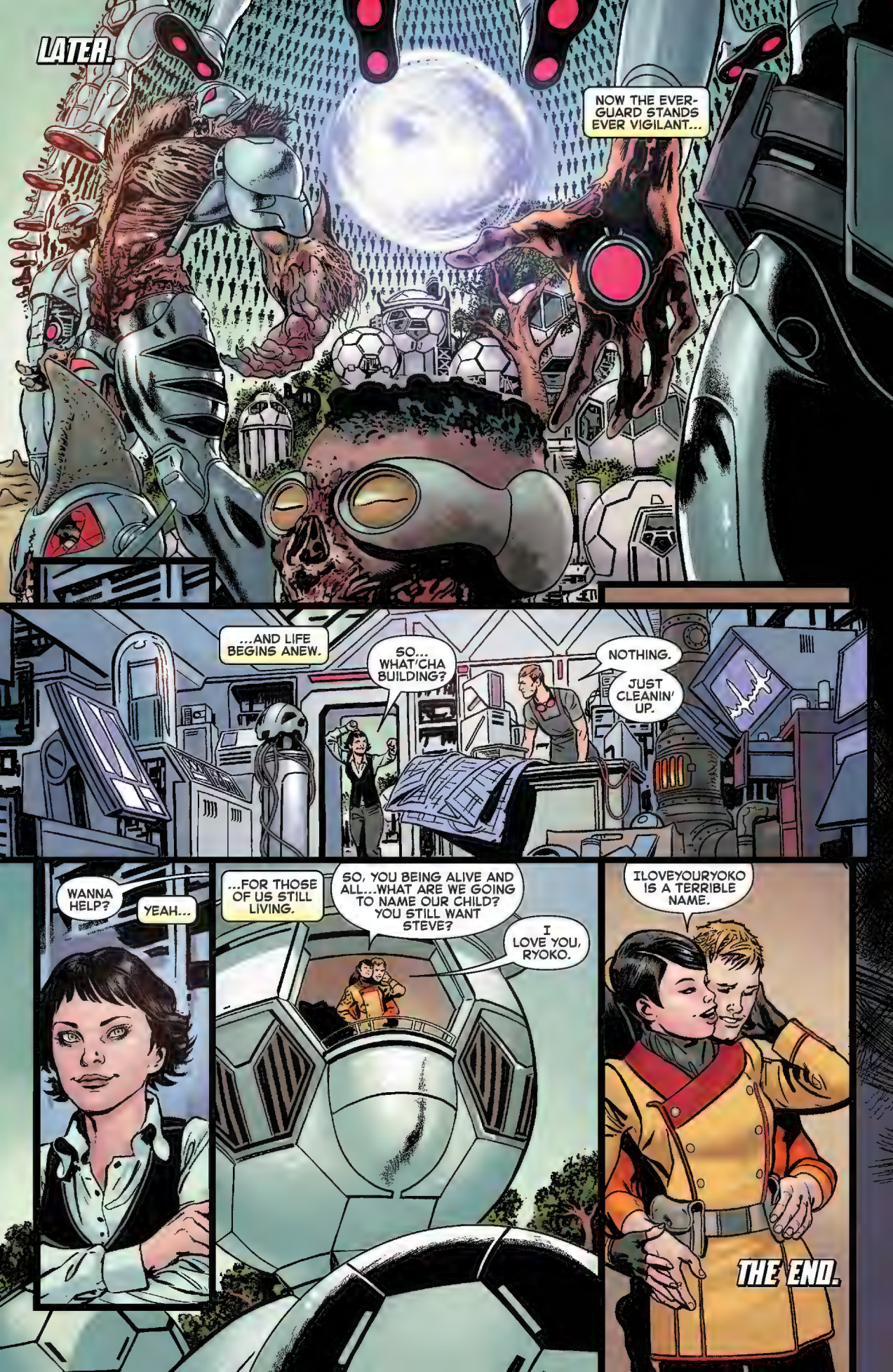
ULTRON'S ARMY, ON THE OTHER HAND...

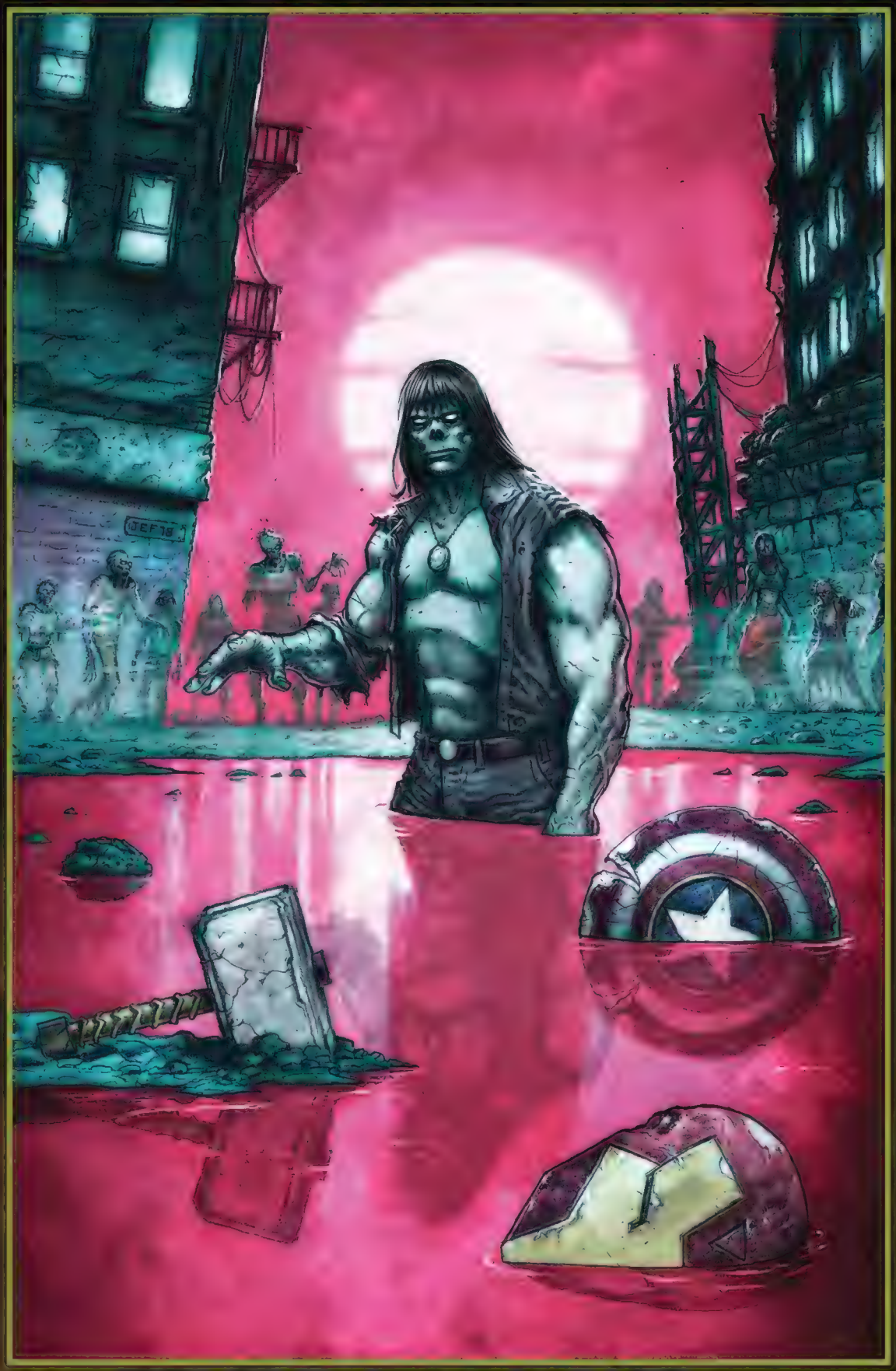
...OH, THEY WAS BEDAZZLED FOR MORE 'N' A LICK.

'N' ULTRON HISSELF?

NUH-UH...

...NO BETTER THAN A CLOCKWORK MAN.


LATER.
NOW THE EVER-GUARD STANDS EVER VIGILANT...
...AND LIFE BEGINS ANEW.
SO... WHAT'CHA BUILDING?
NOTHING.
JUST CLEANIN' UP.
WANNA HELP?
YEAH...
...FOR THOSE OF US STILL LIVING.
SO, YOU BEING ALIVE AND ALL....WHAT ARE WE GOING TO NAME OUR CHILD? YOU STILL WANT STEVE?
I LOVE YOU, RYOKO.
ILOVEYOURYOKO IS A TERRIBLE NAME.
THE END.



MARVEL ZOMBIE

Ma,

I can touch the stop signs without jumping now. Remember that time at the park? You had to boost me up just so I could touch the bottom?

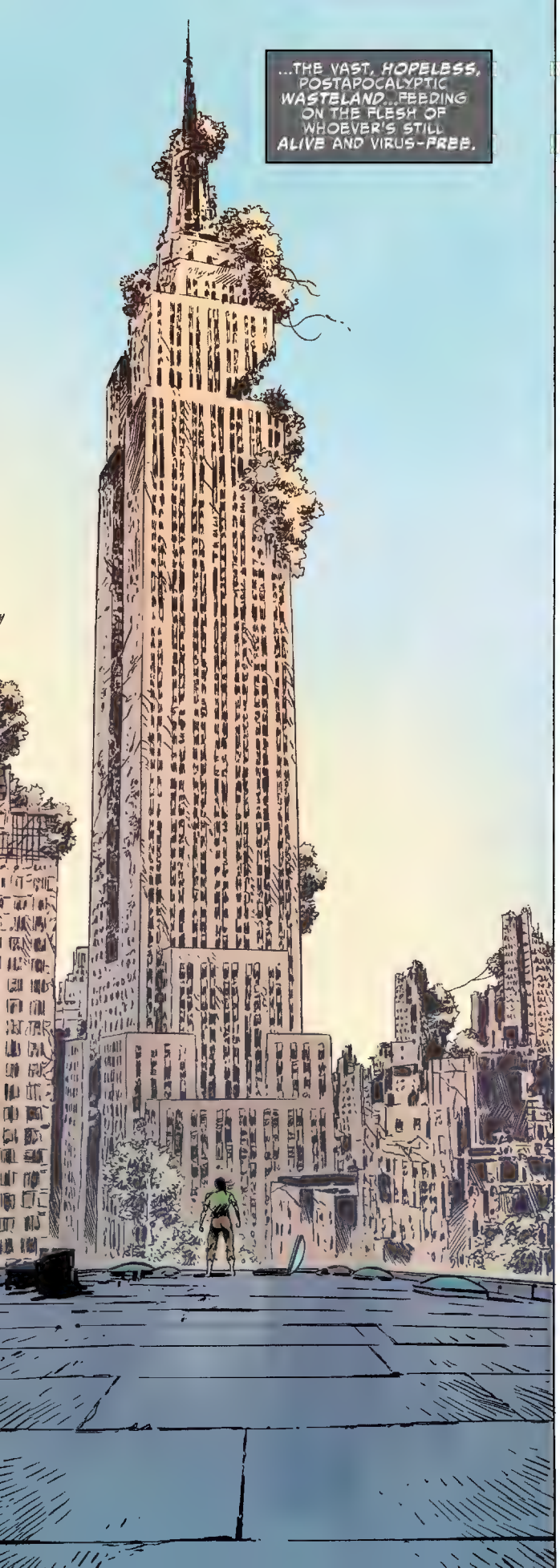
You must be worried sick about me. I am OK! I am hiding with other survivors in Manhattan. The Defenders are protecting us! (Spider-Man is a cool guy.) Sam Wilson is flying around looking for other survivor camps. I told him to look near Lake Michigan since that's where you grew up. I remember you said it was nice... maybe you went back there?

I hope you find these letters I am leaving you. There's one at the bakery we used to get the big cookies from. We will get those again when everything goes back to normal.

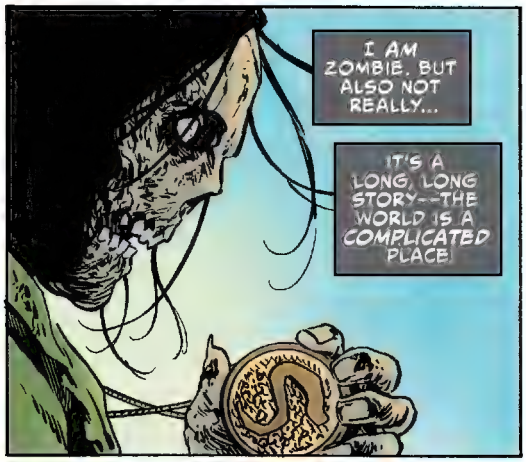
Love,
Donny

HELLO!
GREETINGS TO YOU ON THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY.
MY NAME IS SIMON GARTH.
BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME
GRRR!
ARGHH!
FSSSS!
(MY FRIENDS CANNOT SPEAK BECAUSE THEY ARE ZOMBIES.)

I ALSO CANNOT SPEAK BECAUSE I AM A ZOMBIE.
COME--LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE HORDE!
THE HORDE HAS ALL SORTS OF CHARACTERS AND ODDBALLS
THERE'S WILSON, WHO IS BIG.
THERE'S HARVEY, WHO IS SMALL.
AND THERE'S MEDIUM ZOMBIES TOO, LIKE BEATRICE AND MARVIN AND NORMAN.
TOGETHER, THEY ROAM THE...WHAT'S THE WORD?
AH, YES, THAT'S RIGHT...


...THE VAST, HOPELESS, POSTAPOCALYPTIC WASTELAND...FEEDING ON THE FLESH OF WHOEVER'S STILL ALIVE AND VIRUS-FREE.

ME? I DON'T FEED ON FLESH.
FLESH IS PEOPLE, AND WE ALL USED TO BE PEOPLE.


I AM ZOMBIE. BUT ALSO NOT REALLY...
IT'S A LONG, LONG STORY--THE WORLD IS A COMPLICATED PLACE.

AND THERE'S NO TIME ANYHOW...

THE HORDE IS ON THE MOVE!

SOME MILES AWAY...
JACKPOT.
WHAT IS IT?
HUP!
IT'S A NECKLACE.
CAN I HAVE IT?
NECKLACES IS GIRL-STUFF.
NO WAY.
I'M GONNA GIFT IT TO MY MA ONCE I FIND HER AND EVERYTHING GOES BACK TO HOW IT WAS.
THERE AIN'T ANY GOING BACK, DONNY. MOON GIRL SAYS--
BEEP BEEP
THIS IS RED LEADER TO ALL RESISTANCE FIGHTERS--
NO SIGN OF SAM YET, BUT WE'VE GOT A HORDE INCOMING. REPORT TO VECTOR 49.10 FOR DETERRENCE PROTOCOL.
ALL CIVILIANS-- BACK TO HQ.
OH MAN...
ZOMBIE FIGHT!

VIBRATIONS SUGGEST HORDE ARRIVAL IN 72 SECONDS.
YOU LOT READY?
Daredevil
10 W 49 ST
WAY
Spider-Man
Misty Knight
Hawkeye
Moon Girl
Black Widow
READY? JUST LOOK AT US.
OH... RIGHT. YOU'RE BLIND.
THAT'S MY BAD, MATT.
TEN OUR FATHERS AND WE'LL CALL IT EVEN.
HERE THEY COME. DEFENDERS...
DEFEND!
AARGHHHH!

FAMILIAR AT THREE O'CLOCK, KATE.
BLAM
I SEE HER.
APOLOGIES, MADAME.
GARRR!
YOU GOT THIS, 'NELLA?
I DON'T GOT ANYTHING.
BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO DOES...
SIC 'EM, DD2.0!
BOOP

RRR...
RRRZZZR!
"IN YOUR HEAAAAD. IN YOUR HEAAAAAAAAAD!"
WHOA, OTTO, IS THAT YOU?
YOU'RE NOT LOOKING SO HOT, MAN.
SRRRPRRYRR...

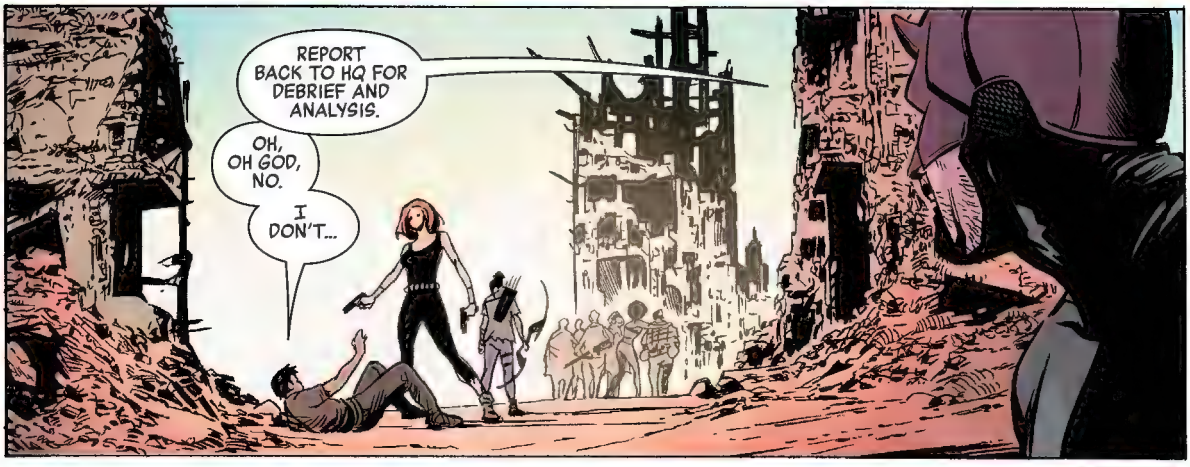
THWIP
?
NNN!
GROSS.
ARRR!
SPLORTCH

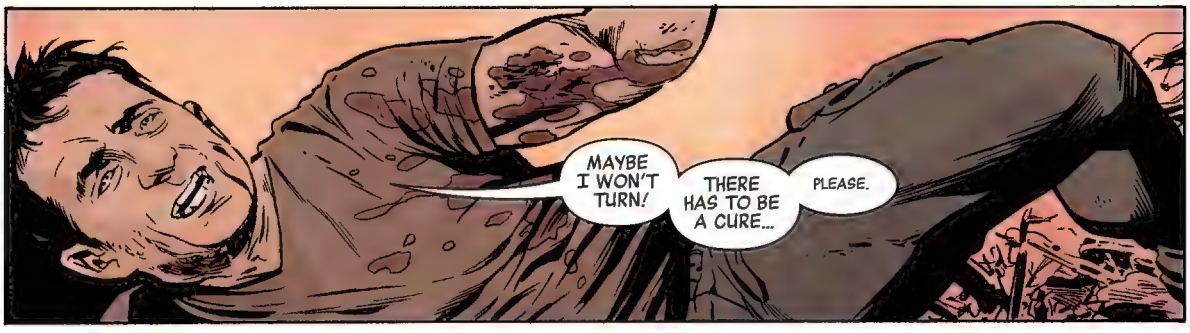
KABOOM
MAN, MISTY'S SO COOL.
WHEN I GROW UP, I WANT ONE ARM AND A BAZOOKA.
I'M GOING DOWN THERE.
I DON'T THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, DONNY. RED LEADER SAID--
HIS NAME'S DAREDEVIL. I DON'T GET WHY HE CALLS HIMSELF--
TRIP
AHHH!
OOF!
GRRRR...

ARGHHHHH...
HELLO, UNDERNOURISHED YOUNG FRIEND.
HEY--WE'VE GOT MATCHING NECKLACES!

OH NO
MY HORDE FRIENDS WANT TO BAT MY NEW NECKLACE FRIEND!
BUT HE'S JUST A BOY.
A PERSON.
DIDN'T WE ALL USED TO BE PEOPLE?
I AM ZOMBIE, BUT ALSO NOT REALLY.
MY NAME IS SIMON GARTH. BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME:
HRR--
TH-THANK YOU.
THIS IS RED LEADER TO ALL RESISTANCE FIGHTERS...

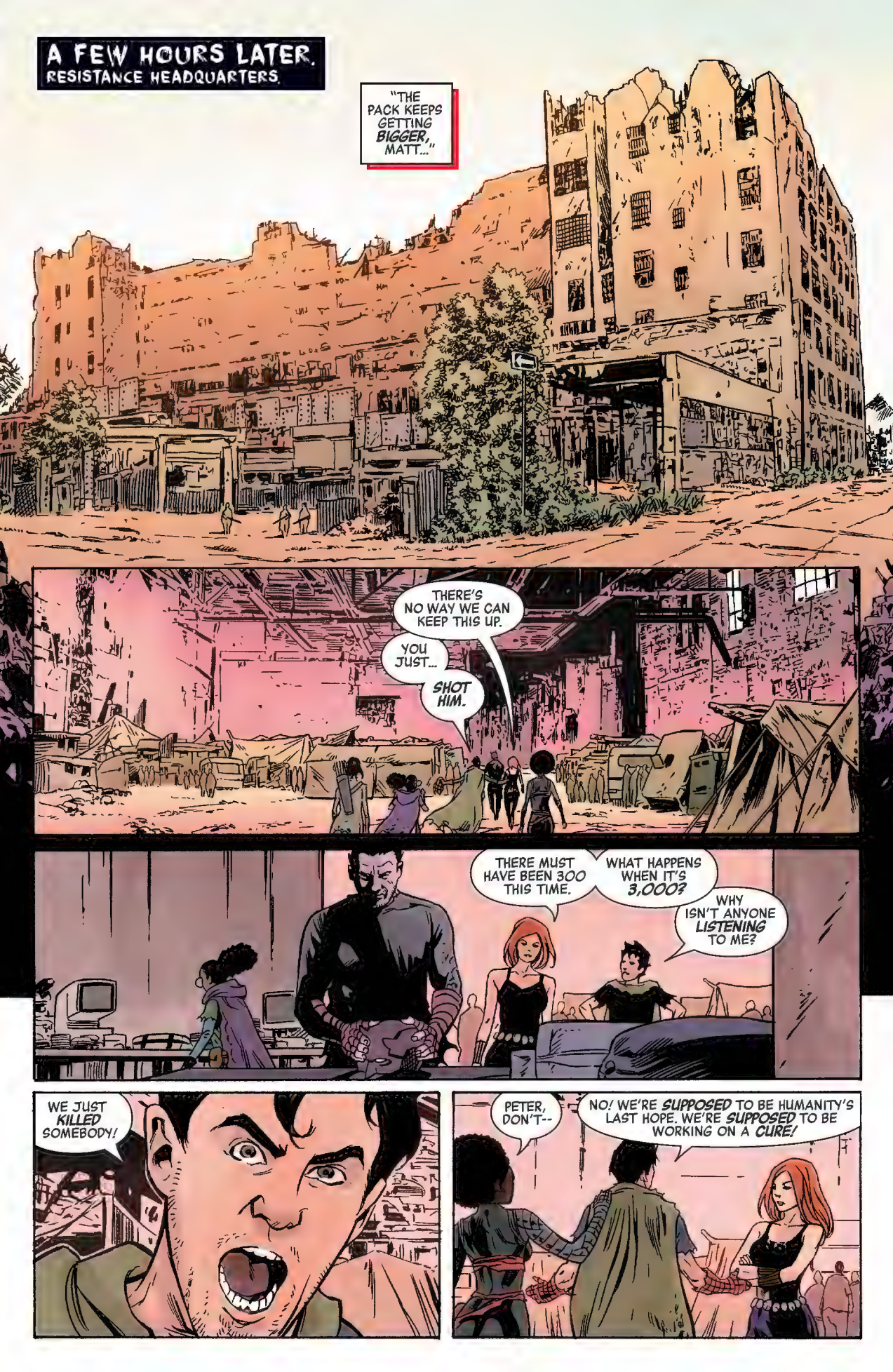
VECTOR 49.10 IS SECURED.

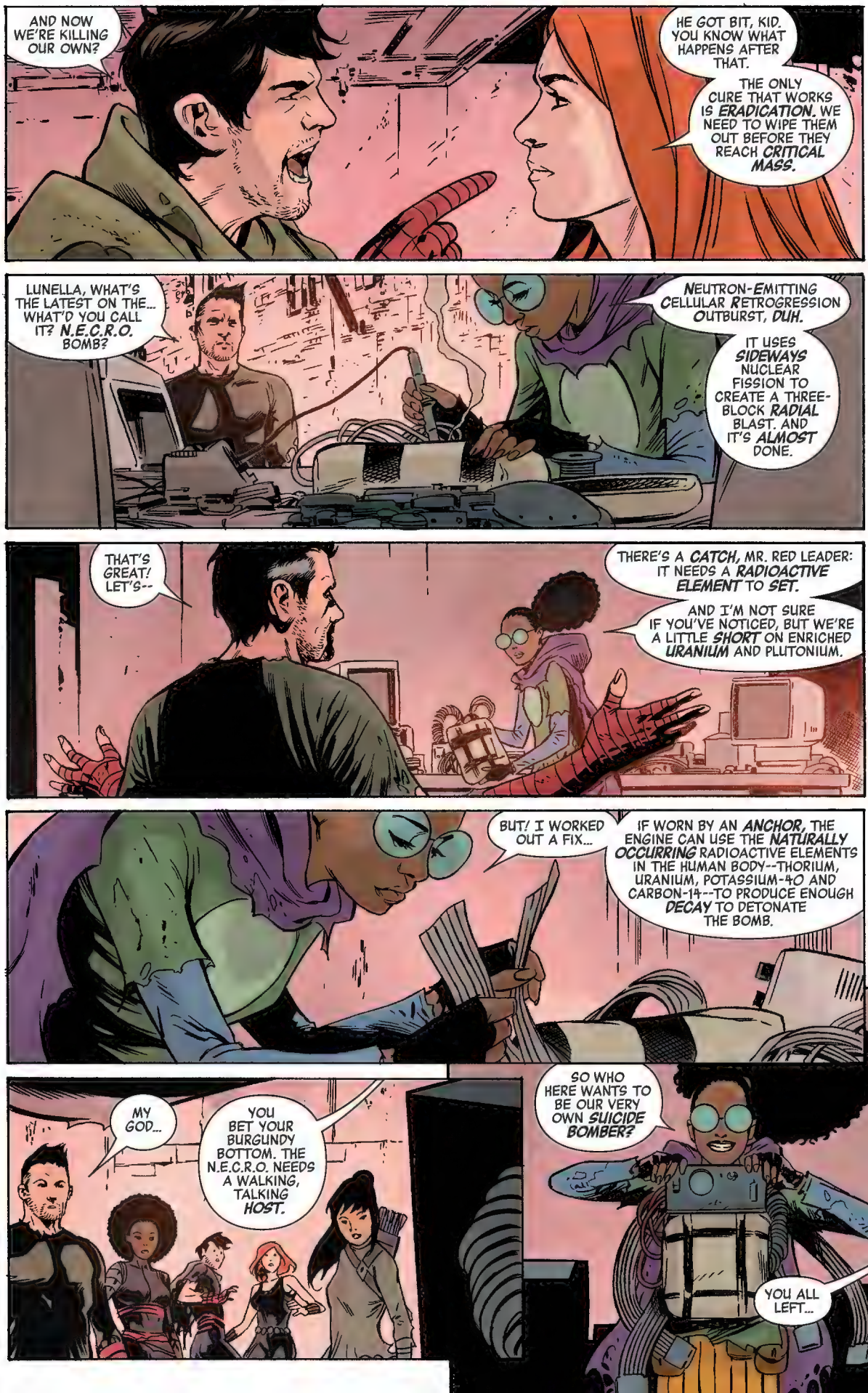

REPORT BACK TO HQ FOR DEBRIEF AND ANALYSIS.
OH, OH GOD, NO.
I DON'T...


MAYBE I WON'T TURN!
THERE HAS TO BE A CURE...
PLEASE.

I'M...I'M A HUMAN BEING.
NOT ANYMORE.

BLAM


A FEW HOURS LATER.
RESISTANCE HEADQUARTERS.
"THE PACK KEEPS GETTING BIGGER,, MATT..."
THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN KEEP THIS UP.
YOU JUST...
SHOT HIM.
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN 300 THIS TIME.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT'S 3,000?
WHY ISN'T ANYONE LISTENING TO ME?
WE JUST KILLED SOMEBODY!
PETER, DON'T--
NO! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HUMANITY'S LAST HOPE. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE WORKING ON A CURE!

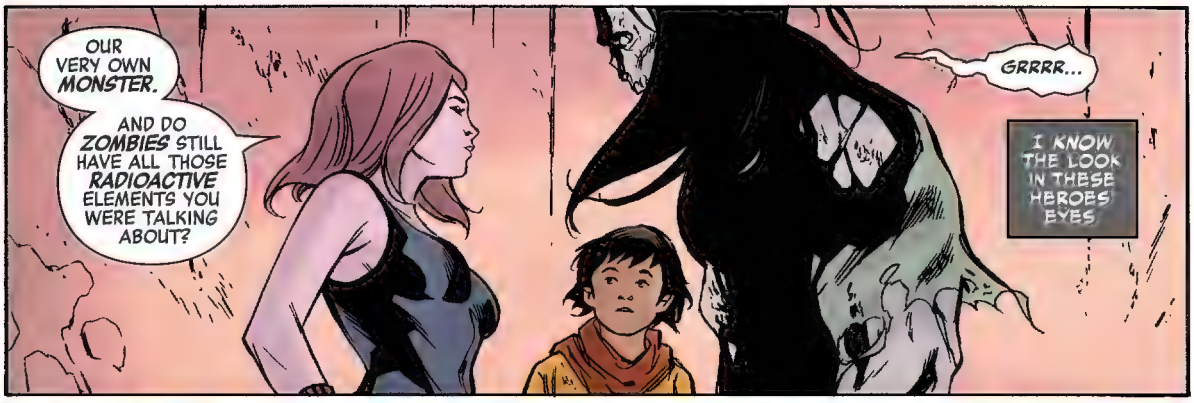

AND NOW WE'RE KILLING OUR OWN?
HE GOT BIT, KID. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT.
THE ONLY CURE THAT WORKS IS ERADICATION. WE NEED TO WIPE THEM OUT BEFORE THEY REACH CRITICAL MASS.
LUNELLA, WHAT'S THE LATEST ON THE... WHAT'D YOU CALL IT? N.E.C.R.O. BOMB?
NEUTRON-EMITTING CELLULAR RETROGRESSION OUTBURST, DUH.
IT USES SIDEWAYS NUCLEAR FISSION TO CREATE A THREE-BLOCK RADIAL BLAST. AND IT'S ALMOST DONE.
THAT'S GREAT! LET'S--
THERE'S A CATCH, MR. RED LEADER: IT NEEDS A RADIOACTIVE ELEMENT TO SET.
AND I'M NOT SURE IF YOU'VE NOTICED, BUT WE'RE A LITTLE SHORT ON ENRICHED URANIUM AND PLUTONIUM.
BUT! I WORKED OUT A FIX...
IF WORN BY AN ANCHOR, THE ENGINE CAN USE THE NATURALLY OCCURRING RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS IN THE HUMAN BODY--THORIUM, URANIUM, POTASSIUM-40 AND CARBON-14--TO PRODUCE ENOUGH DECAY TO DETONATE THE BOMB.
MY GOD...
YOU BET YOUR BURGUNDY BOTTOM. THE N.E.C.R.O. NEEDS A WALKING, TALKING HOST.
SO WHO HERE WANTS TO BE OUR VERY OWN SUICIDE BOMBER?
YOU ALL LEFT...

...BUT HE SAVED ME.
IT'S TRUE! I DID!

GEEZ, KID! YOU BROUGHT ONE HERE?!
HE'S NOT A BAD ONE!
HE FOUGHT OFF THE HORDERS THAT WAS TRYING TO KILL ME!
KID... IT'S DONALD, RIGHT?
I NEED YOU TO STEP ASIDE.
NOW.
RRRRGGG...
MY HEAD... SPINNING...
WILL YOU JUST WAIT A SECOND?
I FELL AND THEN... WE REALIZED WE BOTH HAVE--

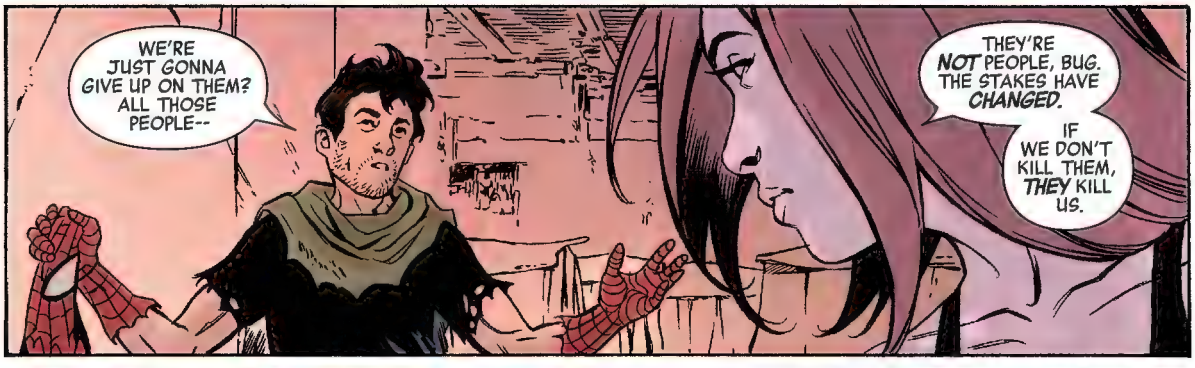
W-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT'S EVERYONE LOOKING AT?
WHOA. AM I...
...CONTROLLING HIM?
'NELLA--ANY IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON?
HE'S WARGING THE ZOMBIE! HE'S WARGING THE FRIGGIN' ZOMBIE!
LORD IN HEAVEN...

YOINK!
H-HOLY CRUD.
I DON'T FEEL GOOD. WHERE DID I GO?
YOU OKAY, BIG GUY?
OH MAN.
MICROSCANNER SAYS THIS RIGHT HERE IS THE AMULET OF DAMBALLAH...
A CONTROLLER-TO-DRONE VOODOO ARTIFACT.
"CONTROLLER TO DRONE"?
ANYONE WHO WEARS THIS BAD BOY CAN REMOTE OPERATE THE ZOMBIE.


OUR VERY OWN MONSTER.
AND DO ZOMBIES STILL HAVE ALL THOSE RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT?
GRRRR...
I KNOW THE LOOK IN THESE HEROES' EYES

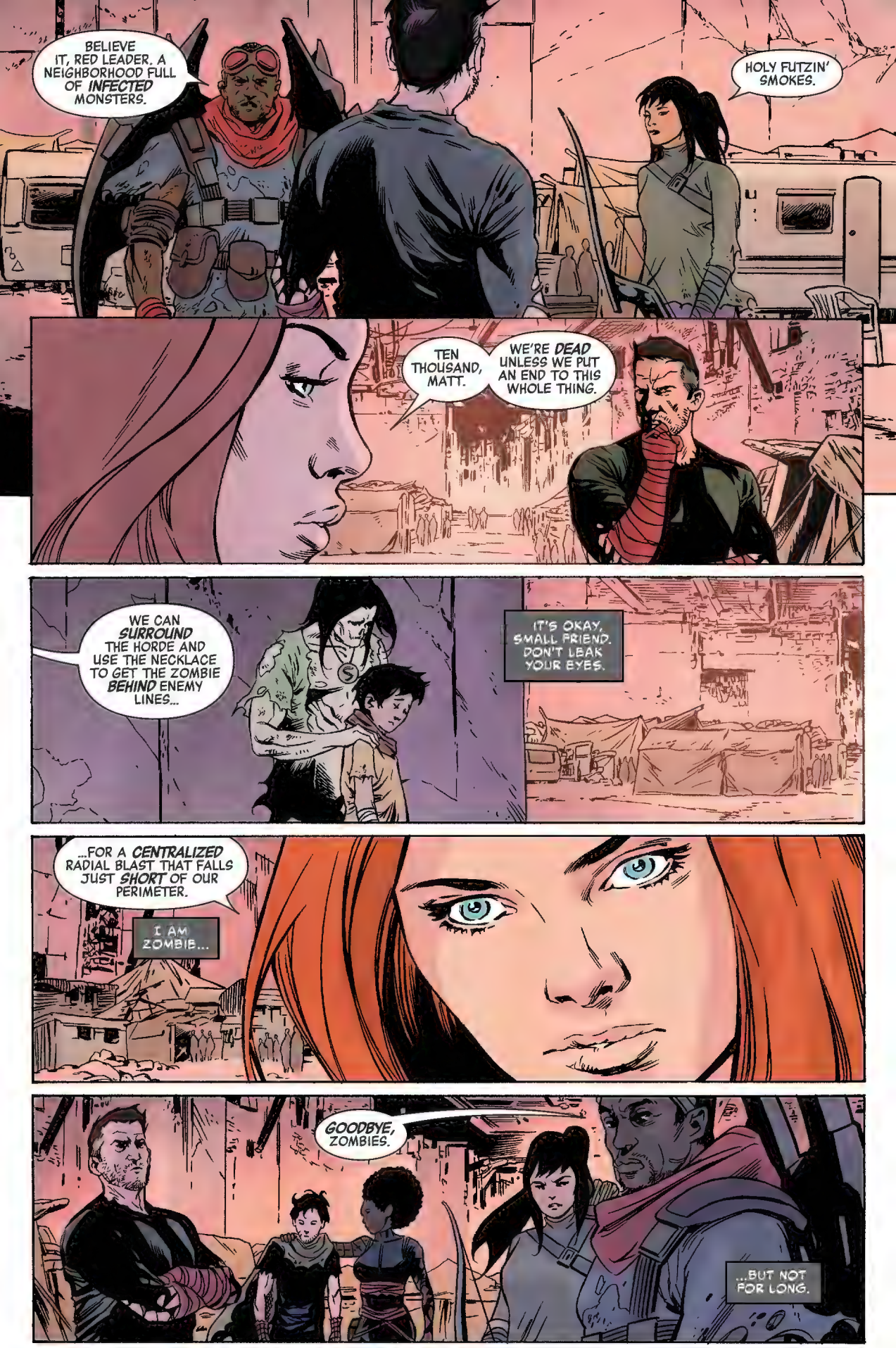
ZOMBIE DNA'S RADICALLY MUTATED...
...BUT YEAH, THERE SHOULD STILL BE TRACE RADIOISOTOPES FLOATING BENEATH THE NECROTIZED TISSUE.
IT'S THE SAME ONE I SEE IN THE BLANK, ROTTING FACES OF THE HORDE...

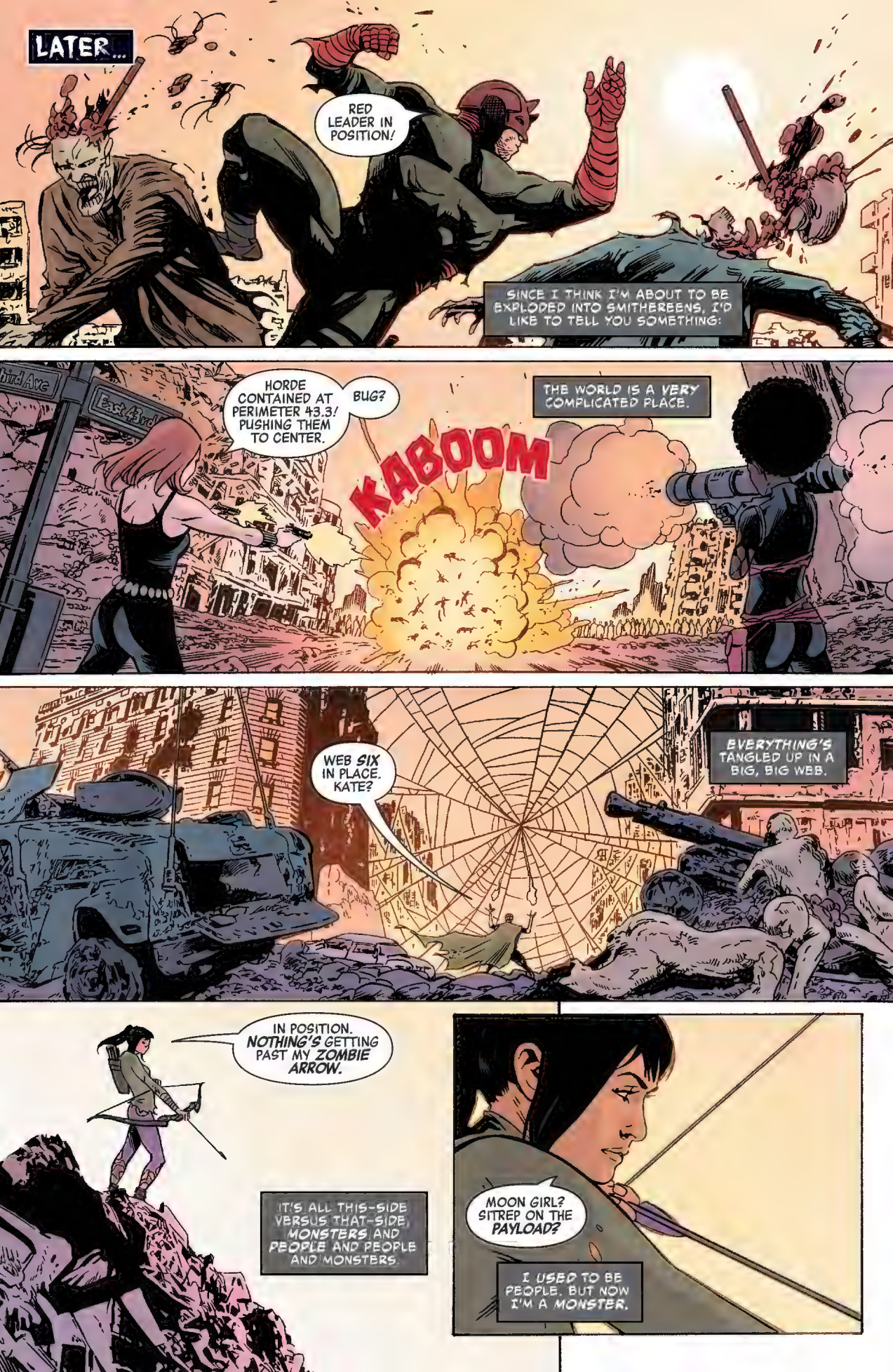
A HUNGER TO KILL
YOU CAN'T...
SO THAT'S IT?


WE'RE JUST GONNA GIVE UP ON THEM? ALL THOSE PEOPLE--
THEY'RE NOT PEOPLE, BUG. THE STAKES HAVE CHANGED.
IF WE DON'T KILL THEM, THEY KILL US.

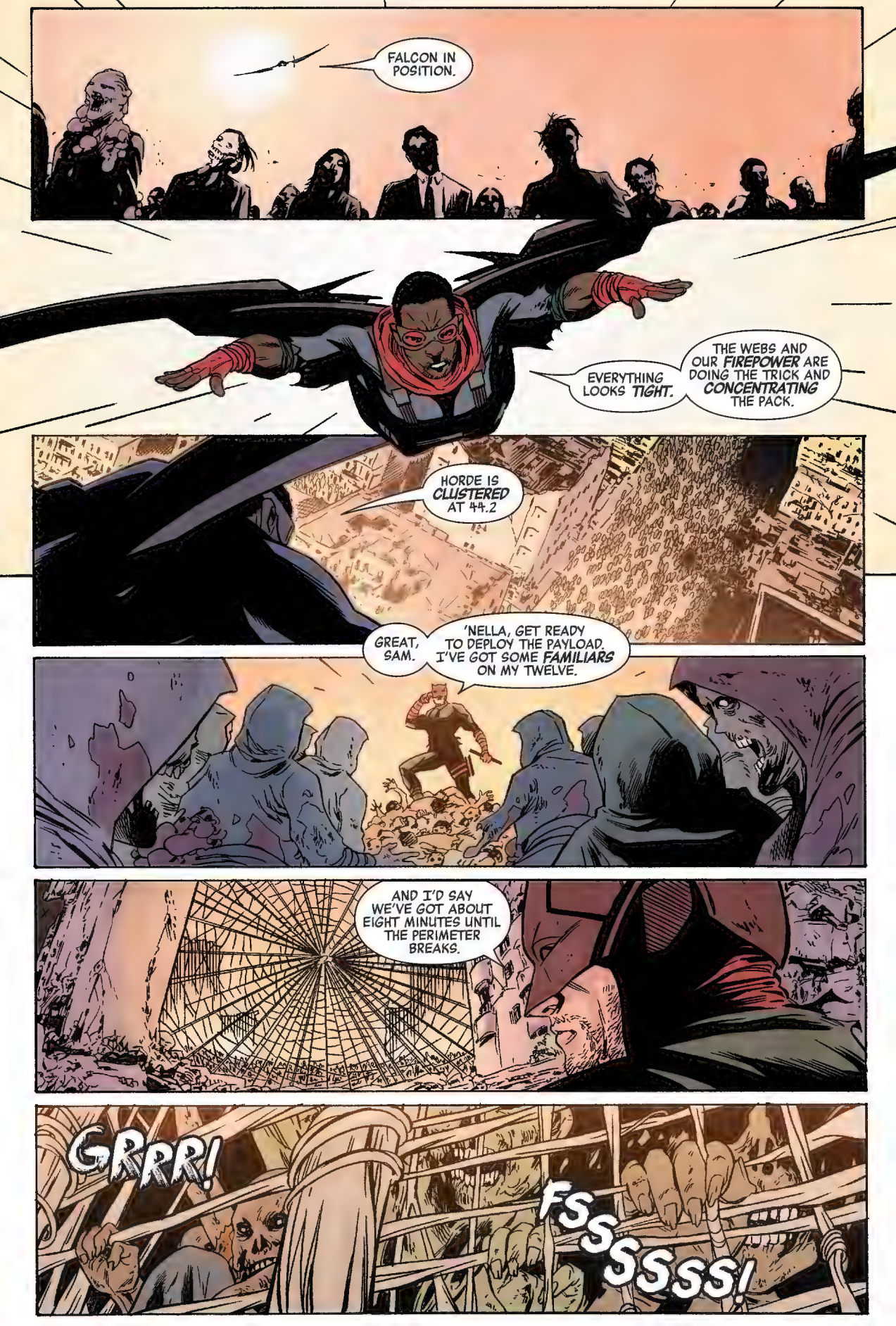
NATASHA'S RIGHT, PETE. WE NEED TO THINK ABOUT--
SAM!

Falcon
BAD NEWS, FOLKS.
I HATE BAD NEWS. BUT THAT'S ALL THERE IS, ISN'T THERE?
BUT FIRST: ANYONE WANNA TELL ME WHAT A ZOMBIE'S DOING IN OUR HOME?
IT'S A LONG STORY.
WHAT'S THE WORD, SAM?
THE WORD IS MULTIPLICATION.
RECON'S REVEALED A HORDE OF TEN THOUSAND AT VECTOR 44.2, RIGHT ACROSS TOWN.
TEN THOUSAND? THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT...
...THAT'S 30 TIMES WHAT WE JUST STAVED OFF!


BELIEVE IT, RED LEADER. A NEIGHBORHOOD FULL OF *INFECTED* MONSTERS.
HOLY FUTZIN' SMOKES.
TEN THOUSAND, MATT.
WE'RE *DEAD* UNLESS WE PUT AN END TO THIS WHOLE THING.
WE CAN *SURROUND* THE HORDE AND USE THE NECKLACE TO GET THE ZOMBIE *BEHIND* ENEMY LINES...
IT'S OKAY, SMALL FRIEND. DON'T LEAK YOUR EYES.
...FOR A *CENTRALIZED* RADIAL BLAST THAT FALLS JUST *SHORT* OF OUR PERIMETER.
I AM ZOMBIE...
GOODBYE, ZOMBIES.
...BUT NOT FOR LONG.


LATER...
RED LEADER IN POSITION!
SINCE I THINK I'M ABOUT TO BE EXPLODED INTO SMITHEREENS, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU SOMETHING:
Third Ave
East 43rd
HORDE CONTAINED AT PERIMETER 43.3! PUSHING THEM TO CENTER.
BUG?
KABOOM
THE WORLD IS A VERY COMPLICATED PLACE.
WEB SIX IN PLACE. KATE?
EVERYTHING'S TANGLED UP IN A BIG, BIG WEB.
IN POSITION. NOTHING'S GETTING PAST MY ZOMBIE ARROW.
IT'S ALL THIS-SIDE VERSUS THAT-SIDE, MONSTERS AND PEOPLE AND PEOPLE AND MONSTERS.
MOON GIRL? SITREP ON THE PAYLOAD?
I USED TO BE PEOPLE. BUT NOW I'M A MONSTER.

THOUGH I'M NOT SURE THERE'S MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE...
ZOMBIE-DRONE IS LOCKED AND LOADED.
I'M SORRY...
YOU SAVED ME, BUT I COULDN'T DO IT BACK. I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME...
S-SRRR-SIII...
SI-MON.


FALCON IN POSITION.
EVERYTHING LOOKS TIGHT.
THE WEBS AND OUR FIREPOWER ARE DOING THE TRICK AND CONCENTRATING THE PACK.
HORDE IS CLUSTERED AT 44.2
GREAT, SAM.
'NELLA, GET READY TO DEPLOY THE PAYLOAD. I'VE GOT SOME FAMILIARS ON MY TWELVE.
AND I'D SAY WE'VE GOT ABOUT EIGHT MINUTES UNTIL THE PERIMETER BREAKS.
GRRR!
FSSSSSSS!

JUST ONE LAST...
THERE!
YOU USED TO HAVE A REAL DINOSAUR, RIGHT?
MY BIG RED DUMMY...
...HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND.
I READ ABOUT YOU GUYS IN THE BEFORE-TIMES, AT SCHOOL.
YOU, LIKE... SWITCHED BRAINS WITH HIM?
IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, DONNY. BEFORE THE VIRUS. BEFORE THE HORDE--
BUT DID...
...DID YOU EVER HAVE TO SEND YOUR BEST FRIEND OFF TO DIE?

WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT! THERE'S TOO MANY!
GAHHH!
'NELLA!
WHERE'S THE BOMB?!
NNNGGG!
MOON GIRL!
WHERE'S THE BOMB?!?

WHERE WILL YOU GO?

LET'S GET THAT OFF YOU.
WHAT A GOOD NECKLACE FRIEND TO HAVE
I THINK...
I THINK I WANT TO TRY TO FIND MY MA AND PA.
AND WHAT A SMART, COMPASSIONATE LITTLE GIRL
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
HA.
I JUST BETRAYED HUMANKIND FOR A...
...A BIG PALE DUMMY.
I THINK I'M GOING TO HELL.
MY NAME IS SIMON GARTH
BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME

SIMON!
LOOK!
THE WORLD IS VERY COMPLICATED.
PEOPLE ARE VERY COMPLICATED.
I SHOULD KNOW--I USED TO BE PEOPLE.
BUT SOME THINGS ARE SIMPLE.
LIKE A GOOD FRIEND
OR A BEAUTIFUL DAY...

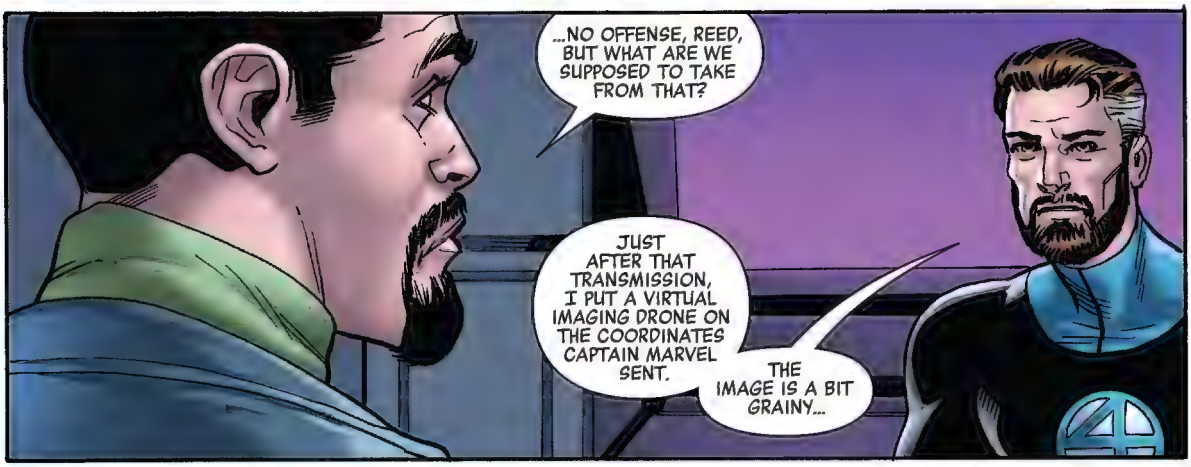
...LIKE TODAY.
THE END.

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2019) #1

"IT IS EVIDENT THAT WE ARE HURRYING ONWARD TO SOME EXCITING KNOWLEDGE...
"...SOME NEVER-TO-BE-IMPARTED SECRET...
"...WHOSE ATTAINMENT IS DESTRUCTION."
--MANUSCRIPT IN A BOTTLE,
EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1833

4 YANCY STREET.
HHHM...
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN. THANK YOU FOR COMING SO QUICKLY.
REED, WHY ARE YOUR WI-FI PASSWORDS ALWAYS SO INEXPLICABLY LONG?
TRY IT NOW, BEAST.
THANK YOU.
FAR BE IT FROM ME TO COMPLAIN, REED, BUT MAY I ASK WHAT IS SO URGENT?
I'M AFRAID "URGENT" MAY BE A GROSS UNDERSTATEMENT.

APPROXIMATELY SIX HOURS AGO, CAPTAIN MARVEL SENT THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE THROUGH ONE OF MY DEEP-SPACE SURVEILLANCE ARRAYS:
REED. GET A TEAM TO =SCRAWWK= COORDINATES. I'LL MEET YOU THERE. IT'S =KTSCCCCH= HIM... I THINK THERE MIGHT BE =SKWAWWWWP= GOT TO GET THERE FIRST.
=SKWAWWWWWK= COME AND SEE.

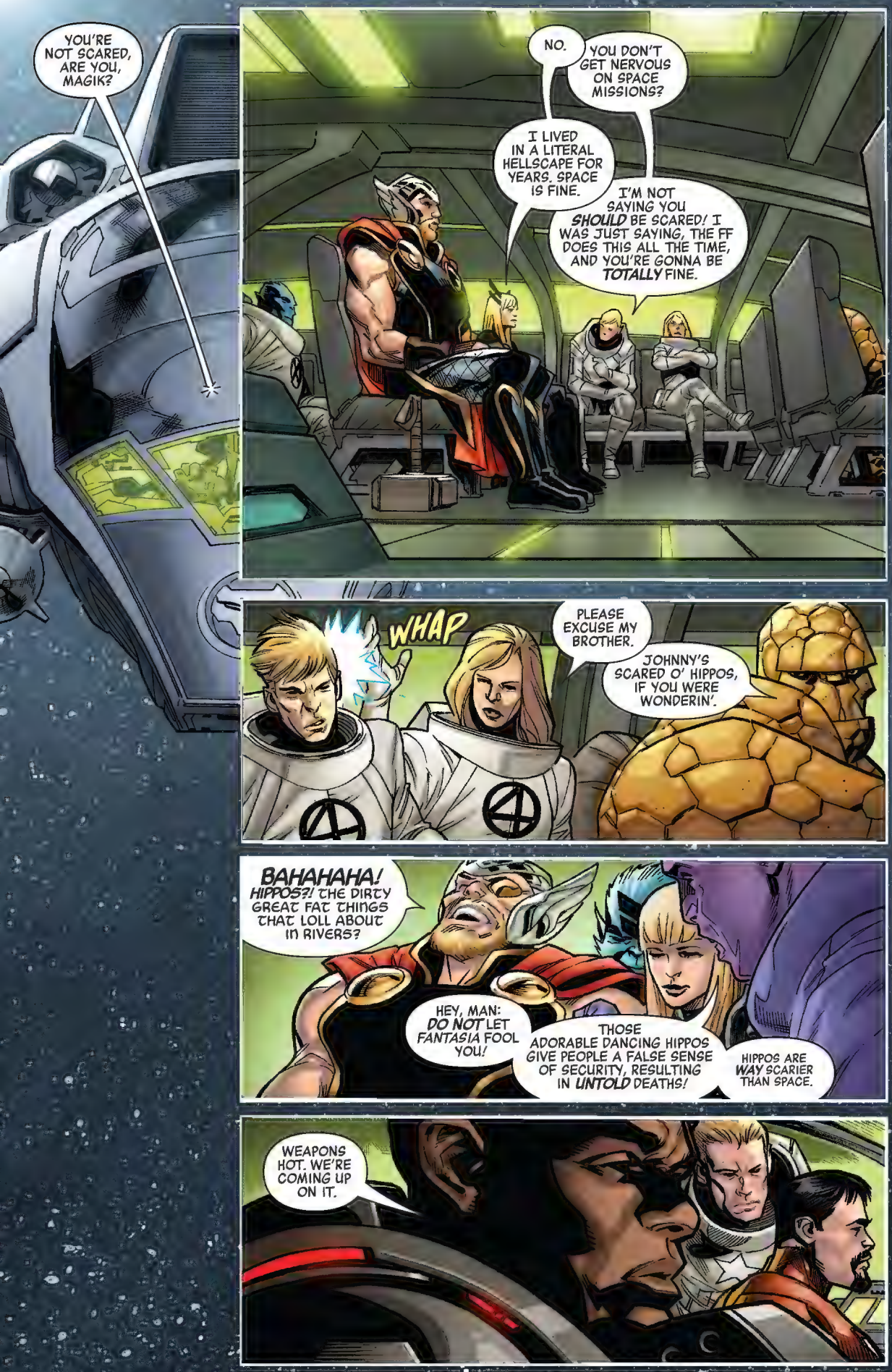

...NO OFFENSE, REED, BUT WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO TAKE FROM THAT?
JUST AFTER THAT TRANSMISSION, I PUT A VIRTUAL IMAGING DRONE ON THE COORDINATES CAPTAIN MARVEL SENT.
THE IMAGE IS A BIT GRAINY...

...BUT I THINK YOU'LL AGREE IT'S OF INTEREST.

GALACTUS?!
THE COORDINATES ARE JUST OUTSIDE OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. GALACTUS WAS HEADING TOWARD EARTH.
"WAS HEADING"?
HE APPEARS NOT TO BE MOVING.

...NOT MOVING. ARE YOU SAYING HE'S...?
GALACTUS HAS GAME-CHANGING TECH. HE IS THAT TECH.
IF HE'S DEAD...?
IF GALACTUS IS DEAD, WE NEED TO DESTROY THE BODY BEFORE ANY NUMBER OF NEFARIOUS PARTIES GET TO IT. THE COLLECTOR, GRANDMASTER...
WE DON'T KNOW THAT HE IS DEAD.
AS YOU'VE ILLUSTRATED, WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH INFORMATION. BUT ALMOST ANY SCENARIO MUST BE ADDRESSED IMMEDIATELY.
GALACTUS ALIVE IS AN APOCALYPTIC THREAT TO EARTH.
WITH THE DIFFICULTY HE'S HAD HERE IN THE PAST, HE WOULDN'T BE BACK UNLESS HE BELIEVED HE HAD SOME NEW ADVANTAGE.
BUT THE FACT THAT HE STOPPED BEFORE REACHING EARTH IS, IN MY OPINION, SUGGESTIVE.
IF GALACTUS IS DEAD, THEN YES, WE NEED TO ENSURE NO THIRD PARTY HARVESTS HIS BIOLOGY OR TECHNOLOGY.
YEAH, BECAUSE WE'RE DOING THAT.
I THINK THAT WOULD BE ILL-ADVISED, FOR THE RECORD.
ANOTHER POSSIBILITY IS THAT HE WAS COMING TO US FOR HELP.
ALL WE KNOW IS THAT WE NEED TO KNOW MORE. WE NEED TO BE UP THERE.
I'M ASKING FOR YOUR HEAVIEST HITTERS. MY TEAM WILL GO ALONE IF NEED BE, BUT GIVEN THE STAKES--
WE'RE IN.
I KNOW TONY AGREES... PROBABLY FOR DIFFERENT REASONS. BUT THE AVENGERS ARE IN.
THE X-MEN AS WELL.
GIVEN OUR CURRENT OBLIGATIONS, WE CAN ONLY SPARE... FOUR.
BUT THEY'LL BE ENOUGH.
THANKS TO ALL OF YOU FOR AGREEING TO DO THIS...

"...BUT PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT THIS ENTIRE MISSION IS A COMPLETE UNKNOWN.
"WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL FIND UP THERE...
"...OR HOW LONG WE'LL BE GONE.
"MAKE SURE YOUR HOMES AND RESPONSIBILITIES ARE LOOKED AFTER...
"...AND LET'S HOPE THIS IS A QUICK ONE."


YOU'RE NOT SCARED, ARE YOU, MAGIK?
NO.
I LIVED IN A LITERAL HELLSCAPE FOR YEARS. SPACE IS FINE.
YOU DON'T GET NERVOUS ON SPACE MISSIONS?
I'M NOT SAYING YOU *SHOULD* BE SCARED! I WAS JUST SAYING, THE FF DOES THIS ALL THE TIME, AND YOU'RE GONNA BE *TOTALLY* FINE.
WHAP
PLEASE EXCUSE MY BROTHER.
JOHNNY'S SCARED O' HIPPOS, IF YOU WERE WONDERIN'.
BAHAHAHA! *HIPPOS?!* THE DIRTY GREAT FAT THINGS THAT LOLL ABOUT IN RIVERS?
HEY, MAN: *DO NOT* LET *FANTASIA* FOOL YOU!
THOSE ADORABLE DANCING HIPPOS GIVE PEOPLE A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY, RESULTING IN *UNTOLD* DEATHS!
HIPPOS ARE *WAY* SCARIER THAN SPACE.
WEAPONS HOT. WE'RE COMING UP ON IT.

IS THAT HIM?!
ILLYANA, BE READY TO 'PORT THE JET IF WE NEED TO MOVE.
ERIK, CAN YOU GIVE US A BETTER LOOK AT HIM?
CERTAINLY.
A LITTLE CLOSER PLEASE, JAMES.
ROGER THAT.
THERE.
HMMM
MMM
MMMMMMMM
GROOAAAAANNNNNNN

THAT RIGHT THERE'S AS DEAD AS DEAD GETS.
AN AGONIZING DEATH AS WELL. LOOK AT HIS FACE.
CAPTAIN MARVEL'S MESSAGE MADE IT SOUND LIKE OTHERS ARE COMING. WE SHOULD MOVE FAST.
SO REED AND TONY CAN GET THEIR PIECE O' GALACTUS, YEAH?
YOU GOT IT.
WHAT? WE'RE NOT DOING THAT, ARE WE?
WE'RE LATE TO THIS PARTY.
WHAT?
SOMEBODY'S WATCHIN' US, UP IN THE MOUTH. THEY JUST DUCKED BACK IN.
YOU'RE SURE?
HUNDRED PERCENT. SOMEONE'S UP THERE.
TERRIFIC. LET'S GO, PEOPLE, SOMEBODY BEAT US TO IT!
NOT YOU, RHODEY. I NEED YOU HERE.
STEVE, I KNOW YOU DIDN'T BRING ME JUST TO FLY THIS PLANE.
NO. I BROUGHT YOU BECAUSE I TRUST YOU TO DO THE HARD THING.
"I NEED YOU EQUALLY READY FOR A QUICK EVAC OR TO COME IN SHOOTING.
"KEEP THE PLANE AND YOUR ARMOR READY TO GO.
"BUT IF I GIVE THE WORD...

"...BE READY TO BLOW THIS WHOLE THING STRAIGHT TO HELL."
UGH.
HOW COME NOVA COULDN'T DO THIS ONE?
PLACE GIVES ME THE... THE SOMETHIN'S. THIS AIN'T SANITARY.
THERE'S AN ATMOSPHERE INSIDE. OXYGEN-NITROGEN MIX.
SOMETHING'S INTERFERING WITH THE COMMS. THAT'S A PROBLEM.
SHFFFFF
LOGAN, NOT YET...!
HE'S FINE, REED.
HOW IS IT, LOGAN?
SNUFF!
SMELLS LIKE THE INSIDE OF A DEAD BODY, BUT IT'S BREATHABLE.
THERE'S ANOTHER SMELL, THOUGH... UNDER THE ROT. SOMETHIN' I SMELLED SOMEWHERE BEFORE.

AMAZING.
WHAT?
GALACTUS' VISUALLY PERCEIVED FORM IS DICTATED BY THE BIASES OF THE OBSERVER. HUMANS SEE HIM AS HUMAN, CHITAURI AS CHITAURI AND SO ON.
BUT MY DRONES ARE NOW MAPPING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PHYSICAL HUMANOID BODY.
EVEN IN DEATH, WE'RE REMAKING GALACTUS' PHYSICAL FORM IN OUR OWN IMAGE, SIMPLY THROUGH OUR PERCEPTION OF IT.
THE IMPACT OF AN OBSERVER ON THEIR ENVIRONMENT IS WELL-DOCUMENTED, BUT THIS IS--
HEY, REED?
TORCH AN' ME ARE HERE TO KICK SOMEBODY'S ASS, RIGHT?
THAT'S WHAT I HEARD.
SO WHICH WAY ARE WE GOING?
...RIGHT. SORRY.
THERE'S A FAINT HEAT TRAIL...PROBABLY ANOTHER CREW HARVESTING TECH AND TISSUE. WE'LL HAVE TO GET THEM OUT BEFORE WE DESTROY THE CORPSE.
ON IT.
BUT WE ALSO NEED TO HARVEST GALACTUS' BIOMATTER OURSELVES.
IF WE CAN TAP INTO GALACTUS' RESIDUAL ENERGY AND FOLLOW THAT TO ITS SOURCE, THAT WILL BE THE BEST PLACE FOR TISSUE SAMPLES.
OKAY. REED, TONY: TAKE YOUR TEAM AND GET WHAT YOU NEED. EVERYONE ELSE ON ME.
LET'S GET THIS DONE.
"I THOUGHT THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A HARD ONE...."

LATER.
...I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BABYSIT THE FANTASTIC FOUR WHILE THEY PLAY FRANKENSTEIN.
"OURS NOT TO REASON WHY," MISS RASPUTIN.
"OURS BUT TO... HEROICALLY STEAL TISSUE SAMPLES AND THEN BLOW UP THE CORPSE"? I THINK THAT'S RIGHT. AH, TENNYSON.
YOU MIGHT STILL GET YOUR SCRAP. SOMEBODY'S IN HERE WITH US.
WHAT COULD DO THIS TO SOMETHING LIKE GALACTUS?
WHO KNOWS. BACK IN THE DAY, YOUR BROTHER AND ME WENT ON SPACE JOBS EVERY OTHER WEEK, SEEMED LIKE. LOT OF HARD CASES OUT THERE.
BUT YOU'RE AS HARD AS ANY OF 'EM. AND EVEN IF YOU NEEDED PROTECTIN', WHICH YOU DON'T, I'VE GOT YOUR BACK. SO DON'T--
YOU'VE GOT MY BACK?
THAT'S CUTE.
=SNFF=

OH NO.
WHAT IS IT?
I REMEMBER THAT SMELL NOW. I KNOW WHAT THIS IS.
ILLYANA, GET EVERYONE OUTTA HERE RIGHT--
LOGAN?
YOU CAME.
WHO'S THERE?
COME AND SEE.
"THIS WAS A MISTAKE, REED."

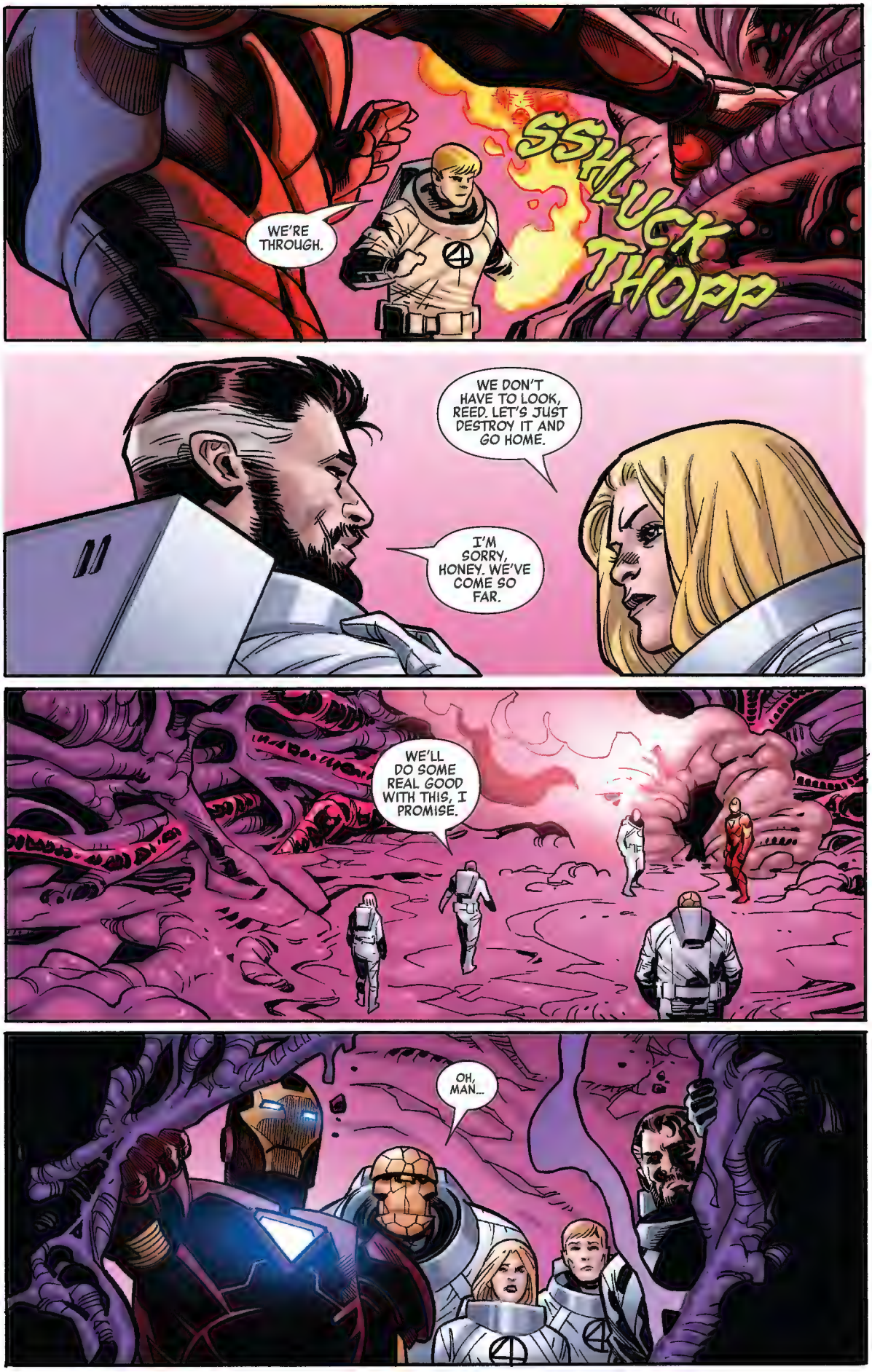
WHAT?
TRYING TO... *BOTTLE GALACTUS* OR WHATEVER WE'RE DOING HERE. WE'LL BACK YOUR PLAY, LIKE WE ALWAYS DO. BUT IT'S A MISTAKE.
IF THERE'S SOMETHING HERE SOMEONE COULD HURT US WITH, LET'S DESTROY THE BODY AND *GO HOME*. THE KIDS NEED US.
I CAN GET BEHIND THAT PLAN, FER SURE. THIS PLACE IS CREEPIN' ME OUT. S'LIKE WALKIN' THROUGH A GIANT ANT'S NEST.
ANT *COLONY*.
ACTUALLY... HE'S RIGHT, REED.
WHAT? NO, IT'S "ANT COL--"
YOUR DRONES SHOW GALACTUS' RESIDUAL ENERGY BEING HARNESSED AND ROUTED TO SPECIFIC POINTS.
COMBUSTION... PROPULSION... INTERIOR SITES THAT COULD BE *LIFE SUPPORT*.

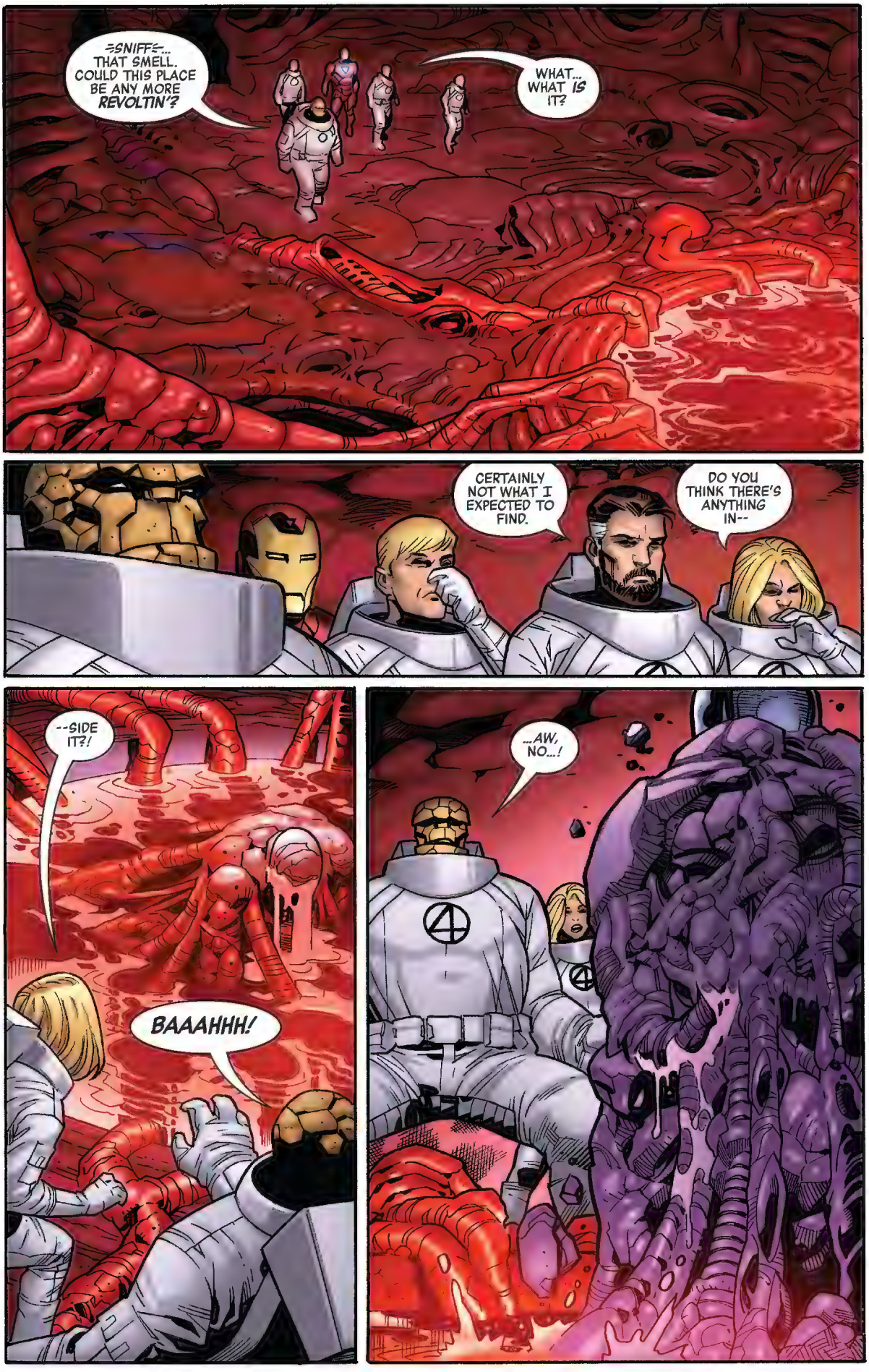
GALACTUS HAS BEEN HOLLOWED OUT AND CONVERTED INTO A SPACECRAFT. SOMEONE'S LIVING IN HIS CORPSE.
I'M SEEING SOMETHING INTERESTING TOO.
THE RESIDUAL ENERGY I'M SEEING IS NOT THE POWER COSMIC, AND IT DOESN'T BEHAVE LIKE ELECTRICITY.
IT MIGHT FUNCTION AS EXPENDABLE ENERGY, BUT IT BEHAVES MORE LIKE...AN ORGANISM.
WHATEVER IT IS, IT STILL HAS CURRENT LIKE ELECTRICITY. AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD LEADS...
...HERE.
OKAY, THEN.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
FSSSSSHH
"ILLYANA, GET 'EM OUT!"

GOOD GOD. IT'S CAROL.
THAT AIN'T CAROL. NOT ANYMORE.
WE CAN SAVE HER. WE'LL BRING HER HOME AND WE'LL--
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
SHE'S ALREADY DEAD! SHE WAS DEAD WHEN SHE CALLED US HERE!
MAGIK, 'PORT US TO IRON MAN'S POSITION!
LEAVE A DISC OPEN. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
I CAN SMELL YOU, FREAK. I REMEMBER YOU.
NO, LOGAN. YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN ANY LIKE US.
WE'RE SOMETHING NEW.

THRAAKKKKKK
ILLYANA, GET OUTTA HERE!!
THE CAPTAIN MARVEL.
HONESTLY, I EXPECTED MORE FROM--
SHRRRIP
MAGIK, NOOOOOOO!!!
WE ARE GROOT!
ILLYANA!
...TEAR YOUR #@& HEAD OFF...
...KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, YOU $@#...
AND WE KNOW YOU, LOGAN.

SOON WE'LL KNOW ALL OF YOU.

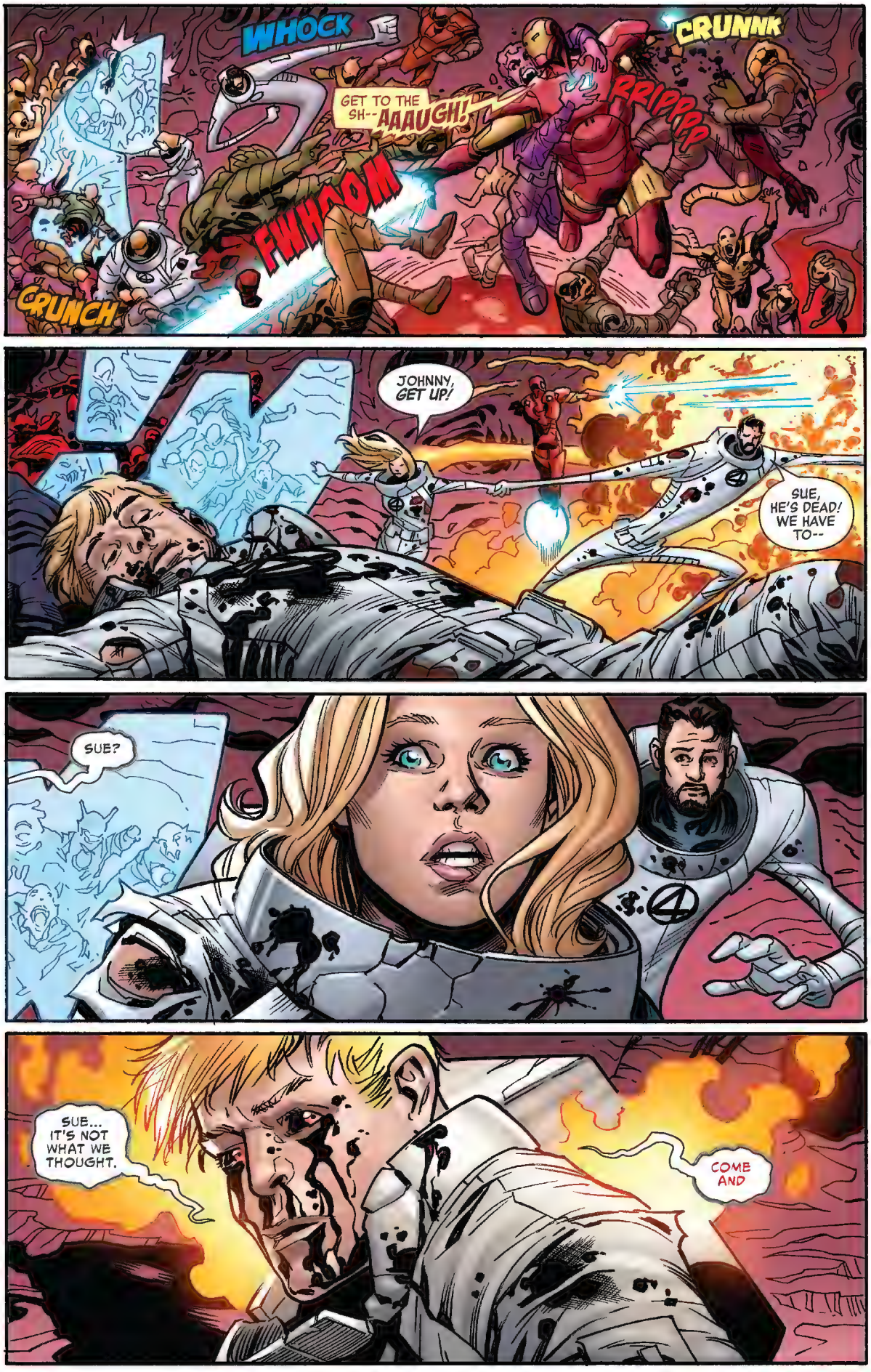

WE'RE THROUGH.
SSHLUCK THOPP
WE DON'T HAVE TO LOOK, REED. LET'S JUST DESTROY IT AND GO HOME.
I'M SORRY, HONEY. WE'VE COME SO FAR.
WE'LL DO SOME REAL GOOD WITH THIS, I PROMISE.
OH, MAN...


=SNIFF=... THAT SMELL. COULD THIS PLACE BE ANY MORE REVOLTIN'?
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?
CERTAINLY NOT WHAT I EXPECTED TO FIND.
DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANYTHING IN--
--SIDE IT?!
BAAAHHH!
...AW, NO...!

SURFER?!
SURFER, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!
COME AND SEE
COME AND SEE

ERIK!
YAAAAUUGGH!
THOR! GET BACK TO THE SHIP!
NO! YOU'LL FALL!
IF YOU DON'T GET TO THE SHIP, EARTH WILL FALL!
TELL RHODEY TO HIT THIS THING UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT!
YOU TAKE ME FOR A RUNNER, CAPTAIN?
I TOOK YOU FOR A DEFENDER OF MIDGARD!
ARE YOU?

KATHOOOOM
FWOOOOOOSSH
THWOCK
SPLORTCH
"GET TO THE SHIP!"

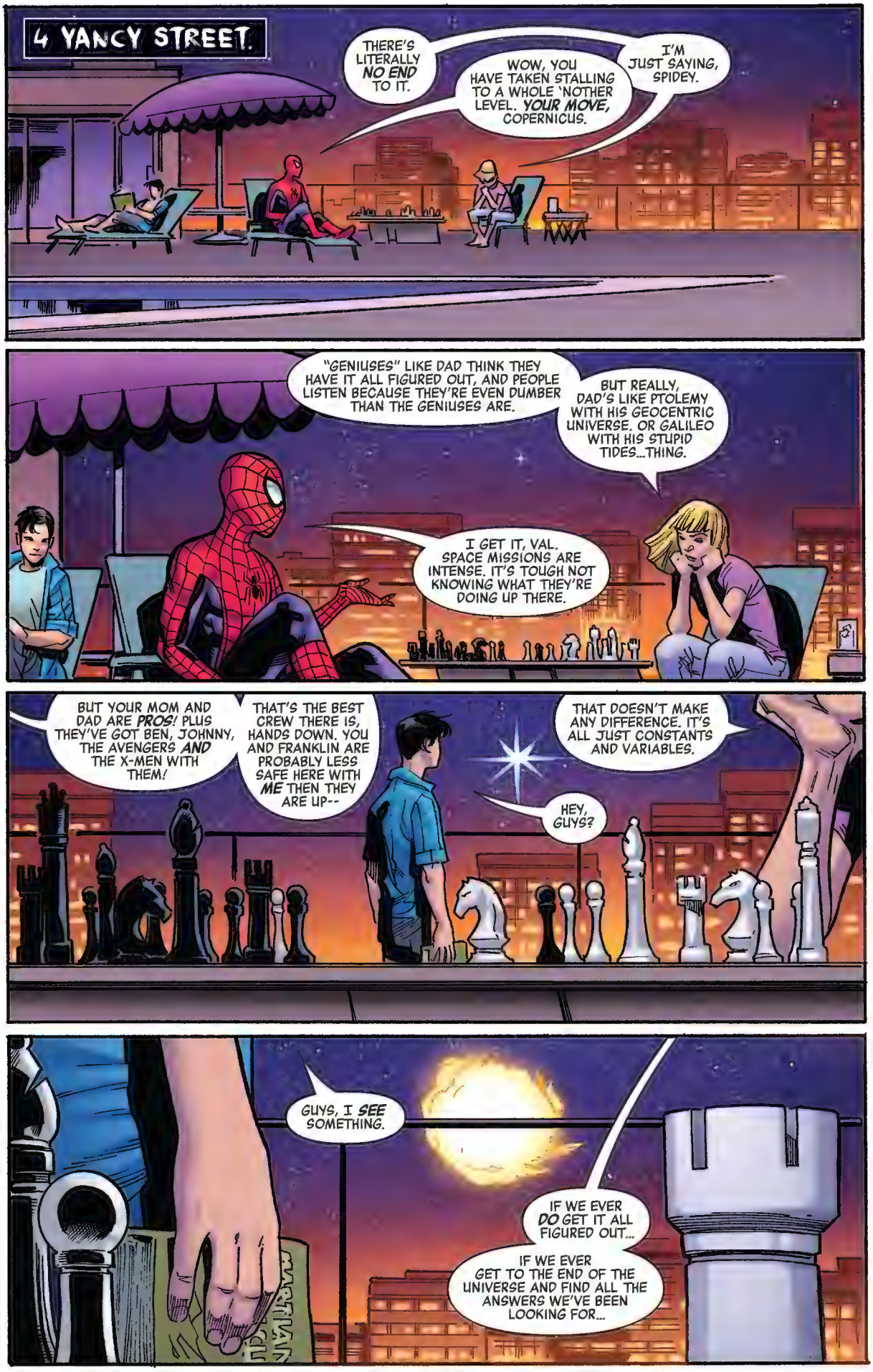

WHOCK
CRUNNK
GET TO THE SH--
AAAUGH!
RRIPPPP
FWHOOM
CRUNCH
JOHNNY, GET UP!
SUE, HE'S DEAD! WE HAVE TO--
SUE?
SUE... IT'S NOT WHAT WE THOUGHT.
COME AND

BOOOOOM
JOHNNY! NOOOOO!
GO!
BEN, NO! I WON'T--
THE KIDS NEED THEIR MOM, REED! GET HER OUTTA HERE!
NOW!
THOOOOOM
BEN!
JOHNNY!

WE--WE'LL BEAT THIS. IF I CAN JUST GET A SAMPLE, I CAN--
THEY'RE =COUGH= THEY'RE DEAD...
BOOMP
OUFF!
...BECAUSE YOU JUST HAD TO SEE.
YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO SEE WHAT'S OUT THERE. IN THE DARK.
WELL, NOW YOU'VE SEEN IT, HAVEN'T YOU?
TAKE A GOOD LOOK.
COME AND SEE, REED.
COME AND SEE

CAP?
CAP, THERE'S TOO MUCH INTERFERENCE, I CAN'T--I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU NEED!
#@% THIS.
CAP, I'M COMING IN. GET--
OH, THANK GOD.
THOR! WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THERE?!
DO THEY NEED--
--HELP?

"SCIENCE IS ABOUT CONSTANTS AND VARIABLES.
"SOME THINGS YOU CAN PLAN FOR.
"SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T.
"AND SPACE? SPACE IS THE ULTIMATE VARIABLE.
"WE THINK WE KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE...
"...BUT WE DON'T.
"WE CAN'T."


4 YANCY STREET.
THERE'S LITERALLY NO END TO IT.
WOW, YOU HAVE TAKEN STALLING TO A WHOLE 'NOTHER LEVEL. YOUR MOVE, COPERNICUS.
I'M JUST SAYING, SPIDEY.
"GENIUSES" LIKE DAD THINK THEY HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT, AND PEOPLE LISTEN BECAUSE THEY'RE EVEN DUMBER THAN THE GENIUSES ARE.
BUT REALLY, DAD'S LIKE PTOLEMY WITH HIS GEOCENTRIC UNIVERSE. OR GALILEO WITH HIS STUPID TIDES...THING.
I GET IT, VAL. SPACE MISSIONS ARE INTENSE. IT'S TOUGH NOT KNOWING WHAT THEY'RE DOING UP THERE.
BUT YOUR MOM AND DAD ARE PROS! PLUS THEY'VE GOT BEN, JOHNNY, THE AVENGERS AND THE X-MEN WITH THEM!
THAT'S THE BEST CREW THERE IS, HANDS DOWN. YOU AND FRANKLIN ARE PROBABLY LESS SAFE HERE WITH ME THEN THEY ARE UP--
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. IT'S ALL JUST CONSTANTS AND VARIABLES.
HEY, GUYS?
GUYS, I SEE SOMETHING.
IF WE EVER DO GET IT ALL FIGURED OUT...
IF WE EVER GET TO THE END OF THE UNIVERSE AND FIND ALL THE ANSWERS WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR...

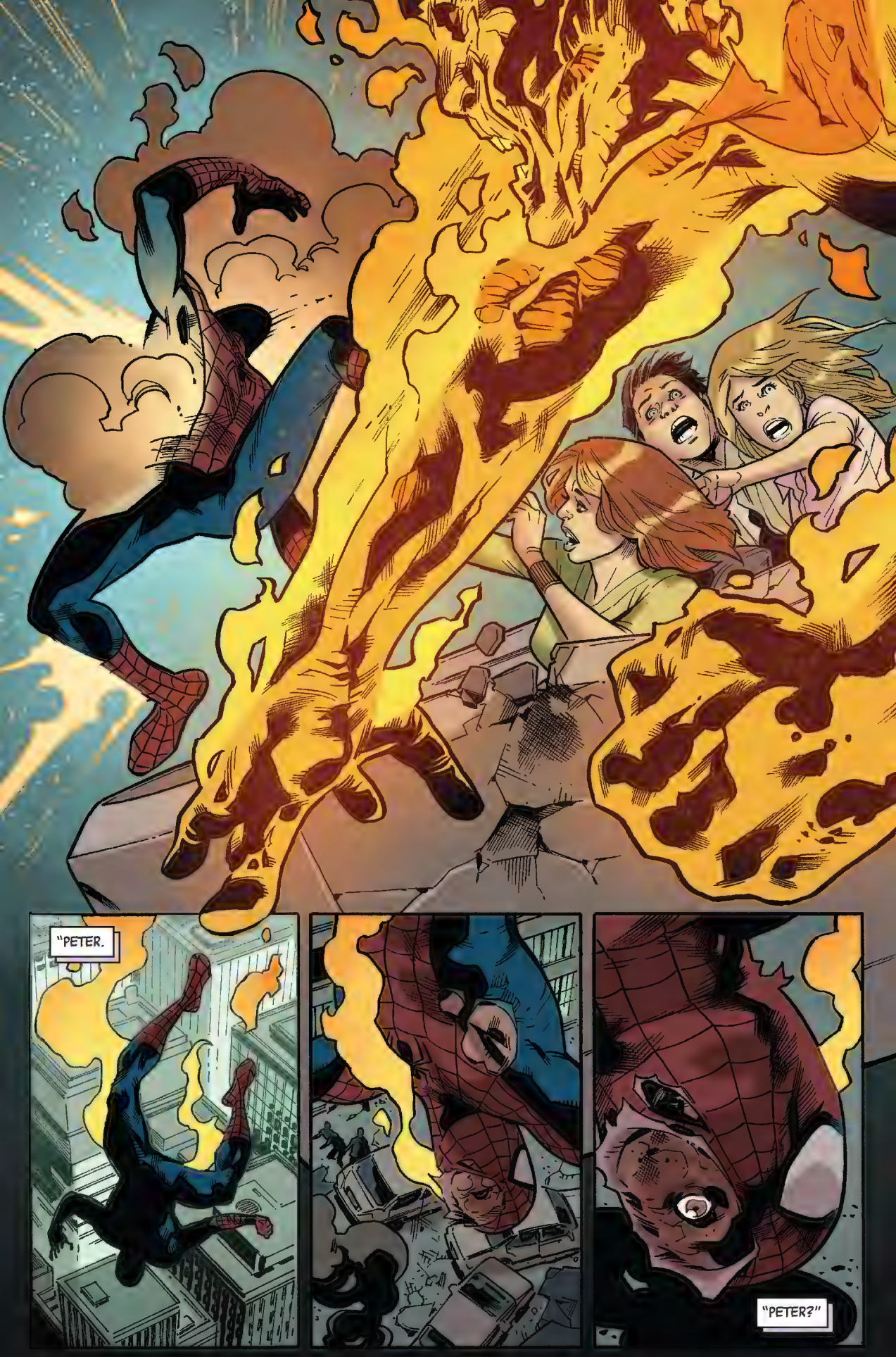
"...I BET IT'S GONNA BE REALLY SCARY."

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1

"GO BACK!!!"

SPIDER-MAN, GO BACK!!! OUR FAMILY'S BACK THERE SOMEWHERE!
YEAH, AND I TOLD THEM I'D KEEP YOU AND VAL SAFE, FRANKLIN!
AS SOON AS YOU AND MJ ARE OUT OF NEW YORK, I'LL COME BACK AND DO WHATEVER I CAN FOR YOUR FOLKS, I PROMISE!
SPIDER-MAN...WHERE CAN WE EVEN GO?
ANYWHERE BUT HERE!
SPIDER-MAN!!!
LOOK OUT!!!
CREYYYYK!

KWHAMM
WE'RE OKAY! WE'RE OKAY! JUST A LITTLE BANGED UP!
SPIDEY, LOOK!!!
IT'S UNCLE JOHNNY!
OH, THANK GOD.
OKAY, KIDS, YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE IN MUCH SAFER HANDS THAN...
...WAIT.
OH NO.
EVERYBODY HOLD--


"PETER.
"PETER?"

WAKE UP, PETER.
MOONSTONE. WHAT TIME IS IT?
PAST SUNDOWN.
TIME TO MOVE.

FORGE, WHERE'S NANA?
DOING A SWEEP. SHE'S NOT FAR.
HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO KEEP NANA AROUND? I DON'T LIKE HAVING IT AROUND FRANKLIN.
VAL, WITHOUT NANA, WE'D HAVE BEEN COOKED A HUNDRED TIMES OVER.
DON'T CALL NANA "IT." I HATE THAT.
OH GOSH, SORRY I REMINDED YOU THAT OUR CREEPY MURDEROUS SLAVE-BEAST ISN'T A REAL PERSON.
SHE CAN PROBABLY HEAR YOU RIGHT NOW--DO YOU SERIOUSLY NOT CARE?!
SHHH. CAN WE NOT FIGHT, PLEASE? MY HEAD IS SPLITTING.
I'M NOT TREATING THAT THING LIKE FAMILY SO MY STUPID LITTLE BROTHER CAN PRETEND EVERYTHING'S BACK TO NORMAL.

I'M NOT STUPID, AND DON'T CALL ME LITTLE!
I'M STILL OLDER THAN YOU, YOU--
NICE. INSECURE MUCH? WHATEVER HAPPENED TO YOUR POWERS ISN'T MY FAULT, YOU LITTLE--
CREAK...
CAN YOU LITTLE TURDS COOL IT ALREADY?!
I THINK WE'RE OKAY.
YEAH, MAYBE THEY DIDN'T HEAR US.

CREYYYK-K-
K-K-K-K!
CRASH
ZIRK
SHA-THRACK
WHOPP
FWOOSSH
PEW
PEW
PEWWW
CREYYYK!
CHEWIE!

RAAAAAA!
CREEYYYYK-IK-IK-IK-IK
SHLURP...
PAT PAT
GOOD BOY, CHEWIE.
EVERYBODY OKAY?
KEEP YOUR GUARD UP. A GROUP THAT BIG SHOULD'VE HAD A METASPAWN WITH THEM, OR A--
BAMF
OH GOD.
UM...WHAT WAS THAT? SHOULD WE BE RUNNING?
IT WOULDN'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE. GET BACK-TO-BACK, FAST, EYES UP AND GUNS--
BAMF
ZARKKKKKKK
BAMF
ZARKK

BAMF
CREYYYYYYYK!
YAAAUUGGH!
BAMF
THRAACKK
BAMF
CREYYCK-
RECK-RECK...
BAMF
ZRAHH
MIT DIESEM GESCHENK WERDEN SIE DIE WELT REINIGEN.
AAAAAAAHH!
BAMF

BLAM

DREADFUL THING.
NANA! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET A METASPAWN TISSUE SAMPLE IF YOU DISINTEGRATE THEM ALL THE TIME?!
MISS VALERIA, YOU SHOULDN'T BE TOUCHING THE FILTHY BUGGERS.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, POPPETS?
BARELY. THAT WAS NIGHTCRAWLER. WE GOT LUCKY.
THANKS, NANA.

NANA, WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?
TERRIBLY SORRY, MASTER PETER. I WAS CLEARING A NEST NEARBY.
FIND ANYTHING OF USE?

WHY YES, MASTER FORGE, I FOUND SOMETHING OF GREAT INTEREST.
THERE'S A HOUSE JUST NORTH OF HERE... QUITE A LARGE HOUSE.

"I BELIEVE IT WAS ONCE A SCHOOL OF SOME NOTE."
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!
PETE, LISTEN...
WE'VE BEEN USING YOUR ROUTES, FORGE! ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU'VE ACCIDENTALLY BEEN LEADING US TO THE X-MANSION?
WHOA! WE'RE CLOSE TO THE ACTUAL XAVIER INSTITUTE?
I'M NOT TAKING THE KIDS THERE! WE CAN'T TAKE THE RISK!!

LOOK, I GET IT. THE RESPAWNED TARGET MUTATES AND MUTANTS, AND THE MANSION COULD BE *CRAWLING* WITH THEM. IT *IS* A RISK.
BUT DO YOU THINK IT'S *LESS* OF A RISK, JUST *SCAVENGING* FOREVER?

WE NEED MORE THAN WE'RE FINDING ON THESE LITTLE RAIDS, AND NOT JUST FOOD. I NEED BATTERIES AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO KEEP THESE *GUNS* WORKING.
YOUR SPIDER-SENSE GOES OFF *NONSTOP* NOW, AND IF YOU DON'T FIND SOMETHING FOR THE *HEADACHES*, THEY'LL PROBABLY *KILL* YOU EVENTUALLY.

THE MANSION HAD GARDENS, GENERATORS, WEAPONS, AND A FALLOUT SHELTER WITH ENOUGH FOOD TO LAST *500 YEARS.*
EVEN IF IT'S LOOTED, WE'LL FIND *SOME*THING THERE WE NEED. HELL, MAYBE A *SHIP.* WE COULD TRY TO CATCH UP TO ONE OF THE SPACE ARKS.
NO WAY, FORGE. I HEAR YOU, BUT THE RISK IS *WAY* TOO HIGH.

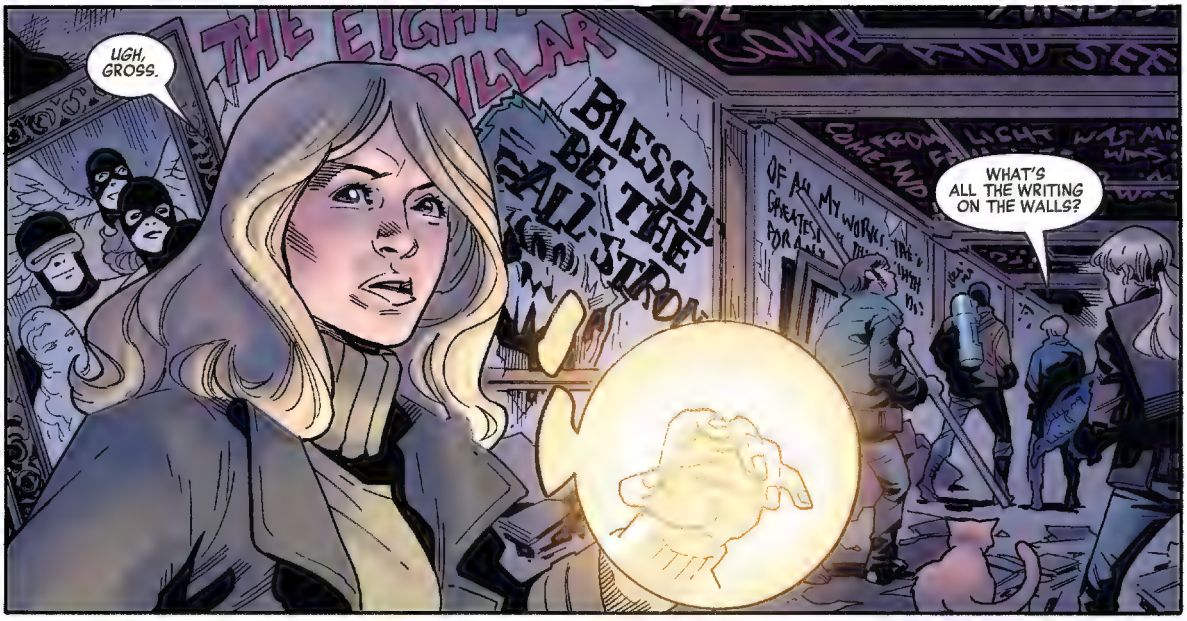
LET ME PUT THIS ANOTHER WAY:
YOU DON'T OWN ME, OR THE REST OF US.

I'M GOING HOME. WITH OR WITHOUT YOU.
COME IF YOU WANT.

THERE IT IS. SEEN BETTER DAYS.
IS THE LAWN, LIKE... BOOBY-TRAPPED OR ANYTHING?
...WHAT, LIKE A MINEFIELD?! GEEZ, MAN, THIS WAS A SCHOOL!
I REMEMBER THIS PLACE GETTING BOMBED OUT LIKE FIFTY TIMES.
KIDS USED TO EAT LUNCH OUT HERE!
NANA? DID YOU EVER...
...WERE YOU EVER HERE BEFORE, NANA?
I'M AFRAID I HAVE NO MEMORY OF MY TIME BEFORE YOU TOOK ME IN, MASTER FRANKLIN.
WHY DO YOU ASK?

NO REASON.
NANA, STAY OUTSIDE. GIVE US A HEADS-UP IF YOU SEE HUMANS APPROACHING.
IF YOU SEE *RESPAWNED*...
UNDERSTOOD, SIR.
DO YOU EVER FEEL WEIRD ABOUT CAPTURING AND REPROGRAMMING A LITERAL KILLING MACHINE AS AN ENGLISH NANNY?
WHY WOULD I? SHE'S JUST A COMPUTER.
I THOUGHT THE SWEET OLD NANNY THING MIGHT MAKE IT LESS SCARY FOR FRANKLIN.
YOU NEVER WORRY SHE MIGHT TURN ON YOU SOMEDAY?
LOOK, I PROMISED SUE I'D PROTECT HER KIDS, AND I CAN'T DO IT BY MYSELF. THE DEAD HAVE GOT ALL THE GREATS... CAP, TONY, *THOR*, EVERYONE.
NANA'S PROGRAMMED TO PROTECT FRANKLIN AND VAL NO MATTER WHAT. SHE'S SOLID.
UH-HUH.
ARE YOU EVER GONNA TELL THE KIDS WHY FRANKLIN'S POWERS ARE GONE? WHY HE'S NOT AGING?
NO.

OKAY, LET'S DO THIS.
WE'LL HIT THE KITCHEN AND PANTRY FIRST, THEN WORK OUR WAY DOWN TO THE SCIENCE WING.
WHAT WAS IT LIKE THE LAST TIME YOU WERE HERE?
LOUD. A NEW CLASS OF STUDENTS HAD JUST COME IN.
A COUPLE OF LITTLE FIGHTS BROKE OUT, I THINK...BUT THEY WERE JUST NERVOUS. HANK WAS IN CHARGE THAT DAY.
ALL RESPECT TO PROFESSOR XAVIER, BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT HANK WAS THE BEST TEACHER IN THE PLACE... THE BEST WITH THE KIDS, THE MOST PATIENT.
YOU SHOULDN'T GIVE THE NAME "BEAST" TO A GUY LIKE THAT.
CREEEAK


UGH, GROSS.
BLESSED BE THE ALL-STRO
WHAT'S ALL THE WRITING ON THE WALLS?

DON'T WORRY, THIS STUFF WAS PROBABLY WRITTEN YEARS AGO. NOT A LOT OF *DEADHEADS* LEFT THESE DAYS.
WHAT ARE... DEADHEADS?

SICKOS WHO USED TO WORSHIP THE RESPAWNED. THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION...THE HEIRS TO MUTANTKIND OR SOMETHING.
EARLY IN THE INVASION, I HEARD SOME RESPAWNED NESTS LIKED TO KEEP DEAD-HEADS AROUND...AS LONG AS THEY KEPT BRINGING THEM *OTHER PEOPLE* TO FEED ON.

NEVER MADE MUCH SENSE TO ME, I ALWAYS FIGURED IT WAS--
WHAT WAS THAT?
BUMP

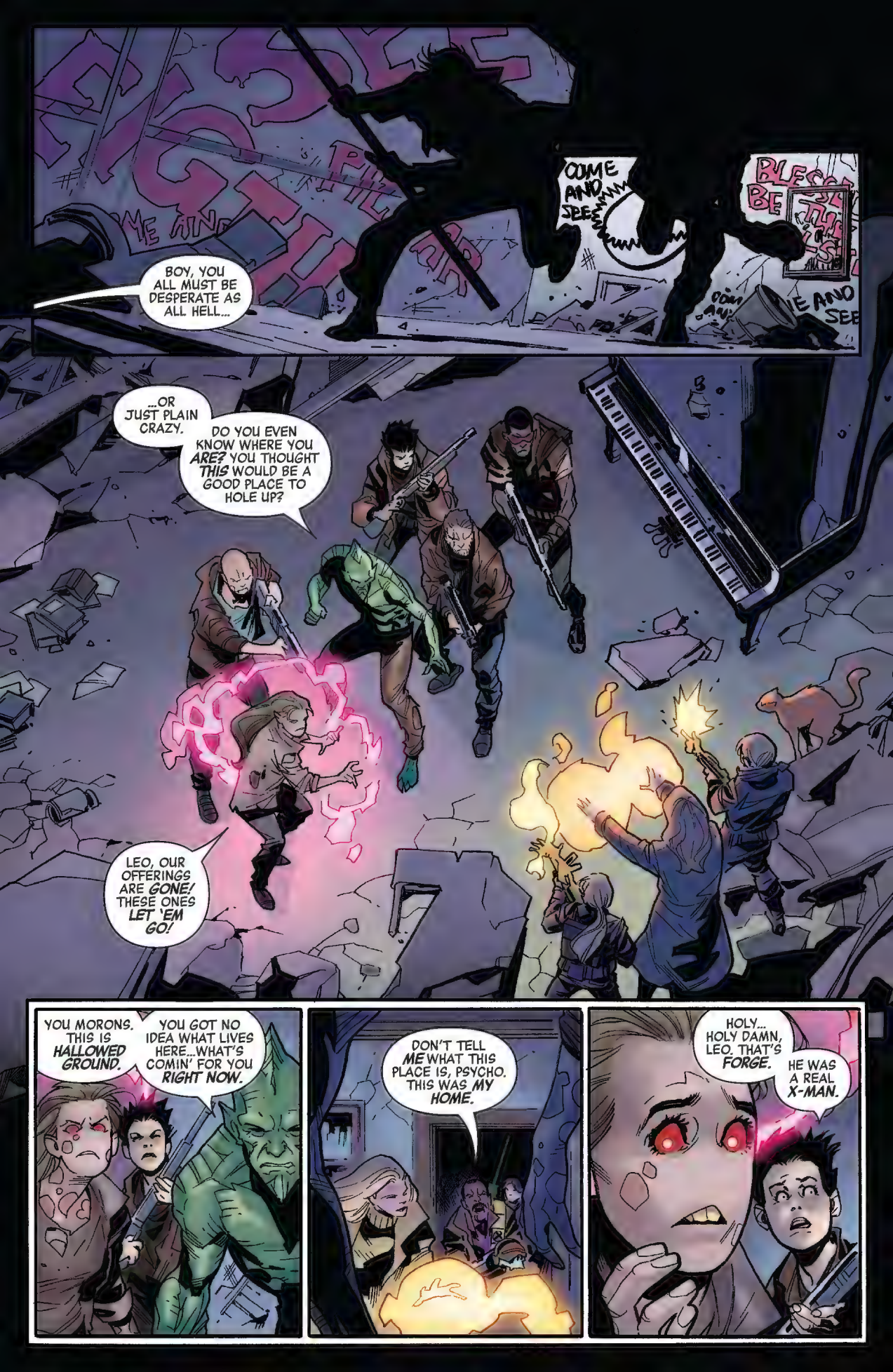
WHAT'S THIS ROOM?
PANTRY.

WE'RE ARMED.
IF ANYBODY'S IN THERE, *BACK AWAY FROM THE DOOR.*

ARE THE OTHERS GONE?
COME ON OUT.
WE WON'T HURT YOU.

A GROUP YOUR SIZE'LL MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE IN THE BRUSH. THERE'S AN OLD TRAILHEAD AT THE EDGE OF THE GROUNDS.
FOLLOW THE TRAIL AND TRAVEL AT NIGHT WHEN YOU CAN. YOU SHOULD BE OKAY.
THANK YOU. THANK YOU ALL. WE'LL NEVER FORGET THIS.
I REMEMBER YOU.
HUH? ME?
I SAW YOU ONCE. BEFORE, IN THE CITY.
A MINIVAN WENT OFF A BRIDGE AND YOU CAUGHT IT. YOU SAVED A WHOLE FAMILY.
GOD BLESS YOU, SPIDER-MAN.
GOD BLESS YOU.

WOW. ALMOST LIKE THE OLD DAYS, HUH?
=SNIFF=
WHEN WE FOUND THEM IN THERE, YOU KNOW WHAT MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS?
THOUGHT, "THEY'LL LEAD THE DEAD RIGHT TO US. THEY'LL NEVER SURVIVE OUT THERE ON THEIR OWN.
"IT'S KINDER JUST TO LOCK THEM BACK INSIDE."
THESE LAST FEW YEARS, I'VE DONE THINGS I NEVER THOUGHT I'D DO...TO PROTECT FRANKLIN AND VAL, YOU KNOW?
BUT IF I'VE FALLEN SO FAR THAT I'M WEIGHING THE PROS AND CONS OF SAVING STRANGERS' LIVES, I DON'T DESERVE TO WEAR THE SUIT ANY--
SKRAWWWK-- MASTER PETER!
LIVING HUMANOIDS APPROACHING THE MAIN ENTRANCE, SIR!


BOY, YOU ALL MUST BE DESPERATE AS ALL HELL...
COME AND SEE
...OR JUST PLAIN CRAZY.
DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE YOU ARE? YOU THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE TO HOLE UP?
LEO, OUR OFFERINGS ARE GONE! THESE ONES LET 'EM GO!
YOU MORONS. THIS IS HALLOWED GROUND.
YOU GOT NO IDEA WHAT LIVES HERE...WHAT'S COMIN' FOR YOU RIGHT NOW.
DON'T TELL ME WHAT THIS PLACE IS, PSYCHO. THIS WAS MY HOME.
HOLY... HOLY DAMN, LEO. THAT'S FORGE.
HE WAS A REAL X-MAN.

A X-MAN?
THAT... THAT DON'T MATTER A BIT. ANY ONE OF US COULDA BEEN A X-MAN. THAT'S WHAT WE CAME HERE FOR, WHEN THE GALACTUS HIVE CAME DOWN!
BUT WE DIDN'T FIND NO MUTANTS HERE. WE FOUND ONE O' THE ALL-STRONG, WHOSE HUNGER IS GONNA--
NO DISRESPECT TO YOUR CREEPY MONOLOGUING CRED, BUT I'M GONNA MOVE THINGS ALONG HERE.
YOU'RE DEADHEADS. YOU WERE GONNA FEED INNOCENT PEOPLE TO THE RESPAWNED TO SAVE YOURSELVES. THAT'S ABOUT AS LOW AS IT GETS FOR ME.
BUT DESPITE ALL THAT, I FIND MYSELF FEELING A LITTLE BIT BAD FOR YOU GUYS. KNOW WHY?
BECAUSE YOU JUST WALKED INTO A FIGHT YOU COULDN'T HOPE TO WIN ON YOUR BEST DAY.
OUR CAT COULD LITERALLY EAT YOU FOR BREAKFAST.
IT'S A FLERKEN.
SHUT UP.
SO DO YOURSELVES A FAVOR: TAKE A PASS, WALK OUT THAT DOOR AND NEVER COME BACK HERE.
WE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE, MEATSACK.
AND WHEN THE ALL-STRONG GETS HERE, NEITHER ARE--
DOOM

DOOM
CREEYYY-K-K-K-K...
MASTER! W-WE'VE BROUGHT YOU MUTATES AS OFFERINGS!
THEY STOLE THE OTHERS WE WERE KEEPIN' FOR YOU, BUT... BUT MUTATES! THAT'S EVEN BETTER, RIGHT?
DOOM
GRRRRRRRR...
"FROM... FROM FLESH CAME HUNGER, AND THE HUNGER WAS M-MADE FLESH..."
DOOM
"...AND A VOICE SPAKE, 'OF ALL MY WORKS, THE GREATEST IS THE EIGHTH, FOR ONLY THROUGH IT...
DOOM
"...W-WILL THE WORLD BE RIGHTED.'"
CREEEYY-K-K

SPLORCH
ROOWWWWRR!!!
$#@%!
HANK!
THAT'S BEAST! BEAST WAS ON THE GALACTUS MISSION WITH MOM AND DAD!
CREYYYYYYYK...
HANK... HANK, IT'S ME!
FORGE, DON'T...!
STAY BACK, PETE!

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, HANK! THE SMARTEST GUY I EVER KNEW IS STILL IN THERE, AND WE NEED YOU!
YOUR OLD LAB'S HERE! YOU CURED THE LEGACY VIRUS IN THAT LAB--WE CAN CURE THIS TOO!
"CURE."
IT'S YOU WE'RE CURING.
SHRYPPP
FORGE! NOOOOO!!!
SHHH SHH SHH. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, OLD FRIEND.
YOU JUST HAVEN'T SEEN WHAT I'VE--

KA-CRAAASSH
DIE, YOU HORRID LITTLE BEAST!
FOR US, THERE IS NO DEATH.
KRANG
RRRIPPP
BWHOOOOOOOM
RAAAAA
THWAPP
WHAT...?!
KRUNNNG
CRASH
YOU KILLED FORGE.

THAT GUY LOVED YOU.
KA-CRACK
TWUNNNG
TWAANNNNG
FWIPP-
WIPP-
WIPP-
WIPP
BUT CAN I BE HONEST?
I ALWAYS THOUGHT...
SHRACK
...YOU HAD A LOT MORE FANCY TALK...
THWACK
...THAN GAME.
WHAM
FWIPP-
WIPP-
WIPP-

THUMP
OOPS.
GET BACK, FRANKLIN.
NO! DON'T KILL IT!
MASTER FRANKLIN, THEY SHARE A HIVE MIND! AS LONG AS IT SEES US, THEY ALL SEE US!
IT COULD KNOW WHERE MOM AND DAD ARE!
YOU WERE ON THE GALACTUS MISSION WITH OUR FAMILY! WHERE ARE THEY?!
FRANKLIN RICHARDS. MOST BELOVED OF THE EIGHTH PILLAR.
YOU WERE STOLEN FROM US.
YOUR FAMILY IS WITH HIM.
HE WHOSE HUNGER WILL CLEANSE ALL WORLDS. THEY WAIT FOR YOU.

"HE WHOSE HUNGER"...YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT GALACTUS! THEY'RE IN THE GALACTUS HIVE!
NOBODY'S SEEN THE GALACTUS HIVE IN YEARS.
IT'S STILL NEAR.
HE WHO HUNGERS GATHERS HIS ARMIES IN THE BLACKSPRING: THE WORLD BEHIND THE WORLD, WHERE THE ENDING BEGINS.
YOUR PARENTS WAIT FOR YOU THERE, FRANKLIN.
COME AND SEE.
KA-THRAAK
NO!!!
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?! HE COULD HAVE LED US TO MY FAMILY!
IT'S A TRAP, KID! THE SOONER YOU GIVE UP ON THIS FANTASY OF "CURING" YOUR PARENTS--
WHY CAN'T WE CURE THEM?

WHAT?
WHO'S TO SAY THE RESPAWNED AREN'T THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION? WE CLEARLY SAW THAT BEAST STILL RETAINED SOME OF HIS MEMORIES AND INTELLIGENCE.
MAYBE IT'S JUST A MATTER OF CURING THE "HUNGER" THEY ALL TALK ABOUT.
MAYBE WE COULD MAKE THEM THEM AGAIN.
DAD SAID THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.
OKAY...VAL? I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE OF YOUR "RESPAWNED ARE PEOPLE" BIT, ALL RIGHT? WE NEED TO GET MOVING--MORE DEAD WILL BE COMING.
MOONSTONE, GIVE THE HOUSE A QUICK ONCE-OVER WHILE I PATCH UP NANA, AND WE'LL... .
...MOONSTONE?

MOONSTONE! KARLA!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
YOU REMEMBER THAT RESISTANCE CELL WE RAN WITH DURING THE NEW YORK INVASION? MAX, BUCKY, THOSE GUYS?
...YEAH?
THOSE WERE GOOD TIMES. I MEAN, THE FIGHTING WAS INTENSE, BUT WE ALL KNEW IT MATTERED, YOU KNOW? GOOD GUYS, BAD GUYS, ALL OF US.
AND YOUR WHOLE "DEVOTED DAD" THING TURNED ME ON. IT WAS CUTE, MADE ME WANT TO HELP.
BUT THE HERO GIG WAS NEVER MY THING.
HELL, IT'S BARELY YOUR THING ANYMORE. AND SUICIDE MISSIONS TO THE GALACTUS HIVE ARE DEFINITELY NOT MY THING.
I WON'T LET THEM GO AFTER GALACTUS. I'LL STOP THEM.
KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT.
DON'T GO.
GOOD LUCK, PETE.
I HOPE YOU MAKE IT.

PETE, LOOK AT THIS!
...WHAT?
I FIGURED OUT HOW TO FIND THE GALACTUS HIVE!
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE SEEN SOMEONE FROM THE GALACTUS MISSION! THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING!
THEY WENT OUTSIDE THE SOLAR SYSTEM ON THAT MISSION. THEY WERE EXPOSED TO RADIATION UNLIKE ANYTHING ON EARTH.
NOW THAT WE HAVE A SAMPLE OF THAT RADIATION... ANYTHING ON EARTH WITH THIS RADIOLOGICAL SIGNATURE, WE CAN TRACK IT!
SOMETHING AS BIG AS GALACTUS WILL LIGHT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS--
HEY, GUYS?
WILL YOU PLEASE LISTEN TO ME FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIVES?!?
THERE'S NO CURE!
YOU THINK WE DIDN'T TRY THAT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING?! THOSE THINGS' CELLS DIE BEFORE THEY EVEN TURN!!!
A SCIENCE WHIZ LIKE YOU DOESN'T GET THAT YOU CAN'T CURE A DEAD ORGANISM?!?

LOOK, I... I'M SORRY! I KNOW IT'S BEEN HARD, AND I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T DONE BETTER BY YOU.
BUT MOONSTONE JUST LEFT US! FORGE IS DEAD! IT'S JUST US NOW!
THE ONLY THING I HAVE LEFT IS KEEPING YOU GUYS ALIVE.
LOOKING FOR YOUR PARENTS... LOOKING FOR THE GALACTUS HIVE... IS SUICIDE!
OKAY. YOU'RE RIGHT, I GET IT.
WE SHOULD PACK UP AND GO. MORE OF THEM WILL BE COMING.
DAMN IT.

MJ!
FRANKLIN! VAL!
CLINK
MJ?!
FRANKLIN!
ARE YOU OKAY? WHERE'S...?
SPIDER-MAN... LOOK OUT.

SH-SHE'S HERE.
MJ'S HERE?
CRACK
WHOUUFFF!
NOT MARY JANE, SPIDER-MAN.
THANK YOU FOR WATCHING THE KIDS.
MOTHER WILL TAKE IT FROM HERE.

GAAAHH!
KIDS?
CHEWIE?
NANA?
NO NO
NO NO
NO

FRANKLIN! VAL! I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY! I'LL GO WITH YOU, I PROMISE!
PLEASE DON'T GO AFTER THEM ALONE!
ALONE?
KA-THRAAACK
THEY'RE NOT ALONE, PETE.

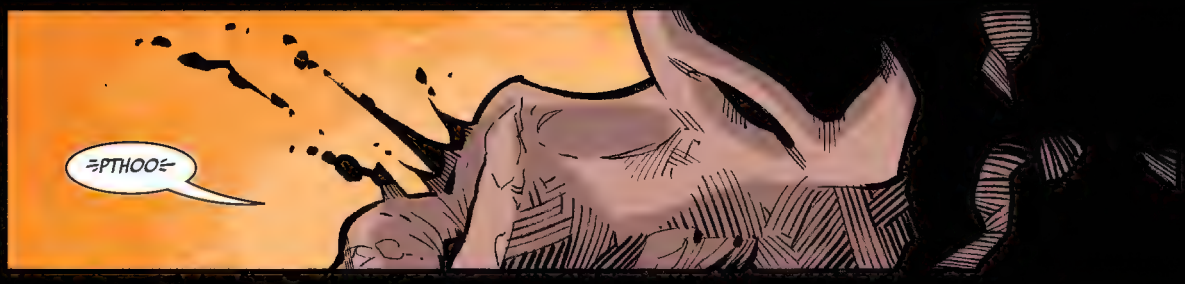
NONE OF YOU WILL EVER BE ALONE AGAIN.
I'M SORRY, PETE. I REALLY DID WANT YOU TO MAKE IT.
BUT YOU'LL SEE.
THIS IS SO MUCH BETTER.

WHICK
WHICK
WHICK
WHUMP
FWUMP
WHUMP
NOW LET ME SEE...

...BEFORE THIS ONE SHOWED UP, I OVERHEARD THE OTHER TWO SAYING THEY KNEW HOW TO FIND THE *GALACTUS HIVE.*
ROOM FOR ONE MORE?

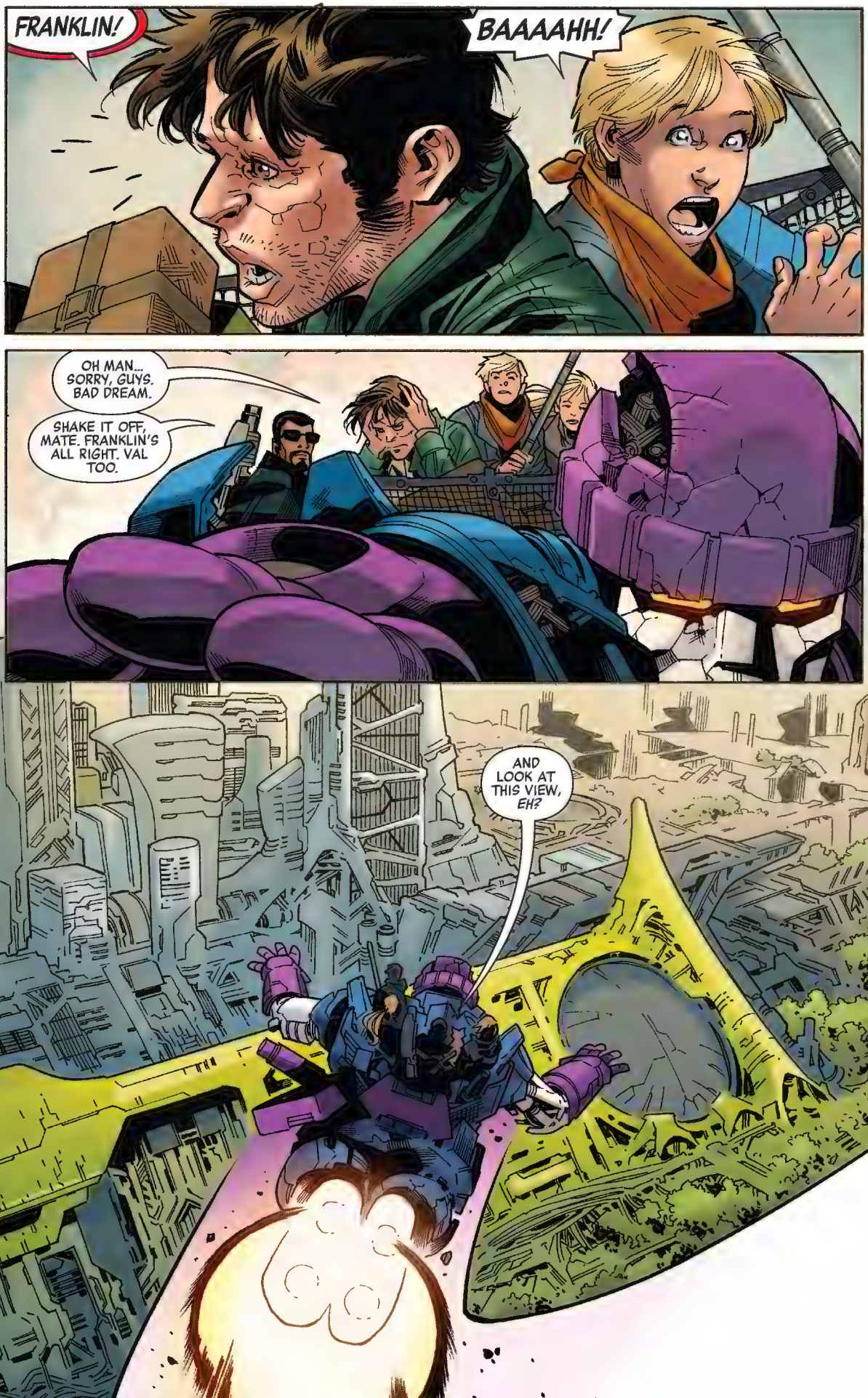
MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION [2020] #2

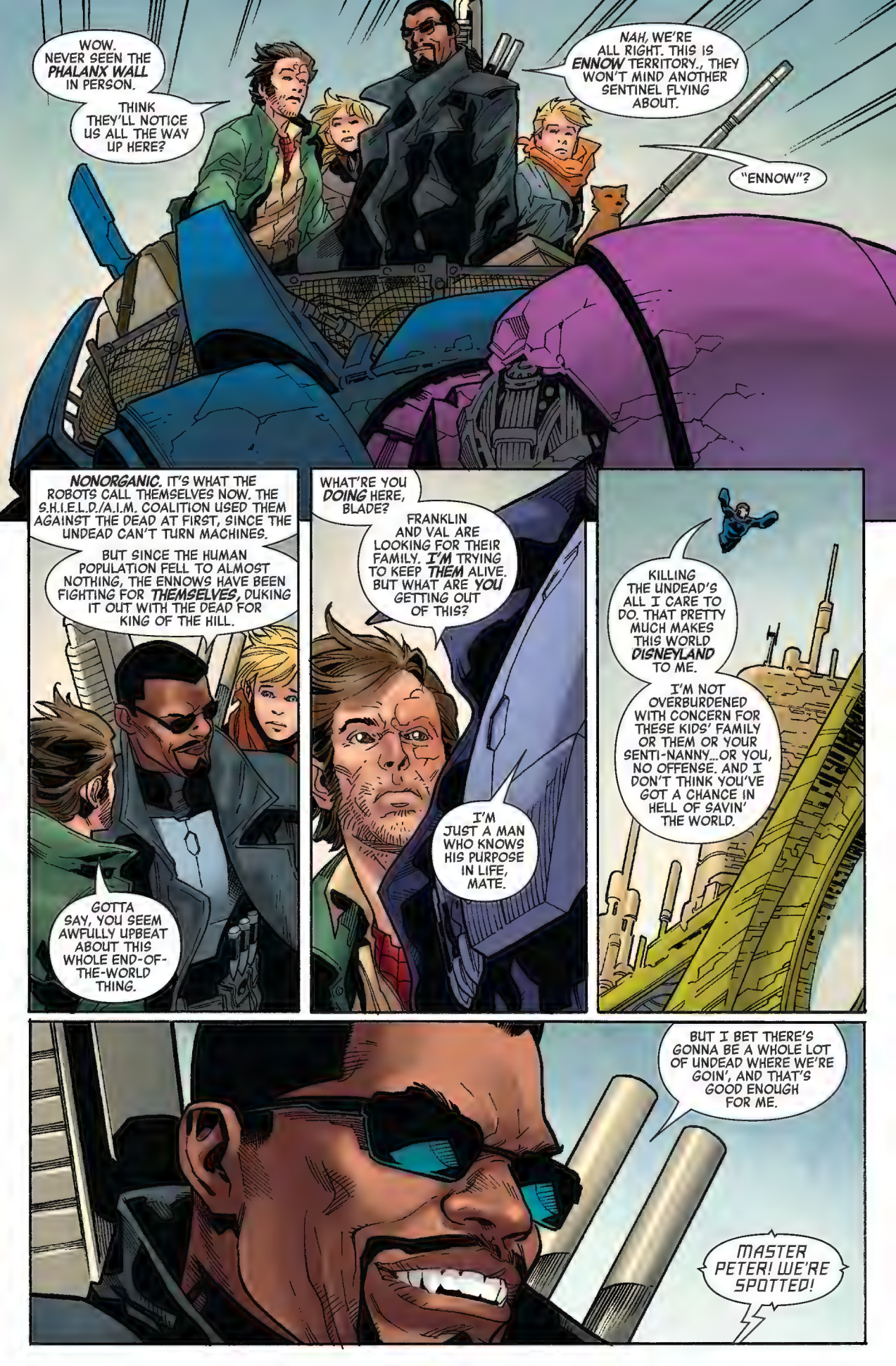
KA-KRASSH


=PTHOO=

DON'T... DON'T DO IT.
I WANT TO THANK YOU, PETER.

THANK YOU FOR CARING FOR THE KIDS SO MUCH. YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN LIKE *FAMILY* TO US.
PLEASE DON'T.
SUE.
PLEASE DON'T.
BUT WE HAVE A *NEW* FAMILY NOW.
...MOM?
SOON *YOU* WILL, TOO.
SPLURK
NOOOOO!


FRANKLIN!
BAAAAHH!
OH MAN... SORRY, GUYS. BAD DREAM.
SHAKE IT OFF, MATE. FRANKLIN'S ALL RIGHT. VAL TOO.
AND LOOK AT THIS VIEW, EH?


WOW. NEVER SEEN THE PHALANX WALL IN PERSON.
THINK THEY'LL NOTICE US ALL THE WAY UP HERE?
NAH, WE'RE ALL RIGHT. THIS IS ENNOW TERRITORY., THEY WON'T MIND ANOTHER SENTINEL FLYING ABOUT.
"ENNOW"?
NONORGANIC. IT'S WHAT THE ROBOTS CALL THEMSELVES NOW. THE S.H.I.E.L.D./A.I.M. COALITION USED THEM AGAINST THE DEAD AT FIRST, SINCE THE UNDEAD CAN'T TURN MACHINES.
BUT SINCE THE HUMAN POPULATION FELL TO ALMOST NOTHING, THE ENNOWS HAVE BEEN FIGHTING FOR THEMSELVES, DUKING IT OUT WITH THE DEAD FOR KING OF THE HILL.
GOTTA SAY, YOU SEEM AWFULLY UPBEAT ABOUT THIS WHOLE END-OF-THE-WORLD THING.
WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE, BLADE?
FRANKLIN AND VAL ARE LOOKING FOR THEIR FAMILY. I'M TRYING TO KEEP THEM ALIVE. BUT WHAT ARE YOU GETTING OUT OF THIS?
I'M JUST A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS PURPOSE IN LIFE, MATE.
KILLING THE UNDEAD'S ALL I CARE TO DO. THAT PRETTY MUCH MAKES THIS WORLD DISNEYLAND TO ME.
I'M NOT OVERBURDENED WITH CONCERN FOR THESE KIDS' FAMILY OR THEM OR YOUR SENTI-NANNY...OR YOU, NO OFFENSE. AND I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE IN HELL OF SAVIN' THE WORLD.
BUT I BET THERE'S GONNA BE A WHOLE LOT OF UNDEAD WHERE WE'RE GOIN', AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
MASTER PETER! WE'RE SPOTTED!

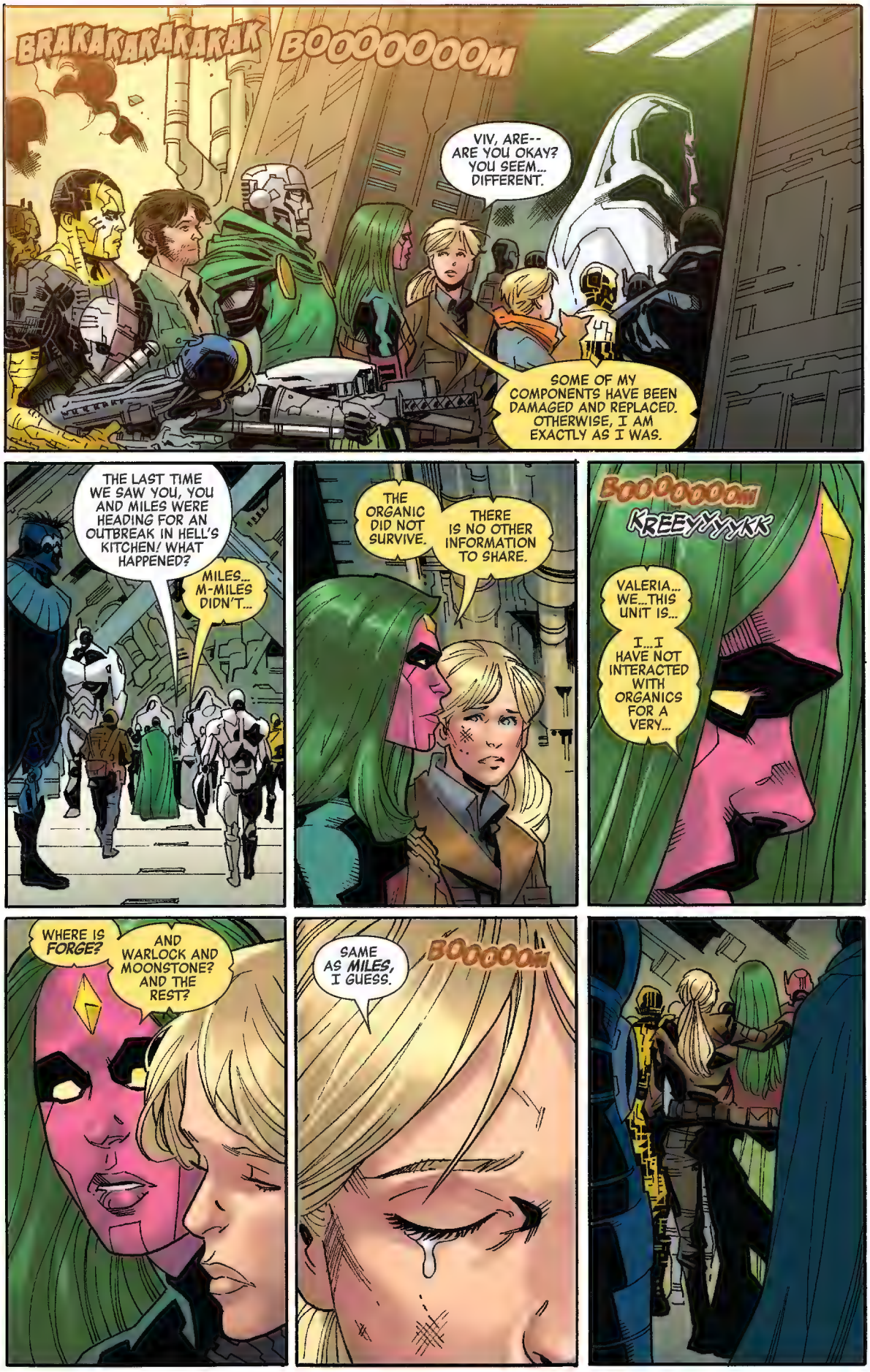
METASPAWN APPROACHING!
WHO ARE THEY?
NOBODY I RECOGNIZE, SIR.
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.
TCHOOOM
AAAAHH!
BAWHOOOOM
NANA!
SHRACCCK
HOLD ON, POPPETS!
TCHOOM TCHOOM TCHOOM
SHA-THRAACK
BOOOM
SKRAWWNG
OH...
OH DEAR... O-OH D--

KWHAAMMMM
SKRRRNNNNNK
OOF. MAN... IS EVERYBODY--
PETE! THERE'S MORE OF THEM!
A LOT MORE!
OH GOD.
NANA!
NANA, GET--

BRRRR
KREYYYYYKK!
BRRRR
KREYYYYYKK
BWHOOM
NANA, GET UP! WE HAVE TO--
LEAVE IT! WE HAVE TO MOVE!
ENNOW UNIT UNDER ASSAULT.
ELIMINATE ORGANIC THREAT.
WHAT?! WE'RE NOT A THREAT! SHE'S WITH US!
STOP!!!
STAY AWAY...

...FROM MY BABIES!!!
THOOOM
RAAAAAAA!
SHRRUUPPP
TZZZT TZZZZT TZZZZZT
ROWWWWRR!
CEASE ALL OFFENSIVE ACTIONS.

YOU WILL SURRENDER ALL WEAPONS AND SUBMIT TO MACHINE COALITION CUSTODY.
AARON? FRANK?
VIV!
OH MY GOD, VIV, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE OKAY! IT'S VAL AND FRANKLIN--DO YOU EVEN RECOGNIZE US?!
VIV, WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
DESIGNATES: VISION AND CASTLE, DISARM AND DETAIN ALL UNINFECTED ORGANICS.
51
GET THEM AWAY FROM THE FIGHTING AND DELIVER THEM TO THE HOLDING BAYS.


BRAKAKAKAKAK
BOOOOOOOM
VIV, ARE-- ARE YOU OKAY? YOU SEEM... DIFFERENT.
SOME OF MY COMPONENTS HAVE BEEN DAMAGED AND REPLACED. OTHERWISE, I AM EXACTLY AS I WAS.
THE LAST TIME WE SAW YOU, YOU AND MILES WERE HEADING FOR AN OUTBREAK IN HELL'S KITCHEN! WHAT HAPPENED?
MILES... M-MILES DIDN'T...
THE ORGANIC DID NOT SURVIVE.
THERE IS NO OTHER INFORMATION TO SHARE.
BOOOOOOOM
KREEYYYYKK
VALERIA... WE...THIS UNIT IS...
I...I HAVE NOT INTERACTED WITH ORGANICS FOR A VERY...
WHERE IS FORGE?
AND WARLOCK AND MOONSTONE? AND THE REST?
SAME AS MILES, I GUESS.
BOOOOOM

UM...LONG TIME NO SEE, FRANK.
SO...WHAT *HAPPENED?* HOW'D YOU END UP HERE?
FOR ANY ORGANIC, CHANCES OF EXPOSURE TO THE RESPAWNED INCREASE EXPONENTIALLY OVER TIME. THE *TRANSMODE VIRUS* IS THE ONLY LONG-TERM PREVENTATIVE MEASURE.
BRAKATAK
WAIT...YOU DID THIS TO *YOURSELF?*
BOOOM
MOST ARE ASSIMILATED VOLUNTARILY. ANY ORGANIC WHO ENGAGES THE RESPAWNED WHILE VULNERABLE IS A GREATER LIABILITY THAN ASSET.
GOOD THINKING, MATE.
GIVE UP YOUR HUMANITY SO YOU DON'T LOSE YOUR HUMANITY. *CREATIVE.*
MORON.
YOUR NON-VIABLE CELLULAR COMPOSITION INDICATES THAT "HUMANITY" IS A SUBJECT OF WHICH YOU HAVE LIMITED UNDERSTANDING.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
I BELIEVE YOU WOULD CALL IT A... WAITING ROOM.
WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE WAITING FOR?

FOR THE TRANSMODE VIRUS TO RUN ITS COURSE.
HISSSSSS!
WHAT?!
VIV! VIV, DON'T DO THIS!!!
VALERIA, YOU ARE NOT SAFE AS YOU ARE. YOUR LIKELIHOOD OF INFECTION BY THE RESPAWNED INCREASES EVERY MOMENT.
T-O BONDING IS THE ONLY RECOURSE. THE STRAIN DEVELOPED BY THE S.H.I.E.L.D./A.I.M. COALITION IS THE LEAST PAINFUL AND LEAST TRANSFORMATIVE.
WHEN YOUR BODIES ARE STERILIZED OF ANY RESPAWN-RELATED TOXICITY, THE PROCESS WILL BEGIN, AND THEN YOU WILL BE SAFE.
VIV, NO! THIS ISN'T WHO YOU WERE MEANT TO BE! YOU'RE NOT JUST A MACHINE!
YOU THINK MILES WOULD WANT THIS?!
THE HYBRID IS NON-VIABLE TO TECHNO-ORGANIC BONDING. IT SHOULD BE DESTROYED.
IT OFFERS NO THREAT. IT WILL BE HOUSED WITH THE OTHERS.
WHAT OF THE BOY?
IT IS UNAWARE OF ITS...NATURE BUT WOULD BE OF GREAT VALUE AGAINST THE RESPAWNED.
BOOOM BOOOOOM
ALL THE ORGANICS WILL BE HOUSED TOGETHER FOR NOW, REGARDLESS OF VIABILITY OR STRATEGIC VALUE.
DESIGNATE: CASTLE, DISMISSED. ASSESS THE RESPAWNED THREAT ON THE NORTH WALL.

YOU DON'T BELONG HERE WITH THEM, VIV! GET US OUT OF HERE, AND COME WITH US! FRANKLIN AND I ARE GOING TO GET OUR FAMILY BACK!
GET THEM... BACK?
WE'RE GOING AFTER THE GALACTUS HIVE!
WHY WOULD YOU ALLOW THIS, PETER? YOU MUST KNOW THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE.
WHEN I TRIED SHUTTING THEM DOWN, THEY JUST SNEAKED AWAY WHILE I WAS SLEEPING. THEY'RE GOING WITH OR WITHOUT ME.
VAL THINKS SHE HAS A SHOT AT CURING THE DEAD.
THE RESPAWNED ARE NOT A DISEASE. THEY ARE A SUB-MICROBIAL PARASITIC ORGANISM, SHARING A COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS.
THE PARASITE KILLS THE HOST BODY UPON EXPOSURE. IT IS NOT THE BRAIN THAT RE-ANIMATES THE CORPSE, BUT THE PARASITE ITSELF. THERE IS NO CURE.
THAT'S NOT WHAT DAD USED TO SAY.
DAD SAID THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.
BOOOM
BOOOOOOM
WHOA! THAT FELT CLOSE! COULD THE DEAD ACTUALLY BRING THIS THING DOWN?
THIS TOWER CAN WITHSTAND ANY ATTACK, SHORT OF A--
KRAKOOOOOOM
CRAAASH

ROOOOAAAARRRR!!!
RUN.

KRAKATHOOOOM
KOOOOM KOOOOM
WE NEED NANA!
THE SENTINEL WAS SENT TO REPAIR AND RECOVERY! IT'S TOO FAR!
KOOOOM KOOOOM
BESIDES, BY NOW THE PROGRAMMING YOU WROTE FOR IT WILL HAVE BEEN UNDONE! SHE WON'T REMEMBER YOU, FRANKLIN OR--
KOOOOM
KOOOOM
KOOOOM
KOOOOM
MISS VALERIA! MASTER FRANKLIN!

I'M COMING, POPPETS!!!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?!
SHE IS DOWNLOADING A PROGRAM THAT WOULD ALLOW HER STRUCTURE AND CIRCUITRY TO HEAL AND ADAPT AS ORGANICS DO!
BUT THE PROCESS WAS NOT FINISHED! THE RESULTS MAY BE...
...UNPREDICTABLE.
WOO-HOOOOOO!
HIGHER, NANA! THOSE HULKS ARE WAY TOO CLOSE!
I'M TRYING, MISS VALERIA!
WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT.
WE HAVE TO!
YEAH. BUT WE'RE NOT.

WHY ARE YOU REALLY GOING AFTER GALACTUS, PETER?
I TOLD YOU! THE KIDS--
NOT THEM. WHY ARE YOU GOING?
BECAUSE I...I...
...BECAUSE I WANT TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING AGAIN.
THEN BELIEVE IT.
VIV! NO!!!

THOOOM

WHAT'RE YOU MAKING?
TRYING TO FINISH ANOTHER BIO-WEAPON FORGE WAS WORKING ON WHEN HE... WHEN WE LOST HIM.
IT'LL BE A GOOD ONE IF IT WORKS.
THE GALACTUS RADIATION TRAIL IS STILL GETTING STRONGER. I THINK WE'RE ALMOST THERE.
BUT...HOW DOES THAT MAKE SENSE? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, AND THE GALACTUS HIVE ALWAYS WENT FOR POPULATION CENTERS.
CAN YOU NOT THINK OF A POPULATION CENTER IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN?

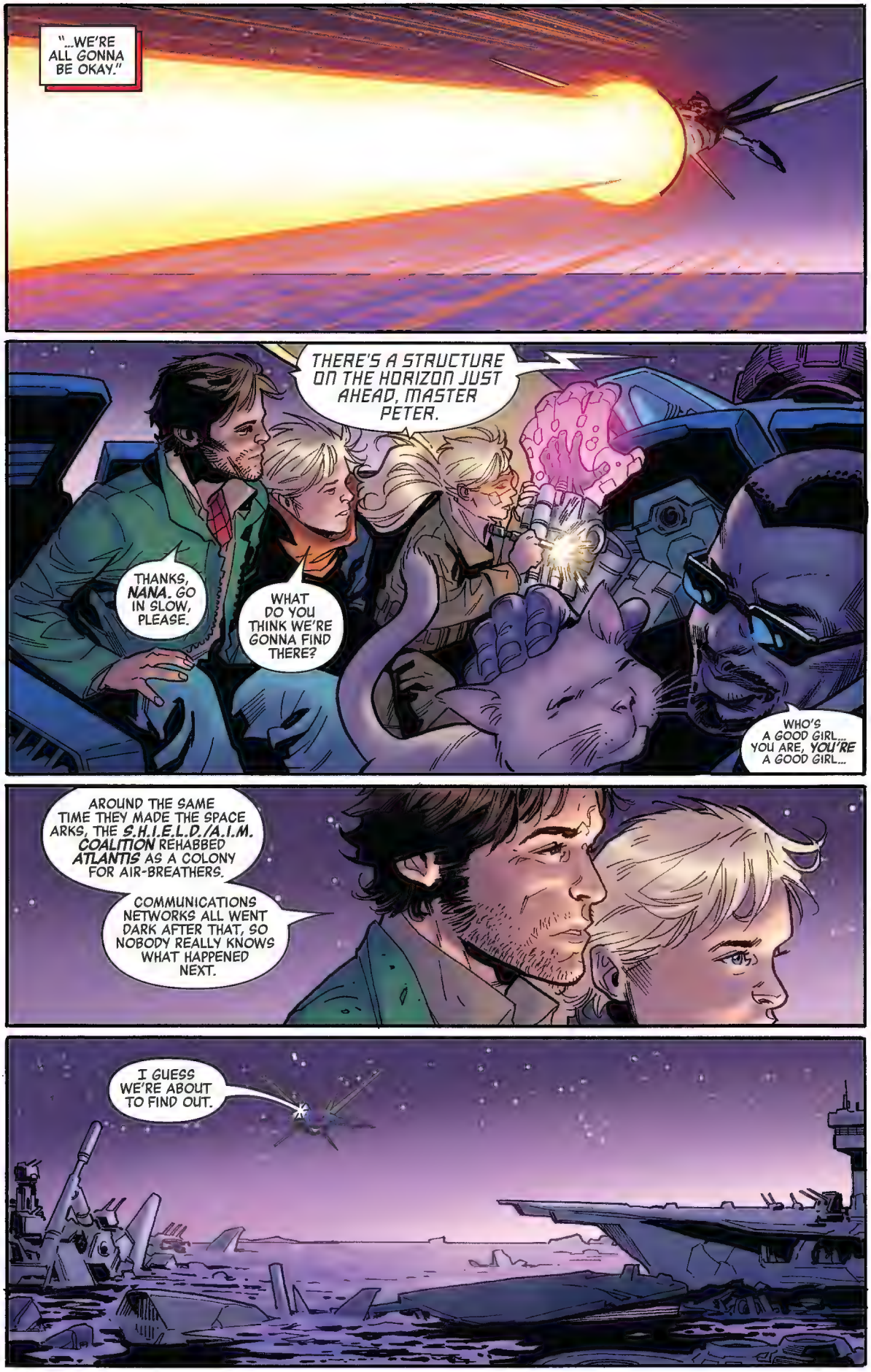
"I THINK WE'RE HEADED FOR THE ATLANTIS COLONY."

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION [2020] #3

NO!
FRANKLIN!!!
YOU'VE INFECTED HIM!
HE BELONGS WITH HIS FAMILY, PETER.
AND HE'S SO POWERFUL. HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW POWERFUL HE IS... HOW PRECIOUS HE IS TO US.
IF YOU'RE LUCKY...
...SOON MARY JANE WILL COME FOR YOU TOO.

AAAAAAH!!!
WHAM
FWOOOOOSH
CRASH
STOP HIM!
NOOOOO! STOP HIM!

YOU'RE OKAY, FRANKLIN... *PLEASE* DON'T TURN. HANG IN THERE, BUDDY...
THWIP
...YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY...

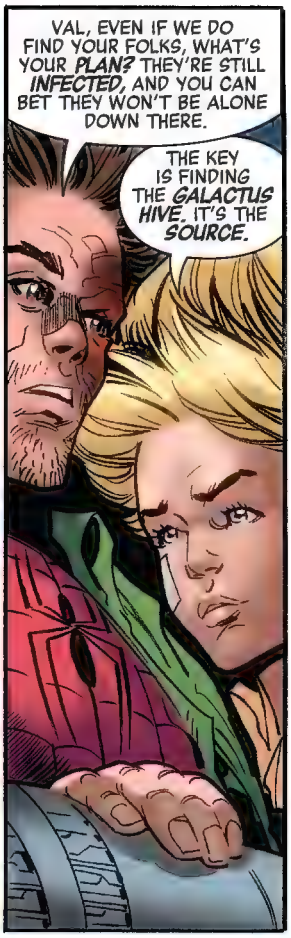

"...WE'RE ALL GONNA BE OKAY."
THERE'S A STRUCTURE ON THE HORIZON JUST AHEAD, MASTER PETER.
THANKS, NANA. GO IN SLOW, PLEASE.
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE GONNA FIND THERE?
WHO'S A GOOD GIRL... YOU ARE, YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL...
AROUND THE SAME TIME THEY MADE THE SPACE ARKS, THE S.H.I.E.L.D./A.I.M. COALITION REHABBED ATLANTIS AS A COLONY FOR AIR-BREATHERS.
COMMUNICATIONS NETWORKS ALL WENT DARK AFTER THAT, SO NOBODY REALLY KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.
I GUESS WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT.

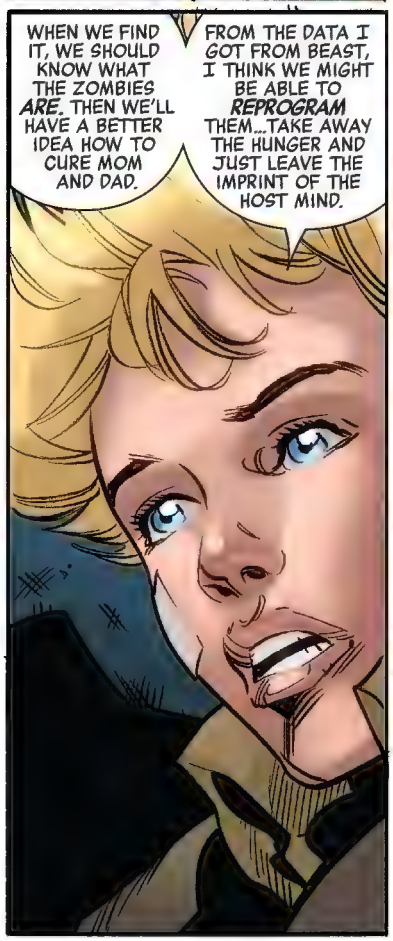
ROWWWRRRR
MISS CHEWIE EXPRESSES HER UNEASINESS.
CHEWIE'S OKAY. AREN'T YOU, GIRL?
THE RADIATION'S NOT AS STRONG AS I EXPECTED, BUT THE TRAIL DEFINITELY ENDS HERE. GALACTUS MUST BE BELOW US SOMEWHERE.
OKAY, GANG. LAST CHANCE TO BACK OUT.
ARE WE REALLY DOING THIS?
THOOOOOOOM
WHOA!
UM... WHAT WAS THAT?
MOVEMENT DETECTED BELOW, MASTER PETER!
WE NOTICED, NANA, THANKS!
GROOAAANN
EVERYBODY HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!
RRMMMMBLL

CREEYYYYYK
KRANNNNNK
CREYAWWK!
INCOMING!
VUUUUUUM'M
RAAAAAAAA
ZR AAA
PEW EW WW
KACHOOOM
CREYLLYK
NANA! ELEVATOR SHAFT!

EVERYBODY IN, IF YOU PLEASE!
KATHOOOOOOOM

ZRAAAAKK
KACHOOM
OKAY, I GUESS WE'RE DOING THIS.


VAL, EVEN IF WE DO FIND YOUR FOLKS, WHAT'S YOUR PLAN? THEY'RE STILL INFECTED, AND YOU CAN BET THEY WON'T BE ALONE DOWN THERE.
THE KEY IS FINDING THE GALACTUS HIVE. IT'S THE SOURCE.


WHEN WE FIND IT, WE SHOULD KNOW WHAT THE ZOMBIES ARE. THEN WE'LL HAVE A BETTER IDEA HOW TO CURE MOM AND DAD.
FROM THE DATA I GOT FROM BEAST, I THINK WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO REPROGRAM THEM...TAKE AWAY THE HUNGER AND JUST LEAVE THE IMPRINT OF THE HOST MIND.

WE HAVE TO TRY. THEY'D DO IT FOR US.
YEAH.
FINE. I GUESS WE CAME ALL THIS WAY.

MIGHT AS WELL DO SOMETHING REALLY STUPID.
CLICK

CRUNNNNNK
MAN...
...EVEN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.
THE WORLD BEHIND THE WORLD
BLESSED BE THE ALL STRC
COME AND SEE
EIGHTH PILLAR
MY SENSORS DETECT VITAL SIGNS AHEAD BUT THEY ARE VERY FAINT. NO ZOMBIE OR METASPAWN SIGNATURES.
I GUESS THE DEAD ONES GOT IN HERE TOO.
THEN WHERE *ARE* THEY? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN...IF THE PEOPLE HERE GOT TURNED, WHERE'D THEY *GO?*
YEAH. I EXPECTED EITHER A LOT OF PEOPLE OR A LOT OF ZOMBIES, BUT NOT... *NOTHING.*
"BLACKSPRING"?
ZOMBIE BEAST TALKED ABOUT THAT.
CALLED IT..."THE WORLD BEHIND WORLDS," OR SOMETHING, RIGHT BEFORE MOONSTONE DISINTEGRATED HIM.
GOOD RIDDANCE. HORRID THING.
HISSSS

DORM 12
THAT'S NEW. WHAT IS IT?
LITTLE SECRET WEAPON I'VE BEEN WORKING ON. THE ORGANIC PARTS USED TO BELONG TO...SOMEBODY DANGEROUS.
I STARTED MAKING MY OWN WEAPONS WHEN I WAS PRETTY YOUNG TOO.
YEAH? EVER MAKE ANYTHING LIKE THIS?
NEVER NEEDED ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
MISS VALERIA, MASTER BLADE! DON'T BE BOASTFUL--IT'S IMPOLITE.
MY BAD, NANA.
WHERE'S FRANKLIN???
FRANKLIN?!
FRANKLIN!!! GEEZ LOUISE, KID, DON'T RUN OFF LIKE THAT! WHAT WERE YOU--
I KNOW VAL THINKS WE CAN GET MOM AND DAD BACK.
BUT WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT OUT OF HERE, ARE WE?

...
I DON'T KNOW, FRANKLIN. IT'LL BE A HARD ONE, FOR SURE.
THEN CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK? THE NIGHT I...GOT HURT?
HOW'D I LOSE MY POWERS? WHY DON'T I AGE ANYMORE?
I... FRANKLIN, I...I PROMISED YOUR PARENTS I'D KEEP YOU SAFE.
THAT NIGHT, YOU GOT HURT REALLY BAD, AND I...WE DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO TO MAKE YOU OKAY.
I KNOW HOW HARD IT'S BEEN FOR YOU. I KNOW IT PROBABLY SEEMS LIKE I CAN'T KNOW, BUT I DO.
JUST KNOW THAT YOU'RE STILL YOU, OKAY, BUDDY?
YOU'RE STILL YOU.
AND WE LOVE YOU.

CREEEEEEAAAK
GOD, COULD THIS PLACE BE ANY CREEPIER?
THE SAVAGE LAND'LL LOOK LIKE FROYO HOUSE AFTER THIS.
WHAT'S ON THE FAR WALL?
IS THAT A PERSON ON THAT THING?!
MY SENSORS INDICATE THE MAN IS A MUTANT AND IS, IN FACT, ALIVE.
HEY! HEY, CAN YOU HEAR US?
DON'T TOUCH HIM! NO WAY THIS ISN'T A TRAP!
YOU'RE GONNA BE OKAY, WE'RE HERE TO--
OH MY GOD.

LOGAN?!?

LOGAN, LIKE...LIKE THE LOGAN?
LOGAN, WE'RE GONNA GET YOU OUTTA HERE! NANA, CAN YOU--
TSK
OF COURSE, MASTER PETER.
TSSSSSSSS
LOGAN, LOOK AT ME! IT'S ME, PETER! SPIDER-MAN!
WHO... WHOOZIT?
PETE... PETE, I DON'T...
...I DON'T THINK HE CAN SEE YOU.
WHAT? NO, HE'S WOLVERINE, HE CAN'T BE--
EVEN MUTANT POWERS HAVE THEIR LIMITS. SOMEBODY'S BEEN AT HIM A LONG, LONG TIME.
GET 'EM OUTTA HERE...
WHAT?
DUMB KID...THEY KNEW YOU WERE COMIN'... ALL OVER THERE WAITIN'...
IT'S A TRAP.
OH, LOGAN...

...ALWAYS GIVING AWAY THE BIG SURPRISE.
MAGIK!
TCHOOM TCHOOM
TCHOOM TCHOOM
KLANNNG
NANA!
BRAKAKAKAKAKAK
HISSSSSSS
BACK, YOU LITTLE--
THWIPP

WHAM
THE CAT'S WITH US, LADY.
SHE'S A FLERK--
OHMYGODVAL, I KNOOOWWWWWW SHE'S A FLERKEN. CAN YOU EVER JUST LET A GOOD LINE HANG IN THE AIR FOR A SECOND?
ZUUUUUUUMM
LOOK OUT!
OOOF!
WHUMP
WELCOME TO BLACKSPRING.
OR AS I USED TO CALL IT...

LIMBO.

AT... LAST.
NO!
FRANKLIN. VAL.
MOMMY'S HERE.
MOM! MOM, DAD!
WE CAME TO GET YOU OUT...TO-- TO CURE YOU!
CURE 'EM?
YOU CAN'T CURE 'EM, KID... THAT'S NOT YOUR FAMILY!

THEY'RE THE BROOD.
NO, LOGAN. OUR FOREBEARS WERE THE BROOD. LITTLE MORE THAN ANIMALS, LIKE YOU.
BUT THEY FOUND HIM...THE HOST THAT WOULD USHER THEM INTO THE NEXT STAGE OF THEIR EVOLUTION.
GALACTUS WAS NOT JUST FOOD OR A VESSEL FOR EGGS...HE WAS A GOD. HUNGER ITSELF, THE HUNGER MADE FLESH.
WHEN THE BROOD PLANTED THEIR EGGS IN HIM, THEIR UNION GAVE BIRTH TO US, A NEW LIFE-FORM... THE GREATEST POWER IN THE UNIVERSE.
THE HUNGER COSMIC. THE HUNGER THROUGH WHICH ALL WORLDS WILL BE CLEANSED.
SINCE THAT DAY, WE'VE DEVOURED WORLDS... SOLAR SYSTEMS... GALAXIES.
BUT THE MOMENT WE FOUND MAGIK WAS WHEN WE TRULY ASCENDED. FROM LIMBO, WE CAN INVADE ANY WORLD IN THE MULTIVERSE IN AN INSTANT.
AND WHEN WE'VE CONSUMED ALL OF THIS WORLD'S METAHUMANS, WE WILL.

YOU ROBBED US OF ONE OF THIS WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL HOSTS, PETER. FRANKLIN RICHARDS WAS BITTEN, BUT SOMEHOW, HE HASN'T TURNED.
THAT SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.
BUT WE'LL FIX IT NOW, WON'T WE, SWEETIE? WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN! VAL TOO!
M-MOM...MOM, DAD, DON'T DO THIS! I CAN MAKE YOU OKAY AGAIN! THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY, DAD, YOU SAID!
SUE... DON'T.
WHY SO SAD, PETER?
YOUR FAMILY'S HERE TOO.
HEY, TIGER.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH I'VE MISSED YOU.
NOW WE CAN FINALLY BE TOGETHER...
...FOREVER.

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #4

THEN.
ALERT.
HUMANOIDS ARE APPROACHING THE BUILDING.
KA-CHAK
DEAD, ENNOWS OR SCAVENGERS?
WAIT. DON'T SHOOT.
CRACK

HELP.
PLEASE HELP US.
WHAT HAPPENED?
HE'S BITTEN!
I'M REALLY SORRY, PETE. BUT YOU NEED TO STEP AWAY FROM HIM.
BACK OFF. WE CAN SAVE HIM.
YOU CAN SAVE HIM.
CAN'T YOU?
NOT FROM THIS, PETER. I'M SORRY.
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SORRY!!!
YOU'RE TELLING ME NONE OF YOU CAN SAVE A DYING KID?! ONE KID?!
I CAN.
WITH DOCTOR STRANGE'S HELP, I CAN SAVE HIM.

NOW.
"BUT NOT THE WAY YOU WANT."
MJ?
I LOOKED FOR YOU, BABE. FOR MONTHS I LOOKED.
IT'S OKAY, PETE.
IT WON'T MATTER SOON.
SPLURTCH
NO.
WHAT... WHAT IS THIS?!?
YOU!!! WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?!
THIS ISN'T FRANKLIN RICHARDS!
FWUMP

IT'S A PHALANX!!
PETER?
PETER, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
FRANKLIN... Y-YOU WERE TURNING! DYING!
"WARLOCK MADE YOU A NEW BODY FROM TECHNO-ORGANIC MATTER, AND DOCTOR STRANGE TRANSFERRED YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS INTO IT BEFORE YOUR OLD BODY DIED!
"IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOU!"
I'M SORRY I DIDN'T TELL YOU, BUDDY... I DIDN'T WANT--
YOU'VE DENIED US ONE OF THE ALL-STRONG!
WE'LL RIP YOU APART FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

ZRAAHAAA
YOU--YOU'RE NOT WHAT I THOUGHT YOU'D BE.
FWUMP
WHUMP
YOU'RE NOT OUR MOM.
ZRAAAAAAAK!
CREYYYYYYYK!
WE SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO YOU, PETE.
BUT NOW WE HAVE TO KILL THEM ALL.
CREYYYYYYAAWWK

HACK
HACK
BUURR
RRRRUHP
BRRRRRRRRAPP
SHATHOOOOM
AREN'T THOSE THE ENNOWS CHEWIE ATE AT THE PHALANX TOWER?
GOOD KITTY, CHEWIE!!!
IT'S STILL ME, PETE.
IT'S NOT. YOU'RE NOT HER.
WE'RE NOT WHAT YOU THINK. WE'RE BETTER THAN WE WERE.
YOU CAN BE TOO. WE'D BE CLOSER THAN EVER... LIKE THE SAME PERSON.
PLEASE, PETE.
PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME AGAIN.

CREYYYYYYYK
ZZZRRACK
HISSSSSSS
HAHAHAHA, YEAH! THIS IS WHAT I SIGNED UP FOR!
BRRRAAAPP
BRAAPPP
COME ON!
FINALLY, NO NEED TO PULL PUNCHES OR--
AAGH...!
THRACCK
WHY DO YOU STILL FIGHT?
SURELY YOU KNOW YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE?
WHY WOULD I EVER WANT TO LEAVE, HONEY? I'M IN PARADISE.
HM. ANOTHER BIG TALKER.
I KNOW SOMETHING OF--
I'M SORRY, GIRL.

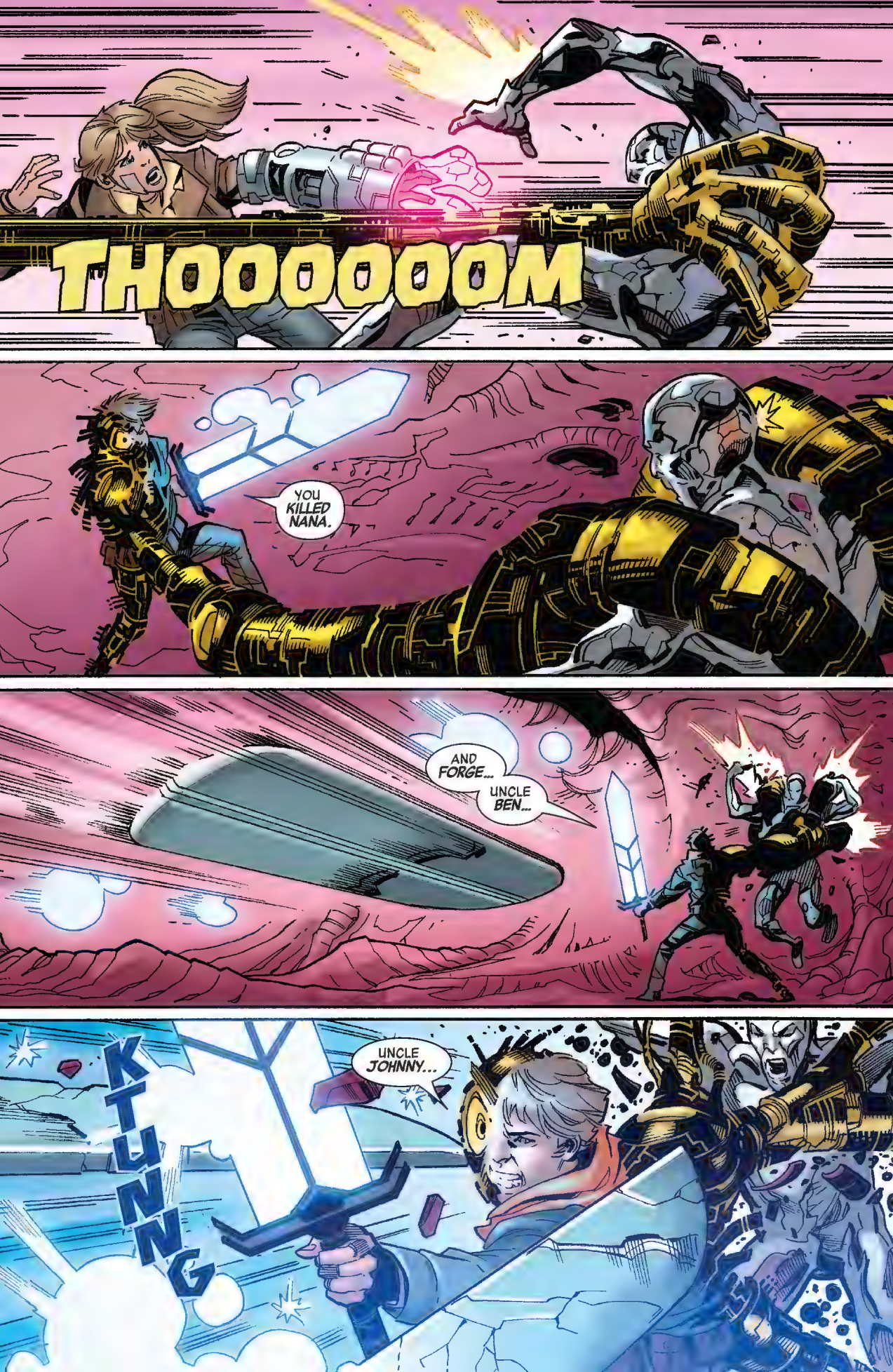
THWOCK
TELL YOUR BROTHER I'M REAL SORRY.
KTHUNK
WE HAVE TO GET TO THE GALACTUS HIVE!

PETE, NO. DON'T LEAVE ME AGAIN.
I... MJ, I DIDN'T...
I WON'T LET YOU LEAVE ME AGAIN!
PETE, NO! YOU WERE RIGHT!
THEY'RE NOT OUR FAMILY!
NOT MY FAMILY.
I LOVE YOU, BABE. WHEREVER YOU ARE.

BRAAPPP BRAAPPP
ZOOOOOM
FWOOOSH
WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WHEN WE REACH THAT THING?
IF WE REACH IT!
BRAAPPP BRAAPPP
HERE THEY COME!
HOLD THEM OFF!
THERE'RE TOO MANY! NANA, GO FASTER!
THIS IS MY MAXIMUM SPEED IN MY CONDITION, MASTER PETER!
CREYYYY-IK-IK-IK-IK
KRANNG
CRUNNNK
KTANNG
GET THEM OFF OF NANA!!!
I'M SO PROUD OF YOU BOTH, YOU KNOW.
WHAT?
NANA, WHAT'RE YOU...

NANA, NO!!!
FWOOOOSSH
KAKOOOOOOOOOM
NANA!
EVERYBODY HOLD ON TO SOMETHI--

KRAKOOOOOM
=COUGH=
THEY KILLED NANA!
YEAH.
EVERYBODY ELSE OKAY?
ROWWUHR
I JUST NEED TWO MINUTES.
HUMMM
THEN THIS WILL ALL BE OVER.
BOOOM
IT'S ALREADY OVER.

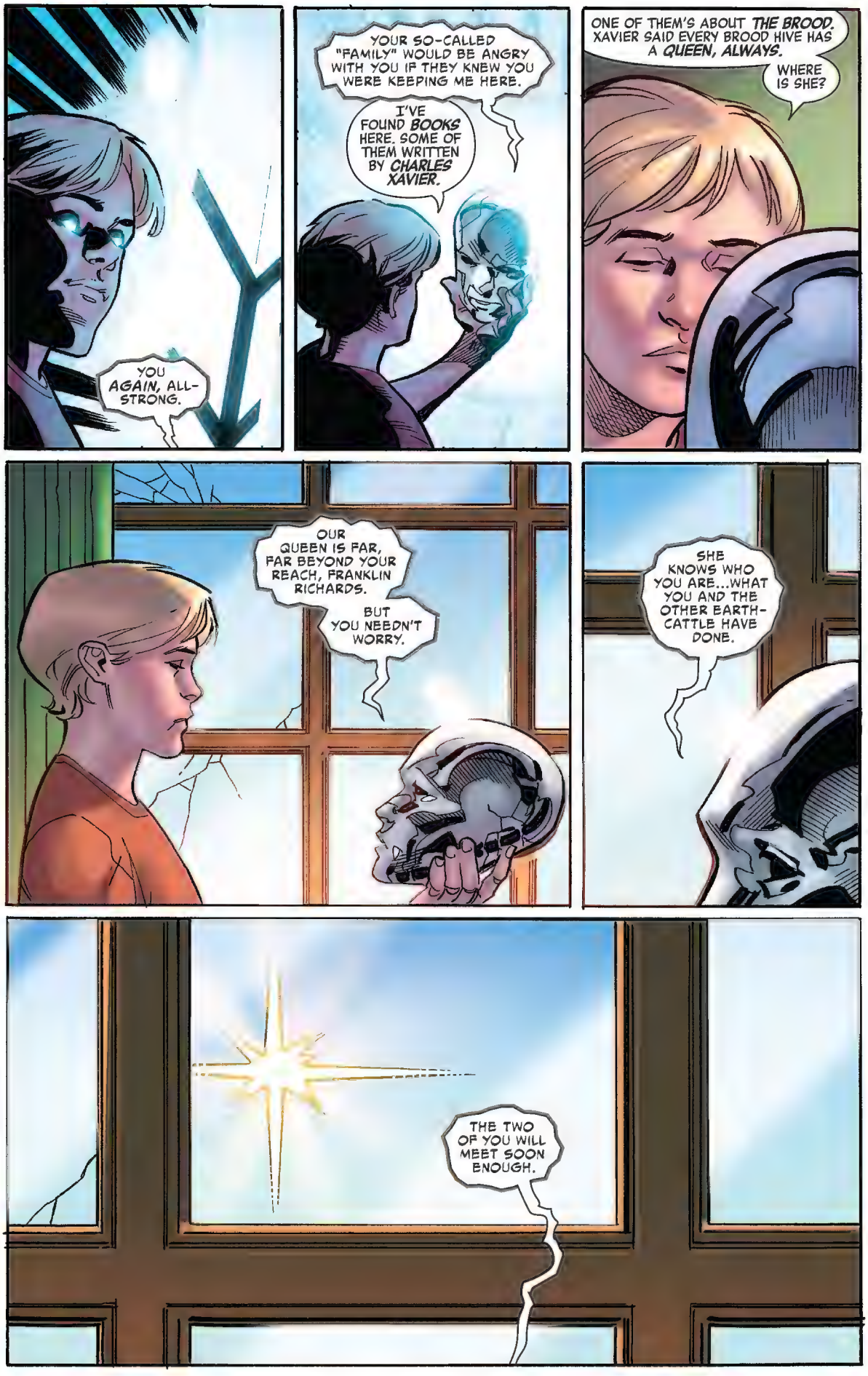

THOOOOOOM
YOU KILLED NANA.
AND FORGE...
UNCLE BEN...
KTUNNG
UNCLE JOHNNY...

MOM AND DAD.
SHRRRECK
YOU'RE NOT KILLING ANYONE ELSE.
THERE ARE MORE COMING! ALL OF YOU, GET OUT OF HERE!
NOT WITHOUT YOU!
I CAN'T LET GO UNTIL THIS IS FINISHED!
VAL...WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT IS THAT?
FORGE TOOK THIS HAND FROM THE CORPSE OF A POWERFUL MUTANT.
HIS NAME WAS REMY LEBEAU.

CREYYYYYK
GET THEM OUT, FRANKLIN! THE SWORD WILL KNOW HOW!
CREYYYAAAAHHHKK
DO IT!
VUUUUMMMM
VUUUU
UUUU
UUMMM
MMM

ONE MONTH LATER.
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SALVAGE THE NECESSARY ASSETS TO CONSTRUCT FISSION REACTOR ENGINES FROM THE HANGAR BAY.
NANA WON'T WANT FISSION REACTOR ENGINES.
FISSION REACTOR ENGINES ARE THE MOST PRACTICAL AND EFFICIENT POWER SOURCE FOR SENTINEL TECHNOLOGY.
FISSION REACTORS GIVE OFF TRACE GAMMA RADIATION 24/7. NANA WOULD HAVE TO VENT OUTDOORS EVERY NIGHT.
I DON'T WANT NANA STAYING OUTDOORS. SHE'S FAMILY.
...I SEE.
WOULD NANA FIND A SOLAR/NUCLEAR HYBRID ENGINE ACCEPTABLE?
SOLAR/ NUCLEAR SOUNDS PERFECT.

WHAT'S NEXT FOR YOU, LOGAN?
THOUGHT I MIGHT TRY TO GET THE SCHOOL UP AND RUNNING AGAIN.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT'S GONNA LOOK LIKE, BUT THE WORLD STILL HAS MUTANTS, AND THEY STILL NEED X-MEN.
I BET FRANKLIN WOULD LIKE TO BE A PART OF THAT.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU GONNA BE OKAY?
I THINK MAYBE SO.
THE KIDS AREN'T REALLY "KIDS" ANYMORE. THEY CAN OBVIOUSLY TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES NOW.
ONCE WE GET NANA BACK ONLINE, I THINK WE'RE GONNA TRY GETTING BACK INTO THE HERO GAME TOO.
"WE NEED SOMETHING TO GET US MOVING FORWARD AGAIN."


YOU AGAIN, ALL-STRONG.
YOUR SO-CALLED "FAMILY" WOULD BE ANGRY WITH YOU IF THEY KNEW YOU WERE KEEPING ME HERE.
I'VE FOUND BOOKS HERE. SOME OF THEM WRITTEN BY CHARLES XAVIER.
ONE OF THEM'S ABOUT THE BROOD. XAVIER SAID EVERY BROOD HIVE HAS A QUEEN, ALWAYS.
WHERE IS SHE?
OUR QUEEN IS FAR, FAR BEYOND YOUR REACH, FRANKLIN RICHARDS.
BUT YOU NEEDN'T WORRY.
SHE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE...WHAT YOU AND THE OTHER EARTH-CATTLE HAVE DONE.
THE TWO OF YOU WILL MEET SOON ENOUGH.

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #1 SKETCH VARIANT BY ED McGUINNESS

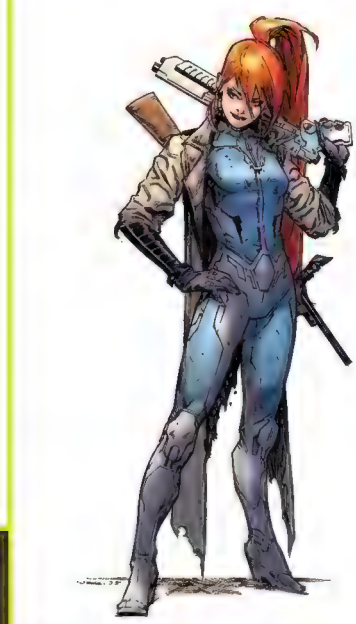
DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #1 VARIANT BY ED McGUINNESS & GURU-eFX

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #2 70TH ANNIVERSARY FRAME VARIANT BY TONY MOORE

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #7 2ND-PRINTING VARIANT BY ROB LIEFELD & MATT YACKEY

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #10 IRON MAN BY DESIGN VARIANT BY CHRISTIAN NAUCK

MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 VARIANT BY GREG LAND & NOLAN WOODARD



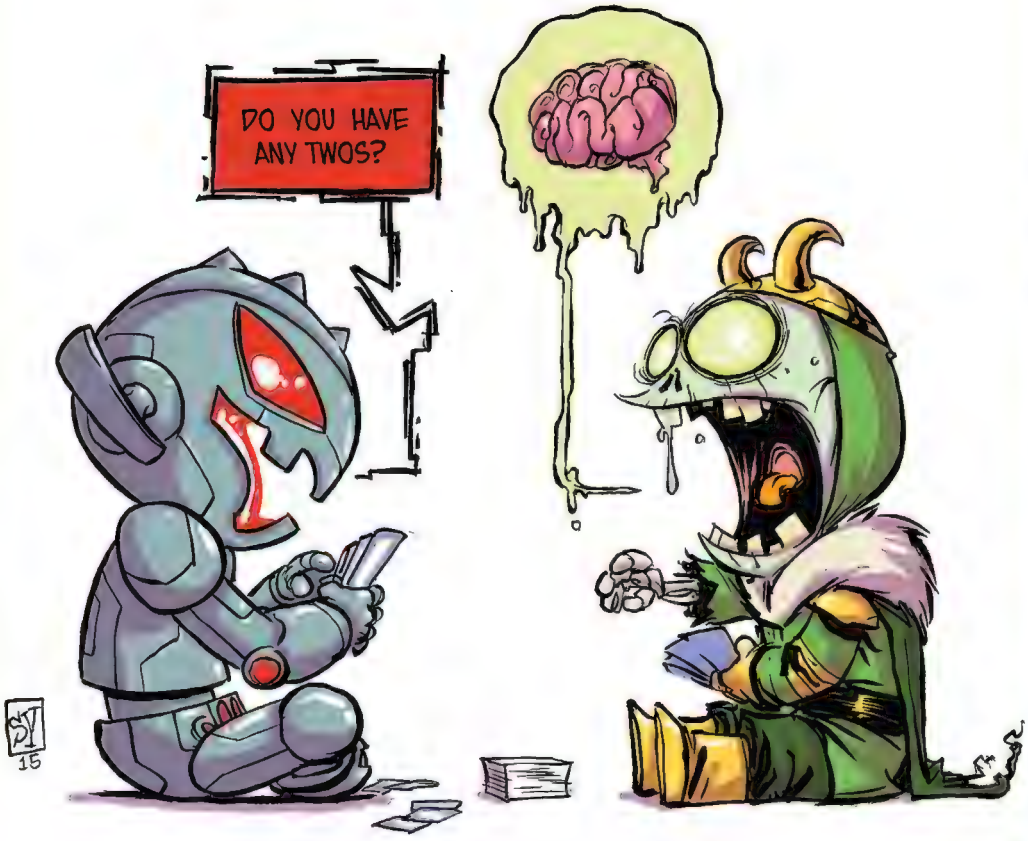
MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 ANT-SIZED VARIANT BY JEROME OPEÑA & JASON KEITH

MARVEL ZOMBIES #2 VARIANT BY GABRIEL HERNANDEZ WALTA

MARVEL ZOMBIES #3 VARIANT BY BOBBY RUBIO

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 VARIANT BY ROCK-HE KIM

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 ANT-SIZED VARIANT BY PAT BRODERICK & EDGAR DELGADO



AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 VARIANT BY SKOTTIE YOUNG

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #1 AGENTS OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VARIANT BY **NATHAN FOX**

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #2 VARIANT BY **ALEX MALEEV**

AGE OF ULTRON VS. MARVEL ZOMBIES #3 VARIANT BY FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA

MARVEL ZOMBIE VARIANT BY INHYUK LEE

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2019) #1 VARIANT BY NICK BRADSHAW & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2019) #1 VARIANT BY GREG LAND & FRANK D'ARMATA

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2019) #1 VARIANT BY JUNGGEUN YOON

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1 VARIANT BY RIAN GONZALEZ

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1 VARIANT BY GREG LAND, JAY LEISTEN & FRANK D'ARMATA

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1 VARIANT BY STEPHANIE HANS

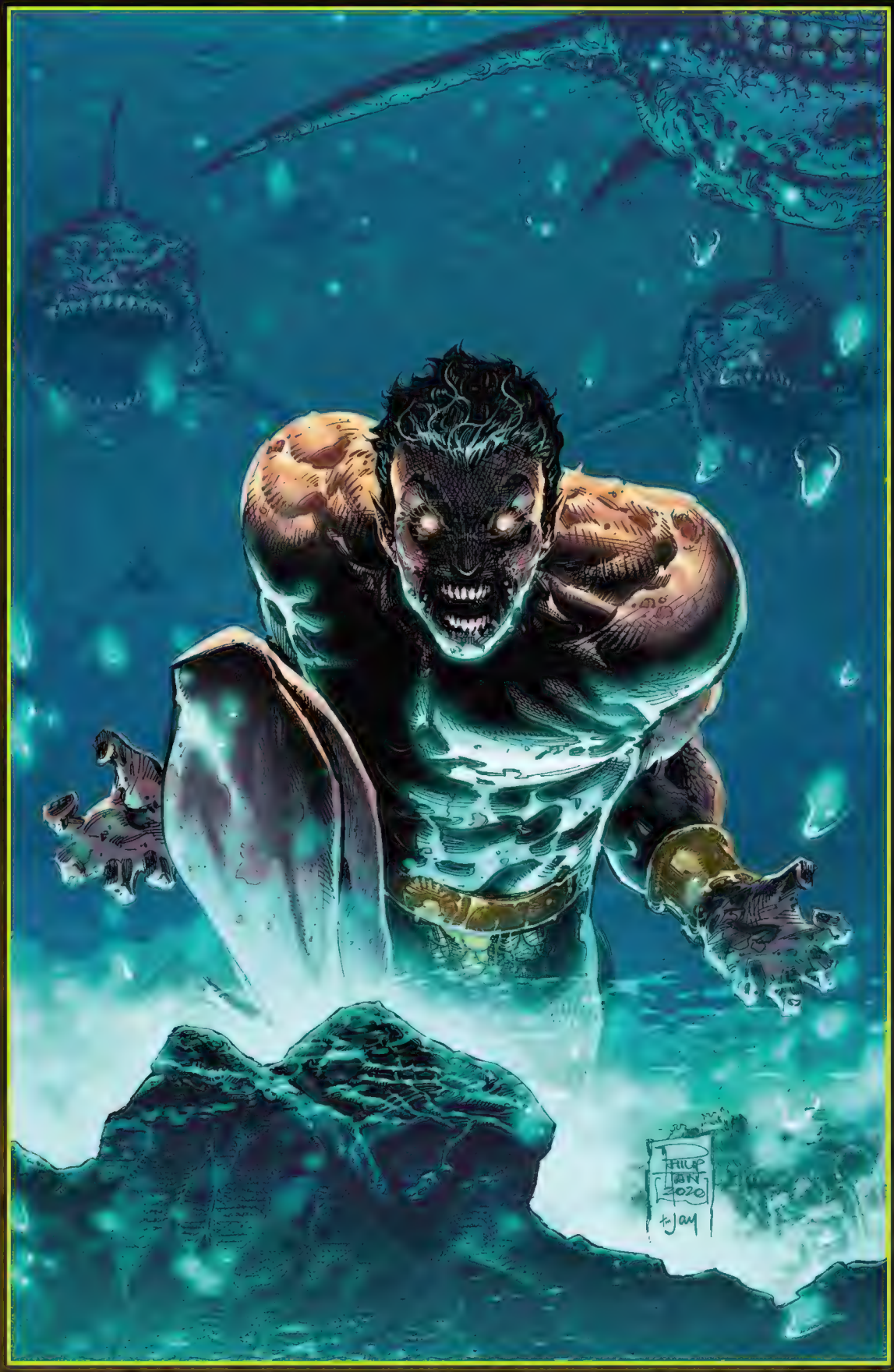
MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1 VARIANT BY PEACH MOMOKO

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1 VARIANT BY LOGAN LUBERA & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #1 VARIANT BY PATCH ZIRCHER & MORRY HOLLOWELL

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #2 VARIANT BY DAMION SCOTT & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #2 VARIANT BY GREG LAND, JAY LEISTEN & FRANK D'ARMATA



MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #3 VARIANT BY PHILIP TAN & JAY DAVID RAMOS

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #3 VARIANT BY LEINIL FRANCIS YU & SUNNY GHO

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #4 VARIANT BY IVAN SHAVRIN

MARVEL ZOMBIES: RESURRECTION (2020) #4 VARIANT BY SKAN

DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH #4, PAGE 2 ART BY **BONG DAZO & JOE PIMENTEL**

Art from *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth #1* by Bong Dazo.

MERC WITH ONLY A MOUTH!

Spotlight Breaks Bread With New Deadpool Series Writer Victor Gischler

Deadpool and a decapitated zombie version of his own head running around having adventures together, like a deranged film version of *On The Road*. That's going too far isn't it? Yes it is, but Marvel is going there anyway. In the new ongoing series *Deadpool: Merc With a Mouth*, writer Victor Gischler and artist Bong Dazo team the title character with an even crazier version of himself: an outcast from the world of the modern classic Marvel Zombies. And it's as off the wall as it sounds.

Victor Gischler is the latest novelist editor Axel Alonso has brought to the Marvel stable. With his latest book, *Vampire a Go-Go*, Victor plants his flag firmly in the horror-satire ground – working with a zombie head for a cast member in his new comic series fit in with that very nicely. We'll talk more with Victor next month in our Deadpool Spotlight, but for now, let's see what he has to say about writing about funny/scary stuff.

SPOTLIGHT: Between having a zombie head as a character in *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth*, and your latest novel *Vampire A-Go-Go*, you seem to have reached a horror phase in your writing career. Is that an area that has interested you?

VICTOR: I've always had an interest in horror but not necessarily scary horror. If you've ever seen *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, that's what I'm talking about. That's a great show; I love those characters. And it has all the horror elements – it has werewolves, it has demons, it has vampires – but I've never been actually scared. There was never one moment watching the

show where I was scared. So when you think about horror, you think about something that is supposed to be scary, but that's not the end of horror I live on. I live on the end where Buffy is, where you can laugh and have fun. *Vampire a Go-Go* is very much on that end of the spectrum.

SPOTLIGHT: That goes along with *Marvel Zombies*. There was always plenty of macabre humor in it from Robert Kirkman. Did you familiarize yourself with the *Marvel Zombies* world before writing about the zombie Deadpool head?

VICTOR: I've read the first two, and plan on catching up on 3 and 4 soon. I know what you mean about the humor aspects. I love then they found Hawkeye's head after all those years. Stuff like that amused the hell out of me.

SPOTLIGHT: In *Deadpool: Merc With a Mouth*, Hydra were going to try and use the Deadpool zombie head to weaponize the virus that caused the "zombism," right?

VICTOR: Yeah – they thought they could maybe make a biological weapon from the zombie virus, and of course trying to stop them is part of the arc.

SPOTLIGHT: So you needed to try and stay consistent with the "rules" established in the *Marvel Zombies* books. All the different horror genres have their own rules to follow, and in this case, you have the virus that causes the zombies, who have a nearly insatiable appetite for flesh. They stay alive even when beheaded. There's also how the virus affects the characters. To a certain extent they remain in character, but for the most part they become completely defined by their hunger. How does this apply to Zombie Deadpool?

VICTOR: Well, as we know, Deadpool's thought processes are not exactly normal to start with. Think of the Deadpool we already know and love, who's already a little "off," and add this zombie derangement. It's definitely played for humor.

And we are concerned about zombie continuity, but it becomes much more central to the second arc than for the first. That's probably all I should say about that!

SPOTLIGHT: Did the humor/horror in *Vampire a Go-Go*, which does include zombies, affect how you write the zombie humor in *Deadpool MWM*?

VICTOR: In a general sense, certainly. But specific to zombies, maybe not so much. The zombies are more of a side dish in the novel. I wanted to have everything in there – I got werewolves, I got alchemists, I got wizards. I was about halfway through the book when I thought, "I gotta get some zombies in here!" They are more or less cameos.

SPOTLIGHT: So where did the idea of using the head from Marvel Zombies come from anyway?

VICTOR: Axel brought the idea to me. I loved it, so we went to the "zombie office" and said, "Hey, if you're done with the Deadpool head, we'd like to use it!" *(Laughter.)* It turned out this wonderful byproduct of *Marvel Zombies* still had some life in it, so to speak.

"Life in it." I get it! Look for an extended interview with Victor Gischler next month in MARVEL SPOTLIGHT: DEADPOOL, *and don't miss out on his uproarious ongoing series with artist Bong Dazo,* DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH. •

HEADS UP! Deadpool and his disembowled zombie head make for quite the pair. (Art from *DMWM #2* by Dazo.)

DEADPOOL and HEADPOOL: A Love Story

By Dugan Trodglen

Writer Victor Gischler

Go Go Girls Of The Apocalypse Author Victor Gischler Takes Deadpool And His Severed Zombie Noggin' On A Hilarious Head Trip!

Whoever would have thought that crazy old Deadpool would suddenly spike so high in popularity that he could support a second ongoing title? Well, it's happened! There needed to be a twist, though – something to differentiate it from the other monthly Deadpool comic. How about…a decapitated zombie Deadpool head? That's right, in *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth,* Wade Wilson's co-star is his bodily-challenged undead doppelganger – "Headpool," if you will – a refugee from the *Marvel Zombies* Universe. The book, written by Victor Gischler and drawn by Bong Dazo, actually manages to up the "off the wall" quotient from the "core" Deadpool book, as the two 'Pools and their "sexy librarian" sidekick, Dr. Betty, traverse the globe getting into the kind of trouble only a truly fevered imagination could come up with.

That imagination belongs to author Victor Gischler. Fairly new to Marvel, he has written several novels, with titles like *Go Go Girls of the Apocalypse,* which suggest he's of the right mind (or the right "wrong" mind) to handle Deadpool. In *Spotlight's* last issue [*You of course picked up Marvel Spotlight: Marvel Zombies Return. Right? – Ed.*], we talked to Victor about his use the zombie head, but here we thought we'd get to know a little more about the writer and his plans for the title character.

Variant cover to *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth #1* by Ed McGuinness.

"It's sort of a buddy picture. Sort of a Hope and Crosby thing."

– Writer Victor Gischler on *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth*

SPOTLIGHT: Victor, most folks reading this are probably not overly familiar with your name. You come from the land of "book books," a place where Axel Alonso has already picked up a few names. [*Like Charlie Huston, Gregg Hurwitz and Duane Swierczynski. – Ed.*] How did you land at Marvel and how do your books and comic book work match up?

VICTOR: In 2001 my first novel came out. It was called *Gun Monkeys* and it was sort of a neo-noir hard-boiled style mixed with dark humor, as are a lot of my crime books. It came out on a small press but it received an Edgar Award nomination and that led to my next few books coming out on Bantam Dell. My most recent novel – for Simon and Schuster – is *Vampire A Go-Go*, which features vampires, werewolves, alchemists, ghosts and things like that. (And some zombies I should say!) That and my previous book *Go-Go Girls of the Apocalypse* are sort of genre parodies.

I think what happened was I had been looking for a new agent when I signed with David Hale Smith, who also happens to be *Incredible Hulk* writer Greg Pak's, and Greg Rucka's agent. He has some comic book industry connections, in other words, and I said to him, "You know, if you want to hook me up with some of that sweet comic book work that would be all right with me." (*Laughter.*) He said, "Yeah, let's do that," but a year went by and I heard nothing and I assumed it hadn't worked out.

But one day he called and told me that he had sent some of my work to Axel Alonso and he wanted to talk to me. Axel read a couple of my novels and I guess decided I was a good match for some things and there were some possibilities there. He had me do a Punisher one-shot (*Punisher MAX Special: Little Black Book*), which is not unusual at all for trying out new writers. It seemed to go very well and I enjoyed doing it. Axel then offered a *Punisher MAX* story arc ("Welcome to the Bayou" from *Punisher: Frank Castle #71-74*), which I was happy to do, along with a Wolverine one-shot (*Wolverine: Revolver*).

CULT OF DEADPOOL: Gischler's hilarious setup involves an indigenous Savage Land cult that worships Deadpool. (Art from *D:MWAM #1* by Bong Dazo.)

SPOTLIGHT: How did that turn into the Deadpool assignment?

VICTOR: There was always talk about what I might do next, and when this Deadpool project came up Axel thought I'd be a good match. I think that goes back not only to the comics work but the fact that my novels have that combination of violence/action with dark humor. That seemed to be on target for what was needed for Deadpool.

So Axel called me up and asked, "Do you know who Deadpool is?" I said "Sure, I know Deadpool." He sent me some copies of Daniel Way's *Deadpool* to get me caught up on what's been going on, and I thought, "Man, this is such a great character" and it worked out great. I just turned in the script to issue 5 and I'm getting ready to roll on issue 6 and I love doing it. I get great feedback from Axel and everybody. It encourages me that I'm doing it right and I'm just having a ball.

SPOTLIGHT: How does scripting work for you? For instance, writers who are new to comics aren't used to working with an artist and knowing the right amount of information to give them in a script.

VICTOR: If it's a panel that I think the artist can just go to town on any way they want to I try to lay off and let the artist rely on their own strengths. If it's something important for the story or if something has to happen in one panel that sets up something coming up then I will get more detailed. It depends on what is necessary.

I have very little contact with the artists directly, except for Bong. On *Punisher*, (artist) Goran Parlov would say, "I need a little bit more. What's Frank doing in this panel?" So I had to fill in more detail. But I gotta tell you, Bong Dazo has been amazing. I'll write something and think, "If Bong can picture what I'm picturing, this should work okay," and then he'll come back with something five times better. So Bong can take the least little bit of information and turn it into a masterpiece. He gets full credit for that.

But when I have a very specific idea for how I want a panel to look, I feel like a Director of Photography for a film. Bong seems to have the ability to pick up immediately on what I'm going for and just deliver. Hopefully I'm doing my job, but I've been very fortunate to have been hooked up with a guy who knows panel-by-panel what needs to happen.

ORIGIN OF HEADPOOL: 'Pools Zombie head sprang out of the Marvel Zombies universe. (Art from *D:MWAM #2* by Dazo.)

SPOTLIGHT: Was *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth* always intended as a second ongoing series?

HUNGRY HEADPOOL! Our hero channels Little Shop of Horrors to a hapless Hydra agent in *D:MWAM #3*. (Art by Dazo.)

VICTOR: Pretty close. We talked about doing a couple of arcs before it was decided that, yeah, this needed to be an ongoing. I couldn't tell you how happy I was for that. We're about to come to the end of our first six-issue arc, but that story flows right into the second arc almost like a big 12-issue story. I'm looking forward to putting the lid on issue 6 and then calling Axel and going over the next story. I think Axel has a strong idea about what works on a book like this and we work well together. I'll send him an idea and he'll ask the right questions to bring out what we need to know about the arc and how to construct it.

I'm trying to think of one negative but I just can't! I want to seem "balanced" and "reasonable" in my answers! (*Laughter.*) All I've done is gushed!

SPOTLIGHT: Well, this isn't *60 Minutes*, sir!

VICTOR: Well, I just want to seem credible, you know? (*Laughter.*)

SPOTLIGHT: So you read Daniel Way's *Deadpool*. How did you come up with what your take would be? How *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth* would be different?

VICTOR: When Axel and I were discussing that, we decided one of the things we came up with is that we wanted the stage to seem big. He starts out in a space station; he goes down to the Savage Land. We wanted a global scope. And while Daniel's book is certainly very funny, when I consider the balance a Deadpool book needs between action and humor, I tend toward the humor side more.

When I write it I tend toward the humor side. That's not to say Daniel's isn't humorous. He's very funny. I'm taking my cue from him all the way. I read his run to get caught up on how Deadpool should be.

What's gonna happen, I think, is that question is gonna be easier to answer ten or twelve issues down the line, looking back. We'll see how this book has naturally evolved in another direction. That may not be much of an answer, but it's what I think will happen.

"Bong can take the least little bit of information and turn it into a masterpiece."

– Gischler on art partner Bong Dazo.

"I didn't want to be the guy who came in and said, 'Well I'm gonna do it my way; I'm gonna do it all different!'"

– On being the new guy joining the Deadpool team.

I will say bringing in that zombie head is a big deal. We sort of wanted a buddy picture feel for the book. I'm not going to go so far as to say that Deadpool has a sidekick now, but it almost works like that.

SPOTLIGHT: Daniel Way established a pair of "characters" to bounce thoughts off of: not one, but two voices in his head. What made you decide to keep this narrative device for your book?

VICTOR: Nobody told me to copy Daniel Way. But they did send me his issues and let me know they really liked what he was doing to reinvigorate the character. I sort of inferred that this was a good model for writing Deadpool. I didn't want to be the guy who came in and said, "Well I'm gonna do it my way; I'm gonna do it all different!" As I said when talking about the differences in the book, I want anything I do differently to naturally evolve.

Having said that, I just turned in my script for issue 5 and I noticed I didn't use that inner monologue/dialogue as much. It's there, but not as much. I'd like to be able to use it as needed rather than force it in there. It's a tool I can use.

SPOTLIGHT: With the zombie head as a foil, it may not be as necessary as much.

VICTOR: And he has Dr. Betty in there as well. She is sort of the straight man who's easy on the eyes. She is so perfect for setting up things for Deadpool to say. I don't want her to be this two-dimensional prop where all she does is setup jokes. But she is useful in that role as well as being a character in her own right.

SPOTLIGHT: From what I gathered in the first issue, with her coming from AIM, she doesn't come across as a damsel in distress or someone who is totally freaked out by the Marvel Universe craziness going on around her.

VICTOR: She's not totally a civilian.

SPOTLIGHT: And getting back to the zombie head, you said he would be an ongoing part of the book.

VICTOR: Yeah. It's sort of a buddy picture. Sort of a Hope and Crosby thing. We're gonna get to know the zombie head. What I like is that he is a zombie reduced to the teeth and the Merc With a Mouth reduced to just The Mouth. Those sole aspects of the characters are boiled down to their essences.

SPOTLIGHT: Other than the current Deadpool series, are there any previous incarnations you're looking to in order to develop your take on the character? He's sort of evolved over the years from bad$%^ to more of the humorous character we know now.

VICTOR: I was aware of Deadpool's existence, but not in a way where I could claim any expertise. He obviously has some awesome mercenary skills but I know him more as a humorous figure than as a badass. That's my experience with him.

BONG DAZO: Merc With A Mouth's artist is a master of action panels and Deadpool's unique brand of cartoon violence. (Art from *D:MWAM #3*.)

SPOTLIGHT: It's almost like he's a new character anyway. Ever since he received the fresh start in *Wolverine: Origins* he's been on fire. It dovetails with the Wolverine movie a little bit, but I don't think that alone accounts for his new popularity.

VICTOR: I respect the fans that have loved Deadpool for a long time, but I agree with what you just said. I think he has a new lease on life and I like him like this a lot.

SPOTLIGHT: In this "global scale" comic, which character would you like to introduce as far as interacting with Deadpool?

VICTOR: That's a good question. I'm a little afraid to give anything away, but off the top of my head I'd love to see Deadpool hang out with Dr. Strange. I think Dr. Strange is the kind of guy who wouldn't want to tolerate Deadpool's antics. Whoever I picked, it would have to be as good as Bullseye in Daniel's book. And that would be difficult, because that was so great.

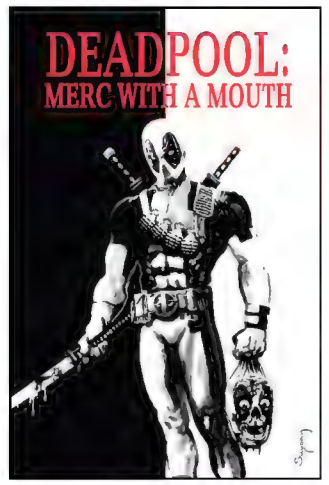
SPOTLIGHT: Well, it was neat seeing him with Ka-Zar in *Deadpool: Merc With A Mouth #1*. He was sort of the opposite of what you were describing with Dr. Strange. He seemed not at all put off by Deadpool.

VICTOR: It's interesting how that happened. When we were kicking around the concept for the book, Axel said, "This is the kind of book where Deadpool could go anywhere. He could go to the Amazon." And when he said "Amazon" I said, "Well how about the Savage Land? That's like the Amazon only cooler. There's dinosaurs; he could hang out with Ka-Zar and everything." So Axel went and checked to make sure Ka-Zar was available and reported back that we could do it.

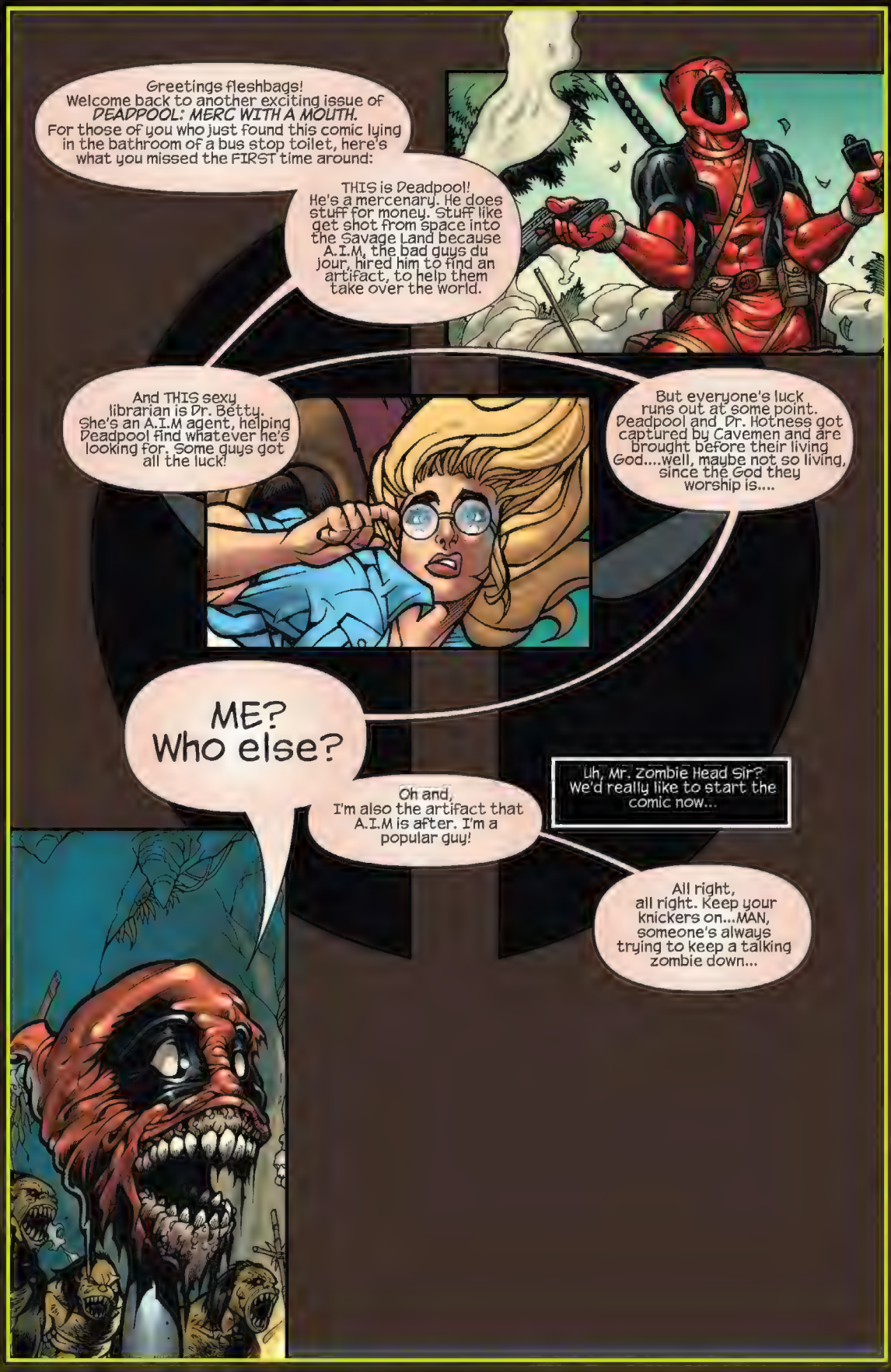
SPOTLIGHT: I like how when they parted ways Ka-Zar said "Farewell my friend!" I don't think anyone – ever – has said that to Deadpool.

VICTOR: It's so fun to write stuff like that. I read Ka-Zar as a kid and now I get to write what he says. He can say anything I want him to!

MERC WITH HOMAGE: Cover artist extraordinaire Arthur Suydam is at it again, this time featuring Deadpool in homages to famous film classics.



Deadpool, his alternate-reality zombie head, and Dr. Betty, all say whatever Victor Gischler wants them to in the monthly series DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH. See if you can track down the first three issues, on sale now if your comic shop still has copies! Thanks to Victor for taking the time to chat with SPOTLIGHT and we'll see you in the very funny Deadpool book! •


Greetings fleshbags! Welcome back to another exciting issue of DEADPOOL: MERC WITH A MOUTH. For those of you who just found this comic lying in the bathroom of a bus stop toilet, here's what you missed the FIRST time around:
THIS is Deadpool! He's a mercenary. He does stuff for money. Stuff like get shot from space into the Savage Land because A.I.M, the bad guys du jour, hired him to find an artifact, to help them take over the world.
And THIS sexy librarian is Dr. Betty. She's an A.I.M agent, helping Deadpool find whatever he's looking for. Some guys got all the luck!
But everyone's luck runs out at some point. Deadpool and Dr. Hotness got captured by Cavemen and are brought before their living God....well, maybe not so living, since the God they worship is....
ME? Who else?
Oh and, I'm also the artifact that A.I.M is after. I'm a popular guy!
Uh, Mr. Zombie Head Sir? We'd really like to start the comic now...
All right, all right. Keep your knickers on...MAN, someone's always trying to keep a talking zombie down...

DEADPOOL'S TO-DO LIST

- [x] CALL A.I.M. ABOUT JOB:
  FIND BIO WEAPON IN SAVAGE LAND.
- [x] MEET A.I.M. CONTACT DR. BETTY
  OMG! SO HOT!
- [x] FIND BIOWEAPON
  → ITS MY ZOMBIFIED HEAD...WHAT THE?
- [x] HEAR HEAD'S LONG-WINDED FLASHBACK STORY... BORING
- [x] ESCAPE CAVEMEN HEADHUNTERS
  → KICKED THEIR ASS!
- [x] GET CAPTURED BY HYDRA, WHO WANT ZOMBIE HEAD TOO...
- [ ] ESCAPE HYDRA AND KICK THEIR ASS!

DEADPOOL

THAT'S ME!

DR. BETTY

A.I.M. CONTACT AND SUPER-HOTTIE.
SMELLS GOOD!

KA-ZAR

SAVAGE LAND PROTECTOR.
SMELLS BAD!

ALTERNATE UNIVERSE ZOMBIE HEAD.
SMELLS TERRIBLE!

ZOMBIE DEADPOOL

DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH

This is a zombified T-Rex. This is also the coolest thing since Thor invented Heavy Metal.
This is the mercenary Deadpool. He's been hired by A.I.M. to go into the Savage Land and bring back a Bioweapon.
These are agents of HYDRA. They want the Bioweapon to rule the world.
This is Deadpool's Zombie head from another dimension. He's the Bioweapon everyone's after.
This is Dr. Betty. She's Deadpool's A.I.M. contact. She's meant to help him with his mission. She really dislikes him.

DEADPOOL
MERC WITH A MOUTH
Boring ol' recap page

The mercenary Deadpool has been hired by the evil organization A.I.M to find a secret bioweapon in the Savage Land.

Deadpool and Dr. Betty Swanson, his A.I.M. contact, find the weapon. It turns out to be Deadpool's own zombified head, which came from an alternate dimension.

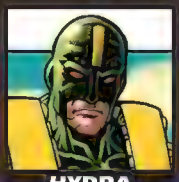
Pursued by Cavemen, Dinosaurs and agents of HYDRA, who want to claim the head for their own nefarious purpose, Deadpool, Dr. Betty and the Head make their way through the jungle and steal a HYDRA spaceship to return to the A.I.M. mothership orbiting Earth.

Little do they know that a HYDRA Battle Frigate is waiting to intercept them.

DEADPOOL
very insane

ZOMBIE DEADPOOL
very hungry

DR. BETTY
very hot



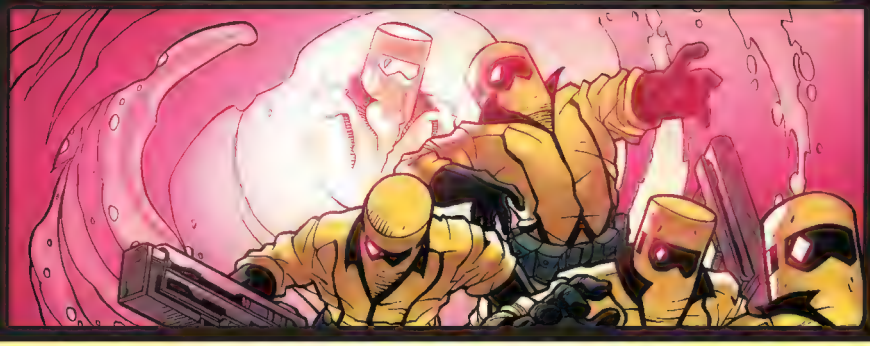
HYDRA
very colorful

Hiya, kids! Welcome to another exciting issue of MERC WITH A MOUTH. But who am I and what's going on here?
RECAP TEAM GO!
You're name is Deadpool. You're a mercenary. We of the evil A.I.M. organization hired you to find a bioweapon.
Turns out the bioweapon was your own severed head from an alternate dimension where everyone is a zombie.
And when I brought the head back to you guys, I had a change of heart. I might be a money-grubbing maniac but NO WAY am I letting a terrorist organization get their sweaty little hands on a W.M.Z. (Weapon of Mass Zombification.)
You were also trying to impress that cute doctor who helped you locate the head. You know the one who finds your de-formed body repulsive and your personality annoying and unbearable?
That's right! Hmmm, what happened then?
Then I *shot* the jerk with the smartass mouth!
BLAMM!
Blimey!
Wrap it up, buttercup!
GULP. Youtheheadandthecutedoctor stoleaspaceshipand headedbacktoearth-toreturntheheadtoitsowndimension whereitcouldn'tcauseanyharmto humanityandyou'dhavesavedtheworld OhGodpleasedon'tkillme...

Hi kids! Welcome to another exciting issue of MERC WITH A MOUTH! My name is Deadpool and I'll be your super hero today.
Don't you mean "I'll be your unkillable schizophrenic mercenary today?"
Shut up Zombie Head from an alternate universe that I was hired to find by the evil A.I.M. organization but then had a change of heart and am now returning to its own dimension! This is my book and I make the recap pages!
Whatever. Just hurry up and let's ditch these two hapless A.I.M. agents who we have taken to be our sidekicks and jump into this glowing portal thing.
You got it! But first, let's bask in the warming glow of the credits for this fine comic.

Hiya kids! Back for another dose of deplorable Deadpool dynamics? Glad to have ya'. For those of you just joining us, here's the skinny!
My name is Deadpool. As a super-powered mercenary I get called for all the tough jobs. Jobs like recovering a Weapon of Mass Destruction for the evil A.I.M. Corporation.
Turns out that weapon was my own zombified head from an alternate dimension. I've been trying to get the smelly sucker back to his universe but the going hasn't been easy.
Now we've finally found a dimensional portal and it doesn't seem to be working. What's the deal?
Turn the page to find out!

Our favorite mercenary Deadpool is trapped in a universe that has been overrun by zombies. And they're all trying to eat him and his friends!



Deadpool is trying to return his decapitated zombified (but still very chatty) head to this dimension, which the evil A.I.M corporation was trying to use as a weapon. A.I.M soldiers pursued Deadpool to the zombie dimension, but now the portal is closed!

Luckily Deadpool, his teammate Dr. Betty and ex-A.I.M-grunt-turned-sidekick Bill have found some help. Survivors of the zombie apocalypse save their butts from being chewed on and take them to safe haven...

Dear Recap Forum,

Last issue it got hot and heavy in the zombieverse. Professor Veronica sent me out to lure a super-powered, super-undead specimen back to her lab so she could use it to test her serum for the zombie virus. Afterward, she couldn't keep her hands off my scarred body (and no, this time it wasn't Pool-o-vision). Things got pretty sexy, but that's the life of a super-powered mercenary like yours truly. Too bad life in the zombieverse is totally boring, what with all that rotting flesh and the lack of Golden Girls reruns. So me, the buxom Dr. Betty, and my pseudo-sidekick/ex-A.I.M. employee Bill are getting back to our end of the multiverse. Oh, and I'm bringing my zombified, decapitated head from this dimension back with me--assuming that no A.I.M. chumps arrive and try to take the head for themselves. Or, say, three random undead characters show up to chow down on my studly physique. But what are the chances of that happening?

-Hugs and Firearms,
Deadpool

HEY GANG! REMEMBER LAST ISSUE WHEN WE FACED THE ABSORBING MAN AND A COUPLE OF OTHER ZOMBIE GOONS, AND THIS SCARRED STUD AT MY FEET TOOK THEM OUT WITH HIS GIANT ROCKET LAUNCHER? IT MADE ME ALL WARM AND TINGLY INSIDE.
NOW WE'RE TRYING TO MAKE IT TO THE DIMENSION-HOPPING GATEWAY BEFORE WE'RE STUCK IN THIS ZOMBIEVERSE FOREVER. I'M PILOTING A BLIMP I AM IN NO WAY QUALIFIED TO FLY...
AND SOME A.I.M. #$@#S ARE TRYING TO GET THEIR HANDS ON MY PRETTY, UNDEAD HEAD, TO USE FOR NEFARIOUS PURPOSES, NO DOUBT.
MEANWHILE, I'M SO DISTRACTED BY PROFESSOR VERONICA'S LACK OF PANTS THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN THAT MY MASK DOESN'T HAVE A MOUTH HOLE.

ALL RIGHT, GANG! WE'VE BEEN TRAPPED IN THE ZOMBIEVERSE WAY TOO LONG! TIME TO DITCH THIS LOSER-DIMENSION AND FIND OUR WAY BACK HOME.
IF WE CAN MANAGE TO NOT GET DEVOURED BY YOUR ONE-NIGHT-STAND-RECENTLY-TURNED-ZOMBIE-VIXEN PROF. VERONICA, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT GREAT BIG KISS YOU'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR THE LAST 11 ISSUES.
NO TIME FOR COOTIE-JUGGLING! DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT THE EVIL A.I.M. CORPORATION IS STILL AFTER OUR PAL ZOMBIE DEADPOOL'S HEAD TO USE IN BIOWEAPON EXPERIMENTS?
WHY IS IT ALWAYS BIOWEAPONS? COULDN'T I HELP COMBAT B.O. INSTEAD?
SALE ON CORDUROY
OUBLE-KNITS

That's ME!

That's my girl!

That's my zombie head from another dimension.

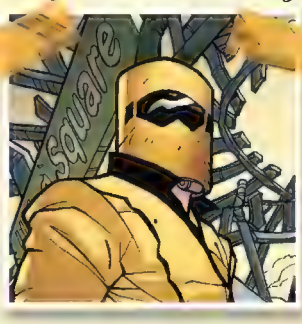
That USED to be my girl!

That's my sidekick!

These dudes stole my zombie Head!

That's a zombie T-Rex we nuked!

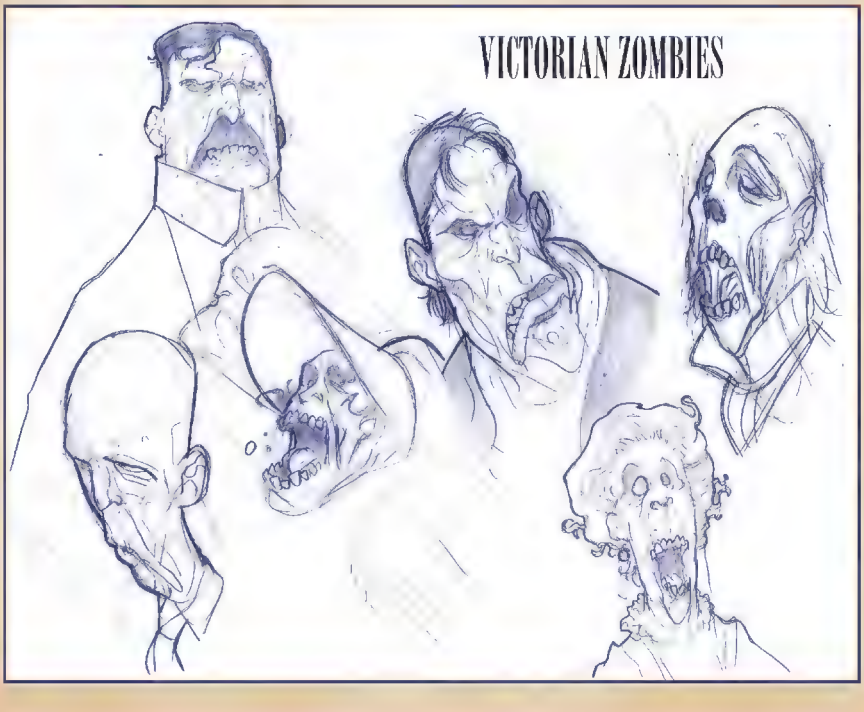
That's the zombie Deadpool BEFORE he lost his noggin'! (it's a time-travel thing)



BRINGING ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL TO (UN)LIFE

Jim McCann: This book has been quite a unique process for all involved, I must say. From a personal perspective, I wanted to keep as much of the Gothic and incredible text and scenes that Dickens has in the original work (which he, himself, called "A Ghost Story of Christmas"), while adding our own horror elements to twist this tale a bit on its undead ear.

David Baldeon: Jim's script is all about mood and terror, and the main goal is to make the pages look creepy and give them the classic Victorian terror feel...with the additional challenge of providing the whole book with a very particular style and look that measures up to a fantastic script.

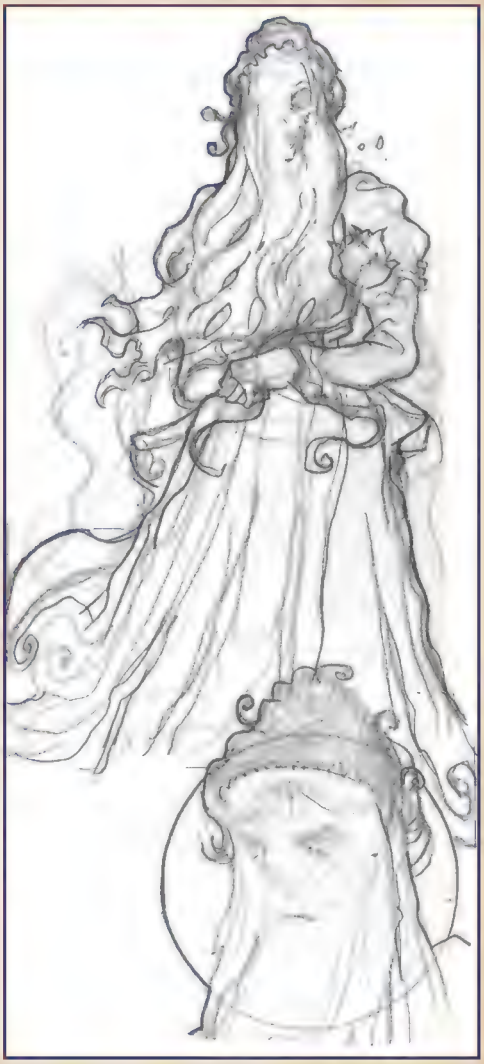


Obvious as it may seem, the cornerstones of this project are the zombies and Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge himself. His design and acting throughout the pages would completely define the style and feel of the book, and that was very much the idea when designing his look. And as for zombies...Well, the trick was to answer the question "How cool can your typical Victorian character look when necrotized?"

Jim McCann: David's designs are perfect! Much of the original text is narration and descriptive, and David's art gets across so much of that in his expressions and scenery. His design for Scrooge is spot on and the zombies are just incredible in the way that they are both Victorian (nice bonnet, undead lady) and monstrous at the same time. And I don't think anyone has ever seen the Spirits of Christmas as he's designed them. Each is more amazing than the last, in beauty and terror.

Can you tell this is like a Christmas present for me?!

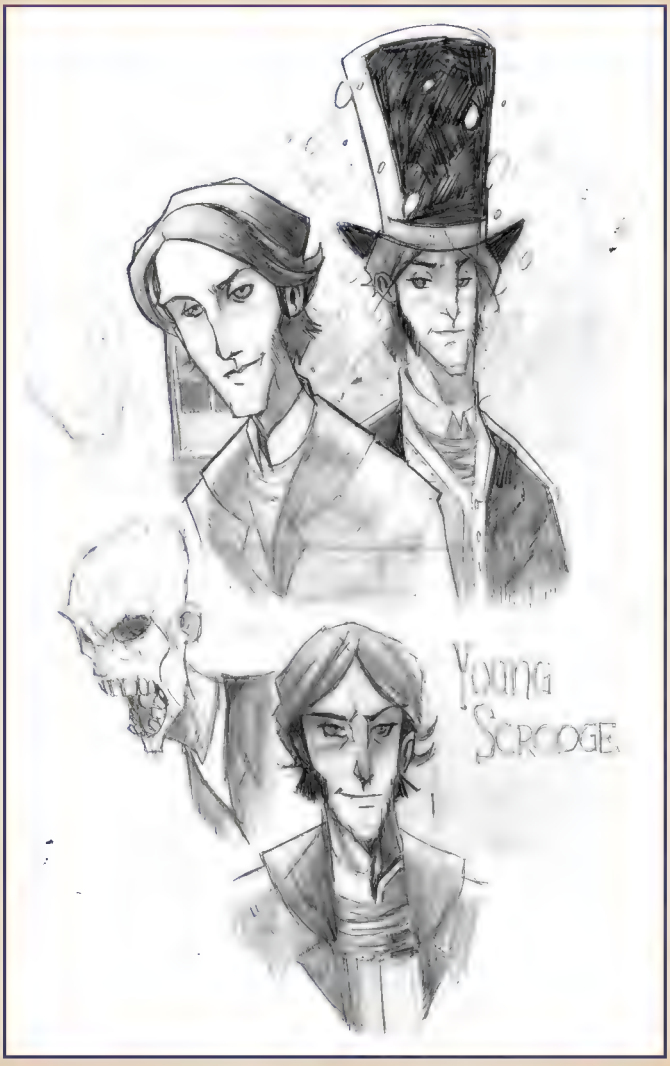
REANIMATING CHRISTMAS PAST



David Baldeon: The Ghost of Christmas Past has very close ties to Scrooge in Jim's version of the tale. She was not going to be a random beatific spirit, but a very well defined character with a lot of pathos and pain to her, embodying a lot of the drama that would eventually turn Scrooge into the man who starts the book. With that and Mr. Kaluta's version from the covers in mind, the design had to be as terrifying as, in a twisted way, it was beautiful. And so Christmas Past is no more simply a guide to Scrooge's life but an actual, painful part of it. The design had to get all that through and at the same time connect with the graphic elements defining our version of Christmas Carol. Her appearance as part of the mist that heralds the Hungry Death was almost a no-brainer.

Jim McCann: The Ghost of Christmas Past has always fascinated me because she is the Spirit that has the most nebulous description in Dickens' text, so we had a lot of room to play with in designing her and in telling her own story. Making her the love that Scrooge lost was an idea that clicked in my head and David and Jeremy really nailed it. I love David's Mucha-inspired, yet still Victorian, design. She's so hauntingly beautiful and scary at the same time.

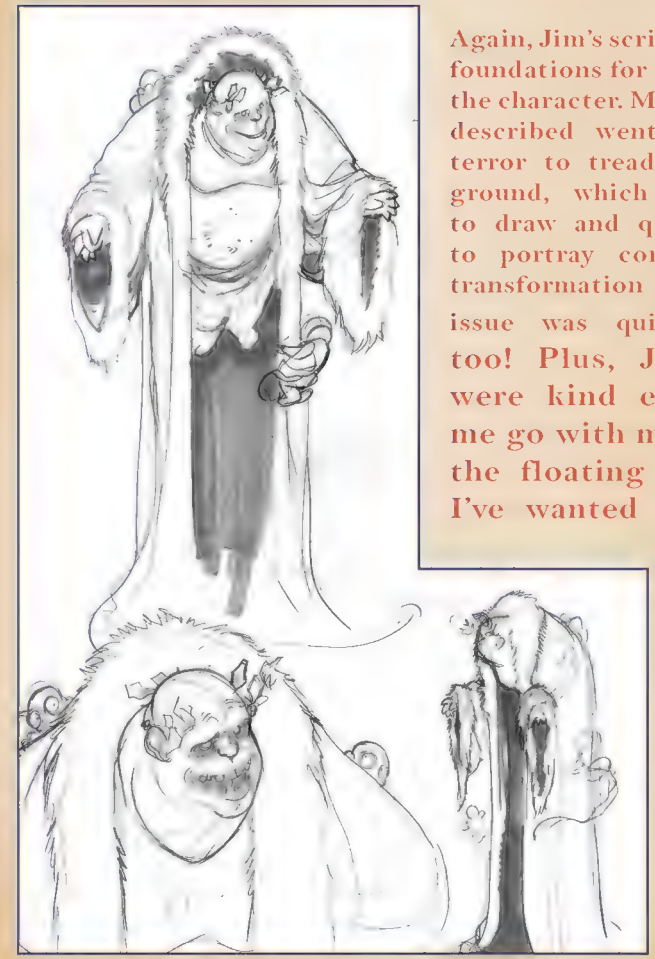
Jeremy Treece: Young Ebenezer was a very essential part of my run on Jim's version of a Christmas Carol. I wanted to capture what I knew of him from the versions I grew up with on television. He was said to have been a devilishly handsome fellow, and I wanted to cross that thought with David Baldeon's great vision for the aged Scrooge.



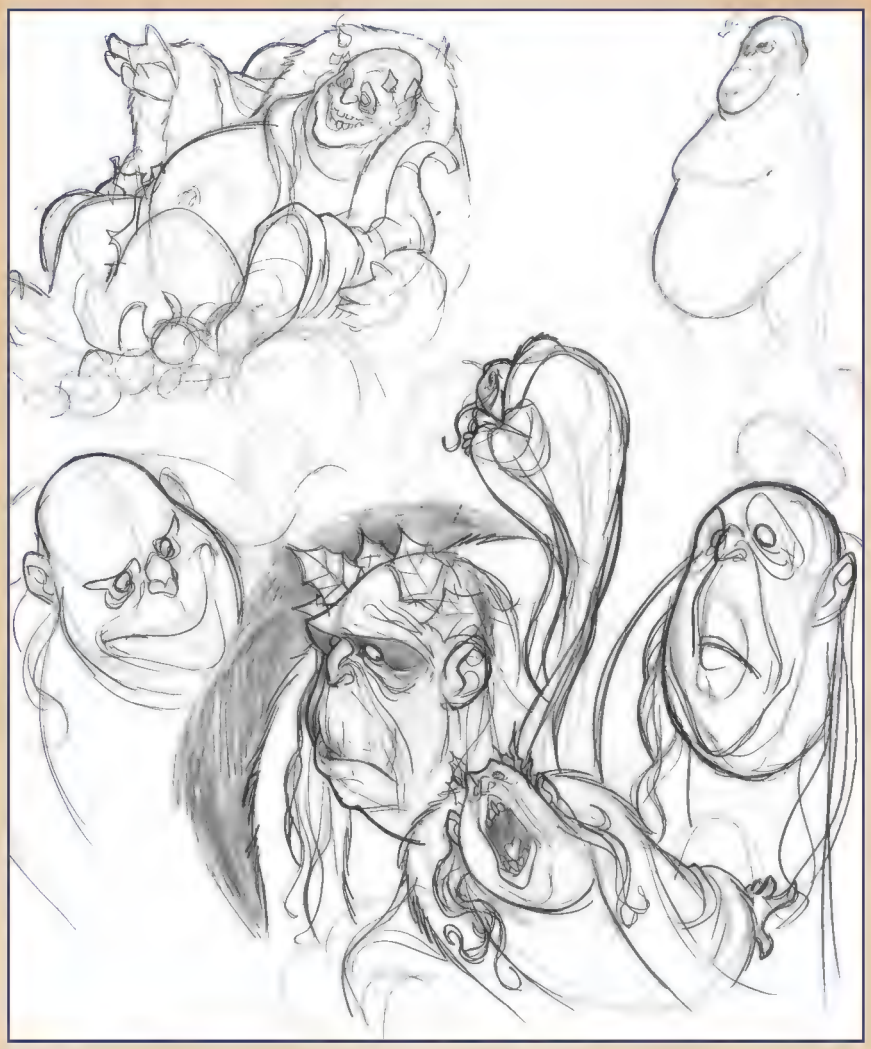
Jim McCann: This is also the first time we see Jeremy's art. Having Scrooge's past be drawn by a separate artist really helps the reader feel like they are transported. Jeremy did a fantastic job of keeping in the tone of the book while adding his own twist!

TEARING OPEN A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

David Baldeon: The Ghost of Christmas Present ended up being, to me, the embodiment of the tone of the whole series. Fun, flamboyant and incredibly creepy and eerie. Almost all of the classic versions of Present obviously use Santa Claus as their main inspiration. Our goal being to give an unseen twist to the tale, Christmas Present turned into an overacted and slightly dangerous version of Bacchus. Too fun to be safe, so to speak. Prone to laughter but with a psychotic undertone.



Again, Jim's script clearly laid the foundations for the whole look of the character. Many of the images described went beyond simple terror to tread very unsettling ground, which was really fun to draw and quite a challenge to portray correctly. And his transformation throughout the issue was quite something too! Plus, Jim and John were kind enough to let me go with my first idea of the floating fat man that I've wanted to draw ever since I first watched Dune!



Jim McCann: This is the issue where I threw out the entire second half of what I had planned. The culprit? David Baldeon. His design for Christmas Present was so unique that I felt like I was going on the journey along with Scrooge. I stuck with many of the locations mentioned in the text, but the way events unfold was absolutely David's design of this Spirit. The image of Ignorance and Want, the way this Spirit was a floating fat man in an oversized robe, the way he could go from jovial to dark fury in a panel...I was absolutely inspired, and what more could a writer ask for from a truly remarkable artist?!

PLOTTING CHRISTMAS FUTURE

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS FUTURE

David Baldeon: The Ghost of Christmas Future! This one I feared the most, particularly considering (no spoilers intended) who it was in the end...It's the Christmas to come, sure, but it is also Death itself and someone else (wink) and...How should that be brought into the design? Would a zombie Future be a bit too much?

One influence was my first Grim Reaper from the movies: Monty Python's Death from *The Meaning of Life*, that both scared and amused me in my childhood. I have always remembered its imposing look, its shrugging shoulders up to the head. But Christmas Future being who it is in our version, and our version being a zombie one, there was something missing. I did not want a skull in the hood, nor a zombie face, and a pitch-black hood looked cool but somehow overused. Once again, the old design principle came to mind: less is more. This is a zombie book. Zombies bite. What about a ghostly, bone-clean jaw hanging in the darkness of the hood? This was a very particular looking jaw that had to be there, and the combination of that and the hood's curly end incorporated the two principal design traits that would give a visual clue about the Ghost's identity without giving it away too much.

Jim McCann: This issue was tough because it departed in visuals so much from the source material (there were no zombies in Dickens' future, as far as I know!), yet what Dickens had Scrooge experience in this ghastly vision of his future-or lack thereof-was ripe with possibilities. It took the longest to arrange the visuals and weave them in and out of the original while still making sense with the story we were telling. Fortunately, what David and Jeremy turned in was amazing!

The design for The Spirit Of Christmases That Will Never Be is stunning and David did a great job of making this one a heavy mass, something you can't escape. This is in stark contrast to the previous Spirits, who floated about.

And Jeremy...he nailed everything I threw at him, from Hungry Dead Tiny Tim to the Rise of Ebenezer Scrooge. It's not easy to do crowd scenes and in this issue we have the most ever; Jeremy didn't cut a single corner or back away from them. Every zombie is different, every refugee in Scrooge's house has their own look and feeling. This team truly worked their tails off here.

Speaking of teamwork — I think special consideration needs to be given to page 5. BOTH art teams worked on that page to transition us to the future. It was something I wrote in the script, not sure if *I* could get away with it, and then John Denning, our amazing editor, said "Let's go for it." Now go back and look at that page again to really appreciate the seemless way both pencillers, inkers, and colorists for these sections worked in lockstep to make true comic book magic!

Jeremy Treece: This issue was all about the Cratchit family for me. Playing with the solemnness of a father refusing to give up his family, and then realizing there is no other choice. I loved creating the scenes from the moment Bob loses hope, to the death kiss, and then how easily the family moves on from the corpse to march into the cemetery. I went for an edgier, more gritty future than what I had illustrated in the second issue to bring all these feelings across.

THE END OF IT

Jim McCann: The End of It. And so it truly is. This was by far the most challenging Stave to write. Scrooge had it easy in Mr. Dickens' tale- he just needed to buy a prize turkey, have a dinner with his nephew, and play a good-natured prank on poor Bob Cratchit. And it was all wrapped up in 7 pages. Not so much in our version. We have this whole Hungry Dead plague to cure before there can be punch and feasts. But looking at the text, I knew we could have Ebenezer leave the same mark on Christmas he had in the original, but with an added punch. I hope Mr. Dickens will forgive me the liberty I took in changing the ending, but it seemed fitting in our version to make the man Scrooge a forever-changed spirit — the Spirit Of All Christmases Yet To Come. His sacrifice saved everyone and himself, and the world was better for it. And zombie-free once more! Wshew!

Jeremy Treece: This book was very interesting to work on. I was contacted by editor John Denning asking me if I'd like to participate in this book. I looked at David's art already in the works, and was just blown away, immediately afterwards I was sold. David's work really set the stage for me and something that I wanted to achieve was an easy transition between the two styles. I think David and I really succeeded in doing so, and Jim kept throwing us curveballs to challenge us as we went. The whole experience was amazing, and I'm glad I was there for the ride!

Jim McCann: This stave had less words per-page than any because this whole team, by this point, was in complete lock-step. Who needed narration when you could tell how nervous and excited Scrooge was while he shaved and got dressed? The vivid colors of the party and all of the expressions made me wish I could be in Scrooge's house that night. Fun fact — something that I wanted to put in but didn't want to crowd the art with Scrooge's monologue

— in this version, the Scrooge left his house to the Cratchit family, who continued to throw an all-day gala in Scrooge's honor that would make even the Fezziwigs proud.

David Baldeon: I'll admit it, I had not read the original Dickens story. My idea of A Christmas Carol was that of the kind, family-friendly, cheesy redemption of a grumpy old man. Yeah, there were ghosts but...

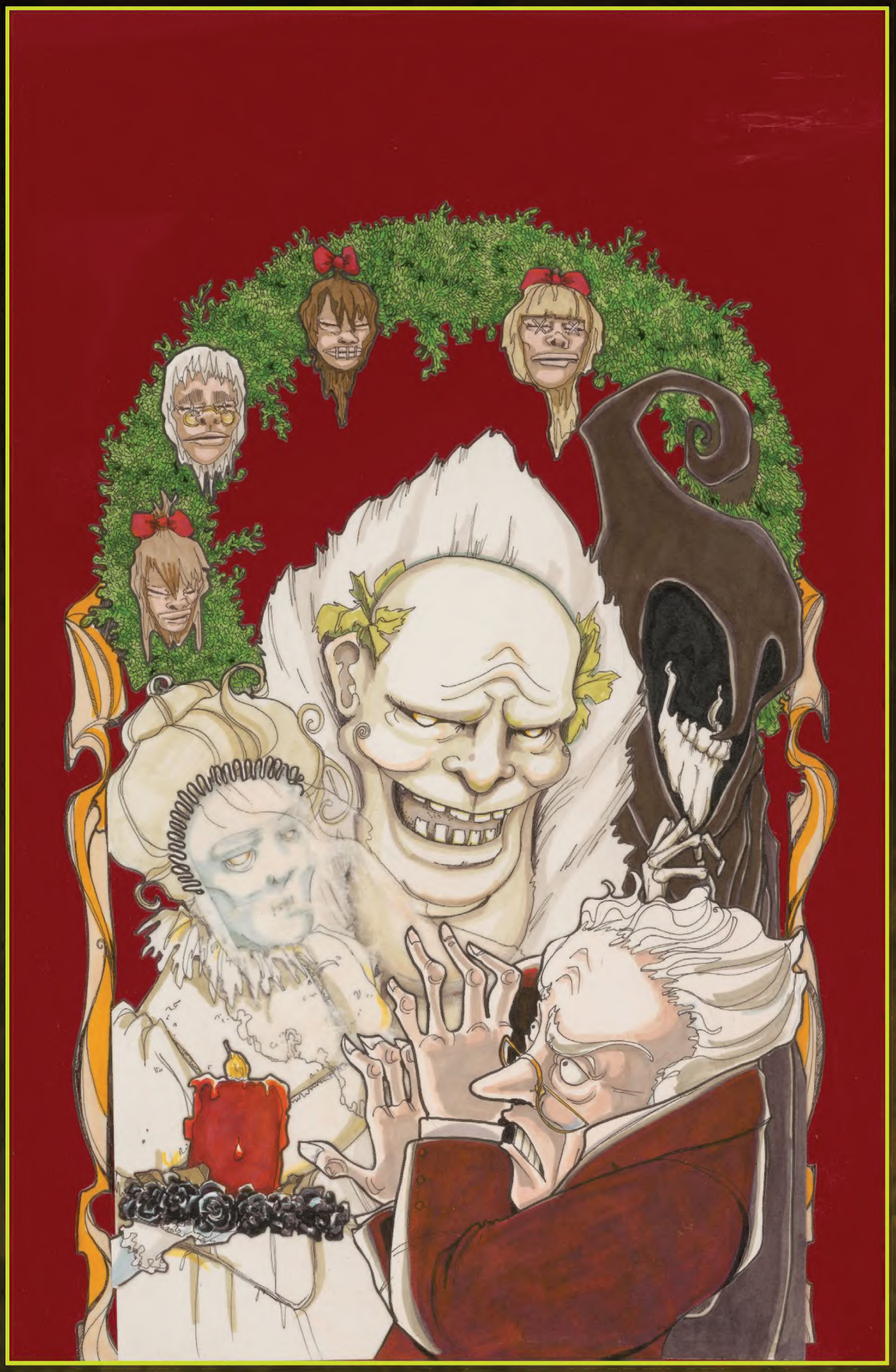
And then I got Jim's first script as I read the original Dickens story and found that it was indeed a story of redemption...through terror. Scrooge's voyage is a merciless tale, full of stress and horror. Good old Ebenezer really suffers in Dickens' story, and his turning back into a decent human being is, never mind the fantastic elements, a believable one. He starts a despicable creature, and the harsh truth about him, his past and his future make him cry, scream and learn. And yeah, it was ALL there in Jim's script. With zombies. And far from being a simple gimmick, the Hungry Dead were seamlessly woven into the story, giving it a whole new dimension and a second level of reading that, frankly, made me wonder why the heck Dickens had not used them in the first place. That was a feeling I had through the whole series, particularly after reading the beautiful, dramatic ending that Jim has given us: "Why wasn't this in the original?"

The whole process was an adventure and a challenge. Beyond the superficial fun of drawing Victorian zombies, it was clear that the series needed the visuals to be stretched to a limit, particularly when it came to Scrooge. He had to be different, he had to be something apart from what might be expected. He's not simply a grumpy senior, his lack of humanity was at the core of the conflict of the tale...I found myself focusing on his acting, on his interior drama, on his body language. A version of Ebenezer Scrooge based mostly on Iggy Pop! Who would have thought?

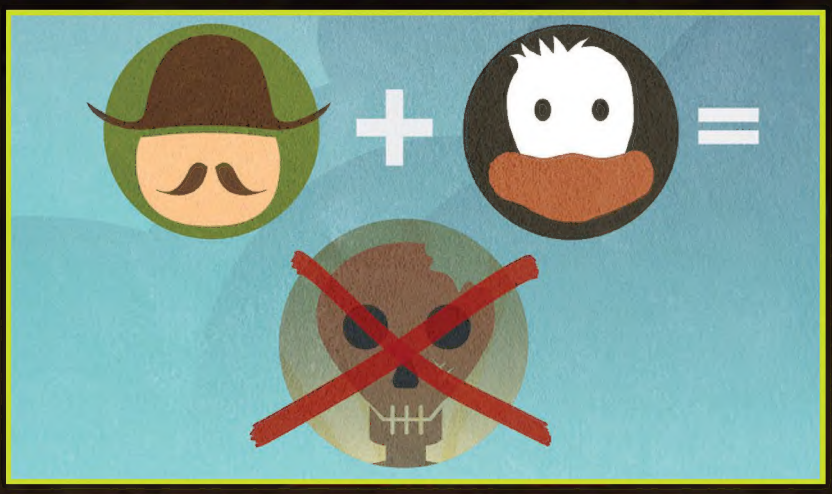
Issue #5 has been a particularly difficult one because I've grown really, really fond of the series and of our Scrooge. I feel really sorry that I cannot draw him again, not in one of those marvelous scenes Jim writes for him. It's certainly been a great voyage, an unexpected one...But most decidedly an awesome experience Definitely not a humbug.

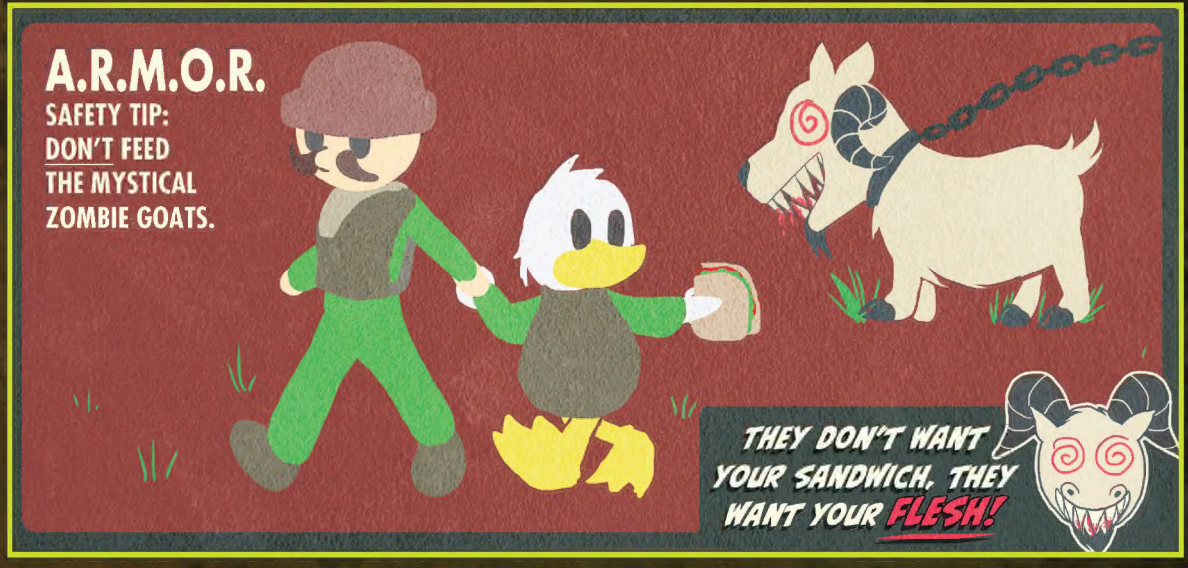
Jim McCann: I couldn't be happier with the way this all turned out. I sincerely hope you have enjoyed reading it as much as we have enjoyed creating it. Many thanks to Charles Dickens — the best co-writer any one could ask for really. And I'd like to thank the artistic, editorial, and design teams. God bless you, every one (you knew that was coming, right?). And if you don't have a great holiday, beware of zombies!

ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL #2-5 COMBINED COVER ART BY MICHAEL WM. KALUTA & FRANK MARTIN



ZOMBIES CHRISTMAS CAROL HC COVER BY JANET LEE





MARVEL ZOMBIES DESTROY! #2, #4 & #5 RECAP-PAGE ART

An undead letter from the editor

And thus ends another thrilling installment of Marvel Zombies! As a huge horror nerd and zombie fan, it's been an absolute dream to have worked on this project, and I wanted to take a moment to thank our awesome zombies team – Frank Marraffino, Peter David, Mirco Pierfederici, Al Barrionuevo, Garry Henderson, Michael Del Mundo, Mark Paniccia, Clayton Cowles, Joe Sabino and Irene Y. Lee for weathering a crazy schedule, illness, pestilence and plagues to get this book out, and they made it all look BRILLIANT.

Sometimes, when an editor is as close to a project as I was on this, they can get a little overzealous. To that end I'd like to particularly thank Mike and Irene for putting up with my crazy doodles and turning them into absolutely stellar covers and recap pages. As a glimpse into what it takes to get this kind of madness made, here are some of the doodles I sent. I encourage you to go back and check out the awesome art these were turned into! I hope you readers had even half as much fun reading this comic as I had making it.

Idea for Cover #2

Idea for Cover #4

Idea for Cover #1

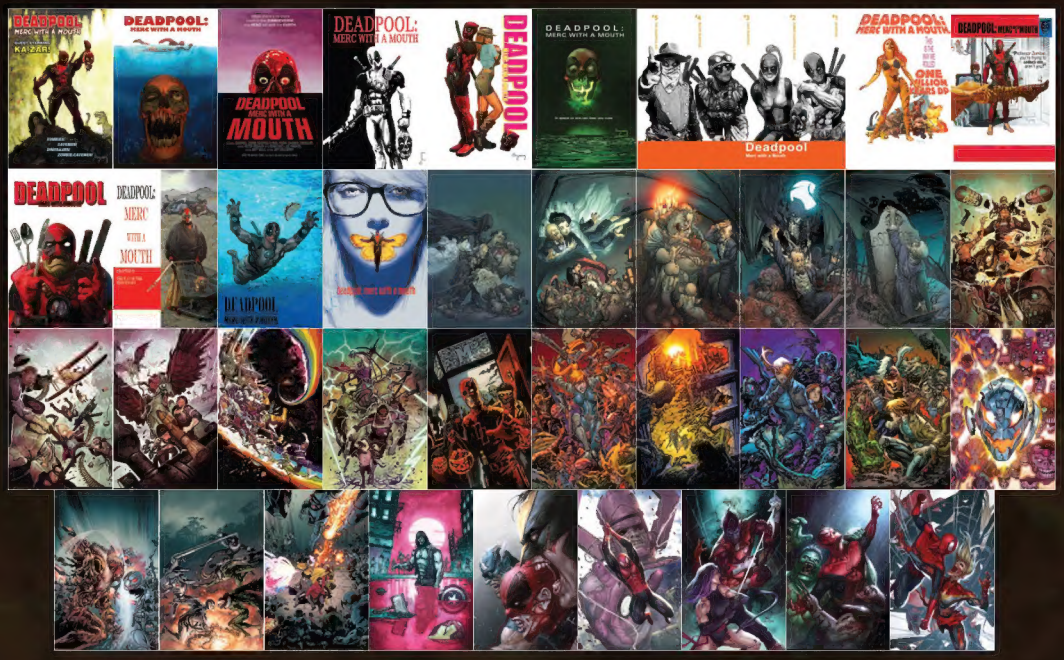
Idea for recap image for this issue!

Stay Weird!

Jake T.

RISEN FROM THE DEAD!

It's the ultimate resurrection as the Marvel Zombies shamble back into the spotlight for more tales of terror – including Deadpool going head-to-head (literally) with his own disembodied, zombified noggin!



Collecting *Deadpool: Merc with a Mouth #1-13, Zombies Christmas Carol #1-5, Marvel Zombies Destroy! #1-5, Marvel Zombies Halloween #1, Marvel Zombies (2015) #1-4, Age of Ultron vs. Marvel Zombies #1-4, Marvel Zombie #1, Marvel Zombies: Resurrection (2019) #1* and *Marvel Zombies: Resurrection (2020) #1-4*.

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MARVEL